

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMALN, FIELD OF WATERLOO,
AND HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AUTHOR'S EDITION



ROBERT THE BRUCE.

Around the Royal Bruce they crowd : And clasped his hands, and wept aloud.
Veterans of early fields were there : Whose helmets pressed their hoary hair.

LORD, Canto iv., Stanza xix.

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1869

And met a man of blood and breath,
 Not much this new ally he loved,
 Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
 He greeted him right heartlie:
 He would not waken old debate,
 For he was void of rancorous hate,
 Though rude, and scant of courtesy;
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
 Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
 He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:
 And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,
 When on dead Musgrave he look'd down;
 Grief darken'd on his rugged brow,
 Though half disguis'd with a frown;
 And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
 His foeman's epitaph he made.

XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!
 I ween, my deadly enemy;
 For, if I slew thy brother dear,
 Thou slow'st a sister's son to me;
 And when I lay in dungeon dark,
 Of Naworth Castle, long months three,
 Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,
 Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
 And thou wert now alive, as I,
 No mortal man should us divide,
 Till one, or both of us, did die:
 Yet rest thee God! for well I know
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
 In all the northern counties here,
 Whose word is snaffle, spur, and spear,
 Thou wert the best to follow gear!
 'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
 To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
 Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
 And with the bugle rouse the fray!¹
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
 Dark Musgrave were alive again."²

XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Daore's band
 Were bowing back to Cumberland.
 They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
 And laid him on his bloody shield;
 On levell'd lances, four and four,
 By turns, the noble burden bore.
 Before, at times, upon the gale,
 Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;
 Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
 Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:

Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
 With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
 And thus the gallant knight they bore,
 Through Liddeedale to Let'st's shore;
 Thence to Holme Coltrane's holy nave,
 And laid him in his father's grave.

The harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
 The mimic march of death prolong;
 Now seems it far, and now a-near,
 Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
 Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
 Now faintly dies in valley deep;
 Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
 Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
 Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
 Rising the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,
 Why he, who touch'd the harp so well,
 Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
 Wander a poor and thankless soil,
 When the more generous Southern Land
 Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howe'er
 His only friend, his harp, as dear,
 Liked not to bear it rank'd so high
 Above his flowing poetry:
 Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
 Misprised the land he loved so dear;
 High was the sound, as thus again
 The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land;
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For well no Minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down

¹ "The lands, that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,
 Have for their blazon had, the snaffle, spur, and spear."
Poly-Albion, Song 13.

² See Appendix, Note 3 W

³ "The style of the old romancers has been very successfully imitated in the whole of this scene; and the speech of

Deloraine, who, roused from his bed of sickness, rushes into the lists, and apostrophises his fallen enemy, brought to our recollection, as well from the peculiar turn of expression in its commencement, as in the tone of sentiments which it conveys, some of the *Ambric's orations* of the *Mont Arthur*."—*Critical Review*

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,¹
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were
left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;²
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,³
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorn'd like me! to Branksome Hall
The Minstrels came, at festive call;
Trooping they came, from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan,
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now, for every merry mate,
Rose the portcullis' iron grate;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How muster'd in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and
knight;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furr'd with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound;
And hard it were for hard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek;

That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise!

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slanders these:—I trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell;⁴
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour:
Yet scarce I praise their venturesome part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say,
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroider'd and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;
A morlin sat upon her wrist⁵
Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon:
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshall'd the rank of every guest;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share:
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave;⁷
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spum'd his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within!
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery:
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd;
Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
And flap'd their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;
Their tasks the busy sewers f'⁸
And all is mirth and revelry.

¹ "The Lady of the Lake has nothing so good, as the address to Scotland."—Macfarlane.

² The preceding four lines now form the inscription on the monument of Sir Walter Scott in the market-place of Selkirk.—See *Life*, vol. 1. p. 287.

³ The line "Still lay my head," &c., was not in the first edition.—Ed.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 X.

⁵ Ibid. Note 3 Y.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 3 Z.

⁷ There are often flights of wild swans upon St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow. See Wordsworth's *Yarrow Poets*.

⁸ "The swan on still St. Mary's Lake

Floats double, swan and shadow."—Ed.

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
 No opportunity of ill,
 Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
 To rouse debate and jealousy;
 Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
 By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
 And now in humour highly cross'd,
 About some steeds his hand had lost,
 High words to words succeeding still,
 Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;
 A hot and hardy Rutherford,
 Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword.
 He took it on the page's side,
 Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
 Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
 The kindling discord to compose:
 Stern Rutherford right little said,
 But bit his glove,¹ and shook his head.—
 A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
 Stout Conrade, cold, and drench'd in blood,
 His bosom gored with many a wound,
 Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;
 Unknown the manner of his death,
 Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
 But ever from that time, 'twas said,
 That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
 Might his foul treachery espie,
 Now sought the castle buttery,
 Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
 Revell'd as merrily and well
 As those that sat in lordly selle.
 Watt Tinnin, there, did frankly raise
 The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;²
 And he, as by his breeding sound,
 To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
 To quit them, on the English side,
 Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
 "A deep carouse to yon fair bride!"—
 At every pledge, from vat and pail,
 Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown ale;
 While shout the riders every one;
 Such day of mirth ne'er cheer'd their clan,

Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
 When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.³

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
 Remember'd him of Tinnin's yow,
 And swore, it should be dearly bought
 That ever he the arrow drew.
 First, he the yeoman did molest,
 With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
 Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
 And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife;
 Then, slunning still his powerful arm,
 At unawares he wrought him harm;
 From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
 Dash'd from his lips his can of beer;
 Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
 With bodkin pierc'd him to the bone:
 The venom'd wound, and festering joint,
 Long after rued that bodkin's point.
 The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,
 And board and flagons overturn'd.
 Riot and clamour wild began;
 Back to the hall the Uchia ran;
 Took in a darkling nook his post,
 And grinn'd, and mutter'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"

X.

By this, the Dame, lest farther fray
 Should mar the concord of the day,
 Had bid the Minstrel tune their lay.
 And first stept forth old Albert Grame,
 The Minstrel of that ancient name;⁴
 Was none who struck the harp so well,
 Within the Land Debateable;
 Well friended, too, his hardy Min,
 Whoever lost, were sure to win;
 They sought the beebes that made their broth,
 In Scotland and in England both.
 In homely guise, as nature bade,
 His simple song the Borderer said.

XI.

ALBERT GRAME.

It was an English ladye bright,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,⁵)

¹ See Appendix, Note 4 A.

² Ibid. Note 4 B.

³ The person bearing this redoubtable *nom de guerre* was an Elliot, and resided at Thorleshope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1347.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 4 C.

⁵ "The appearance and dress of the company assembled in the chapel, and the description of the subsequent feast, in which the hounds and hawks are not the least important personages of the drama, are again happy imitations of those authors from whose rich but unpolished ore Mr. Scott has wrought much of his most exquisite imagery and description. A society, such as that assembled in Drunxholm Castle, inflamed with national prejudices, and heated with wine, seems to have contained in itself sufficient seeds of spontaneous dis-

order; but the goblin page is well introduced, as applying a torch to this mass of combustibles. Quarrels, highly characteristic of Border manners, both in their cause and the manner in which they are supported, ensue, as well among the lordly guests, as the yeomen assembled in the buttery."—*Critical Review*, 1805.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 4 D.

⁷ "It is the author's object, in these songs, to exemplify the different styles of ballad narrative which prevailed in this island at different periods, or in different conditions of society. The first (ALBERT'S) is conducted upon the rude and simple model of the old Border ditties, and produces its effect by the direct and concise narrative of a tragical occurrence."—*JAN. FRAY*.

⁸ See Appendix, Note 4 E.

And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they werg sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all!

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall :-
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.)
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shine fair on Carlisle wall.)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port:
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court:
There rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
Fitztraver of the silver song!
'The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame!
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,

When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
And deem'd, that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;
So sweet did harp and voice combine,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew!
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
And faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came;
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAYER.*

Twice All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat
high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show to him the lady of his heart.
Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grin;
Yet so the sage had light to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of
him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might;
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emittd light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,

* See Appendix, No. 4 F.

† First Edit.—"So sweet their harp and voices join"

‡ "The second song, that of Fitztraver, the bard of the ac-

complished Surrey, has more of the richness and polish of the Italian poetry, and is very beautifully written in a stanza resembling that of Spenser."—J. G. K. K.

Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonalike pale, and part was hid in
gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind ;
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined ;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find —
Thy favour'd strain was Surrey's raptur'd line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant ! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine !

XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song ;
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith.—
Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
Rose Harold, hard of brave St. Clair ;
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcaades ;¹
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;—
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !—²
Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odin rode her wave ;
And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale,
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail ;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XII.

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might fancy cull ;
For thither came, in times afar,
Storn Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food ;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.³
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale ;
And many a Runie column high
Had witness'd grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world ;⁴
Of those dread Majds,⁵ whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell ;
Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrench'd from corpses' hold,⁶
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms !
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy ;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.⁷
—“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravenshewch,⁸
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.
“ The blackening wave is edged with white :
To inch¹⁰ and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

¹ See Appendix, Note 4 G.

² Ibid. Note 4 H.

³ The chiefs of the *Vikings*, or Scandinavian pirates, assumed the title of *Sekonungr*, or Sea-kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the Scalds, are often termed the serpents of the ocean.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 4 I.

⁵ Ibid. Note 4 K.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 4 L.

⁷ “ The third song is intended to represent that wild style of composition which prevailed among the bards of the Northern Continent, somewhat softened and adorned by the Min-

strel's residence in the south. We prefer it, upon the whole, to either of the two former, and shall give it entire to our readers, who will probably be struck with the poetical effect of the dramatic form into which it is thrown, and of the indirect description by which everything is most expressively told, without one word of distinct narrative.”—JEREMY.

⁸ “ This was a family name in the house of St. Clair. Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Strathern.

⁹ See Appendix, Note 4 M.

¹⁰ Fathoms

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravenshynch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day!"—

"Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
'And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs unc coffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable surpud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle,
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
"Scarce mark'd the guests the darken'd hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involv'd them all:
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had ages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
A secret horror check'd the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest;
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The elvish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, "Found! found
found!"

XXV.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air,
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seem'd on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall;
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen, and instant gone;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elvish page it broke.
It broke, with thunder long and loud,
Down'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle with'd,
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful war,
The elvish dwarf was seen no more!"

1 First Edit. "A wet shroud round!"

2 First Edit. "It reddened," &c.

3 First Edit. "Both vaulted crypt," &c.

4 See Appendix, Note 4 N

5 First Edit. "But the kelpie rung and the mermaids sung."

6 "I observe a great poetic climax, designed, doubtless, in the two last of these songs, from the first."—ANNA SEWARD.
"We (G. Ellis and J. H. Frere) entertain some doubts about the propriety of dwelling so long on the minstrel songs in the last canto. I say we doubt, because we are not aware of your having ancient authority for such a practice; but though the attempt was a bold one, inasmuch as it is not usual to add a whole canto to a story which is already finished, we are far from wishing that you had left it unattempted."—*Letter to Scott*. "The sixth canto is altogether redundant; for the poem should certainly have closed with the union of the

lovers, when the interest, if any, was at an end. But what could I do? I had my book and my page still on my hands, and must get rid of them at all events. Manage them as I would, their catastrophe must have been insufficient to occupy an entire canto; so I was fain to clothe it out with the songs of the minstrels."—*Scott to Miss Seward—Lyfe*, vol. ii. pp. 214, 222.

7 "The Goblin Page is, in our opinion, the capital deformation of the poem. We have already said the whole machinery is useless; but the magic studies of the lady, and the rifled tomb of Michael Scott, give occasion to so much admirable poetry, that we can, on no account, consent to part with them. The page, on the other hand, is a perpetual burden to the poet and to the readers; it is an undignified and improbable fiction, which excites neither terror, admiration, nor astonishment, but needlessly debases the strain of the whole work, and excites at once our incredulity and con-

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
 • Some saw a sight, not seen by all;
 That dreadful voice was heard by some,
 Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN, COME!"
 And on the spot where burst the brand,
 Just where the page had flung him down,
 Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
 And some the waving of a gown.
 The guests in silence pray'd and shook,
 And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
 But none of all the astonish'd train
 Was so dismay'd as Deloraine;
 His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
 'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;
 For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
 Like him of whom the story ran,
 Who spoke the spectre-bound in Man.
 At length, by fits, he darkly told,
 With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
 That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldrick bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
 And knew—but how it matter'd not—
 It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
 All trumbling heard the wondrous tale:
 No sound was made, no word was spoke,
 Till noble Angus silence broke;
 And he a solemn sacred plight
 Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,
 That he a pilgrimage would take
 To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
 Of Michael's restless sprite.
 Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
 To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd:
 Some to St. Modan made their vows,
 Some to St. Mary of the Lowes,
 Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
 Some to our Lady of the Isle;
 Each did his patron witness make,
 That he such pilgrimage would take.

tempt. He is not a 'tricky spirit,' like Ariel, with whom the imagination irresistibly encouraged, nor a tiny monarch, like Oberon, disposing of the destinies of mortals; he rather appears to us to be an awkward sort of a mongrel between Puck and Caliban of a servile and brutal nature, and limited in his powers to the indulgence of petty malignity, and the infliction of despicable injuries. Beside this objection to his character, his existence has no support from any general or established superstition. Fairies and devils, ghosts, angels, and witches, are creatures with whom we are all familiar, and who excite in all classes of mankind emotions with which we can easily be made to sympathize. But the history of Gilpin Horner was never believed out of the village where he is said to have made his appearance, and has no claims upon the credulity of those who were not originally of his acquaintance. There is nothing at all interesting or elegant in the

And monks should sing, and bells should toll,
 All for the weal of Michael's soul.
 While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray'd,
 'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,
 Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
 Which after in short space befell;
 Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
 Bless'd Teviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir;
 After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
 To wake the note of mirth again.
 More meet it were to mark the day
 Of penitence and prayer divine,
 When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
 Sought Melrose's holy shrine.

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
 And arms enfolded on his breast,
 Did every pilgrim go;
 The standers-by might hear uneth,
 Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
 Through all the lengthen'd row:
 No lordly look, nor martial stride,
 Gone was their glory, sup'd their pride,
 Forgotten their renown;
 Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
 To the high altar-hallow'd soil,
 And there they knelt them down:
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave
 The banners of departed brave;
 Beneath the letter'd stones were laid
 The ashes of their fathers dead;
 From many a garnish'd niche around,
 Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
 With sable cowl and scapular,
 And snow-white gables, in order due,
 The Holy Fathers, two and two,
 In long procession came;
 Taper and host, and book they bare,

scenes of which he is the hero; and in reading these passages we really could not help suspecting that they did not stand in the romance when the aged minstrel recited it to the royal Charles and his mighty earls, but were inserted afterwards to suit the taste of the cottagers among whom he begged his bread on the border. We entreat Mr. Scott to enquire into the grounds of this suspicion, and to take advantage of any decent pretext he can lay hold of for purging the 'Lay' of this ungracious intruder. We would also move for a *quo warranto* against the Spirits of the River and the Mountain; for though they are come of a very high lineage, we do not know what lawful business they could have at Branksome Castle in the year 1550."—JEFFREY.

¹ See Appendix Note 4 O.

² Ibid. Note 4 P.

³ See the Author's Introduction to the 'Lay,' p. 4

And holy banner, flourish'd fair
 With the Redeemer's name.
 Above the prostrate pilgrim band
 The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,
 And bless'd them as they kneel'd ;
 With holy cross he sign'd them all,
 And pray'd they might be sage in hall,
 And fortunate in field.
 Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
 And solemn requiem for the dead,
 And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,
 For the departed spirit's weal ;
 And ever in the office close
 The hymn of intercession rose ;
 And far the echoing aisles prolong
 The awful burthen of the song,—
 DIES ILLE, DIES ILLA,
 SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;
 While the pealing organ rung ;
 Were it meet with sacred strain
 To close my lay, so light and vain,
 Thus the holy Fathers sung.

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day !
 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

1 ———— "the vale unfolds ;
 Rich groves of lofty stature.
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp
 Of cultivated nature ;
 And, rising from those lofty groves,
 Beheld a ruin hoary.
 The shattered front of Newark's towers,
 Renown'd in Border story.
 "Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
 For sportive youth to stray in,
 For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
 And age to wear away in," &c.

WORDSWORTH'S *Turine Tistle*.

* Bowhill is now, as has been mentioned already, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. It stands immediately below Newark Hill, and above the junction of the Yarrow and the Ettrick. For the other places named in the text, the reader is referred to various notes on the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—Ed.
 * Orig.—"And grain ward green on Carterhaugh."

* "The arch allusions which run through all these *Introductions*, without in the least interrupting the truth and graceful pathos of their main impression, seem to me exquisitely characteristic of Scott, whose delight and pride was to play with the genius which nevertheless mastered him at will. For, in truth, what is it that gives to all his works their unique and marking charm, except the matchless effect which sudden effusions of the purest heart-blood of nature derive from their being poured out, to all appearance involuntarily, amidst dis-

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
 And did he wander forth alone ?
 Alone, in indigence and age,
 To linger out his pilgrimage !
 No ; close beneath proud Newark's tower,
 Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower ;
 A simple hut ; but there was seen
 The little garden hedged with green,
 The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
 There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
 Oft heard the tale of other days ;
 For much he loved to ope his door,
 And give the aid he begg'd before.
 So pass'd the winter's day ; but still,
 When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,*
 And July's eve, with balmy breath,
 Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath ;
 When thro'tles sung in Harchead-shaw,
 And corn was green on Carterhaugh,[†]
 And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
 The aged Harper's soul awoke !
 Then would he sing achievements high,
 And circumstance of chivalry,
 Till the rapt traveller would stay,
 Forgetful of the closing day ;
 And noble youths, the strain to hear,
 Forsook the hunting of the deer ;
 And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
 Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.[‡]

tion and sentiment cast equally in the mould of the busy world, and the seemingly habitual desire to dwell on nothing but what might be likely to excite curiosity, without too much disturbing deeper feelings, in the solemnity of polished life ? Such outbursts come forth dramatically in all his writings ; but in the interludes and passionate parentheses of the Lay of the Last Minstrel we have the poet's own inner soul and temperament laid bare and throbbing before us. Even here, indeed, he has a mask, and he trusts it—but fortunately it is a transparent one.

"Many minor personal allusions have been explained in the notes to the last edition of the 'Lay.' It was hardly necessary even then to say that the choice of the hero had been dictated by the poet's affection for the living descendants of the Baron of Craunton ; and now—none who have perused the preceding pages can doubt that he had dressed out his Margaret of Branksome in the form and features of his own first love. This poem may be considered as the 'bright consummate flower' in which all the dearest dreams of his youthful fancy had at length found expansion for their strength, spirit, tenderness, and beauty.

"In the closing lines—

'Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone ;
 And did he wander forth alone ?
 Alone, in indigence and age,
 To linger out his pilgrimage ?
 No !—close beneath proud Newark's tower
 Arose the Minstrel's humble bower.' &c.—

—In those charming lines he has embodied what was, at the time when he penned them, the chief day-dream of Ahasael. From the moment that his uncle's death placed a considerable sum of ready money at his command, he pleased himself, as we have seen, with the idea of buying a mountain farm, and becoming not only the 'sheriff' (as he had in former days delighted to call himself), but 'the laird of the cairn and the scaur'."—*LOCKHART. Life of Scott, Vol. II. p. 212.*

"The large quotations we have made from this singular poem must have convinced our readers that it abounds equally with poetical description, and with circumstances curious to the antiquary. These are farther illustrated in copious and very entertaining notes: they, as well as the poem, must be particularly interesting to those who are connected with Scottish families, or conversant in their history. The author has managed the versification of the poem with great judgment, and the most happy effect. If he had aimed at the grave and stately cadence of the epic, or any of our more regular measures, it would have been impossible for him to have brought in such names as *Balf Tindun, Black John, Priest-haugh, Scroop*, and other Scottish names, or to have spoken of the *lyke-wake*, and the *slogan*, and *driving of cattle*, which Pope and Gray would have thought as impossible to introduce into serious poetry, as Boileau did the names of towns in the campaigns of Louis IV. Mr. Scott has, therefore, very judiciously thrown in a great mixture of the familiar, and varied the measure; and if it has not the finished harmony, which, in such a subject, it were in vain to have attempted, it has great ease and spirit, and never tires the reader. Indeed we think we see a tendency in the public taste to go back to the more varied measures and familiar style of our earlier poets; a natural consequence of having been satiated with the regular harmony of Pope and his school, and somewhat wearied with the stiffness of lofty poetic language. We now know what can be done in that way, and we seek entertainment and variety, rather than finished modulation and uniform dignity. We now take our leave of this very elegant, spirited, and striking poem."—*Annual Review, 1814*

"From the various extracts we have given, our readers will be enabled to form a tolerably correct judgment of the poem; and, if they are pleased with those portions of it which have now been exhibited, we may venture to assure them that they will not be disappointed by the perusal of the whole. The whole night journey of Deloraine—the opening of the Wizard's tomb—the march of the English battle—and the parley before the walls of the castle, are all executed with the same spirit and poetical energy, which we think is conspicuous in the specimens we have already extracted; and a great variety of short passages occur in every part of the poem, which are still more striking and meritorious, though it is impossible to detach them, without injury, in the form of a quotation. It is but fair to apprise the reader, on the other hand, that he will meet with very heavy passages, and with a variety of details which are not likely to interest any one but a Borderer or an antiquary. We like very well to bear of 'the gallant Chief of Otterburne,' or 'the Dark Knight of Liddesdale,' and feel the elevating power of great names, when we read of the tribes that mustered to the war, 'twelfth the crest of Old Dunbar and Hephurn's mingled banners.' But we really cannot so far sympathize with the local partialities of the Author, as to feel any glow of patriotism or ancient virtue in hearing of the *Todrig* or *Johnston* clans, or of *Kilholts, Armetrange*, and *Tindun*; still less can we felicitate the introduction of *Black Jack of Athlathune, Whitelade the Hawk, Arthur Fire-the-Brace, Red Roland Forster*, or any other of those worthies, who

'Sought the beeres that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both.'

into a poem which has any pretensions to seriousness or dignity. The ancient metrical romance might have admitted these homely personalities, but the present age will not endure them; and Mr. Scott must either sacrifice his Border prejudices, or offend all his readers in the other part of the empire."—*JEFFREY*

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APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

The feast was over in Branksome tower.—P. 9.

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inghe of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholm,¹ lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch,² and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Fokford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Robert III. 3d May 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inghe to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he dryly remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanchie for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the King against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Laigholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inghe, Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570-1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the inroad of Buccleuch, and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Branksome. In the same year the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, its brave possessor; but the work was not completed until after his death, in 1574, when the widow finished the building. This appears from the following inscriptions. Around a stone, bearing the arms of Scott of Buccleuch, appears the following legend:—"Sir Wm. Scott of Brankholm Knight of Sir William Scott of Kirkurd Knight began ye work upon ye 24 of Marche 1571 year quha departed at God's pleisur ye 17 April 1574." On a similar

apartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, "DAME MARGARET DOUGLAS HIS SPOTS COMPLETIT THE FORESAID WORK IN OCTOBER 1576." Over an arched door is inscribed the following moral verse:—

En barid. is. nocht. nature. hes. brought, gat.
sal. test. ap.
Tharfore. serbe. God. keip. beil. ye. rob. thy.
fame. sal. nocht, dekap.
Sir Walter Scott of Brankholm Knight.
Margaret Douglas. 1571.

Branksome Castle continued to be the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, while security was any object in their choice of a mansion. It has since been the residence of the Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the family. From the various alterations which the building has undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its dimensions, but retains little of the castellated form, if we except one square tower of masonry thickness, the only part of the original building which now remains. The whole forms a handsome modern residence, lately inhabited by my deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq. of Hartwoodmyres, Commissioner of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

The extent of the ancient edifice can still be traced by some vestiges of its foundation, and its strength is obvious from the situation, on a deep bank surrounded by the Teviot, and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook. It was anciently surrounded by wood, as appears from the survey of Roxburghshire, made for Pont's Atlas, and preserved in the Advocates' Library. This wood was cut about fifty years ago, but is now replaced by the thriving plantations, which have been formed by the noble proprietor, for miles around the ancient mansion of his forefathers.

NOTE B.

*Five-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall.—P. 10.*

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour and from their frontier situation, retained in their household at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle. Satchell tells us, in his doggerel poetry,

"No baron was better served in Britain;
The barons of Buckleugh they kept their call,
Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,
All being of his name and kin;

¹ Brankholm is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted, as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry.

² There are no vestiges of any building of Buccleuch, except the site of a chapel, where, according to a tradition current

in the time of Scott of Satchell, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchell says it was used to grind corn for the hounds of the chieftain.

each two had a servant to wait upon them
Before supper and dinner, most renowned,
The bells rung and the trumpets sounded;
And more than that, I do confess,
They kept four and twenty pensioners.
Think not I lie, nor do me blame.
For the pensioners I can all name:
There's men alive, elder than I,
They know if I speak truth, or lie.
Every pensioner a room I did gain,
For service done and to be done;
This let the reader understand,
The name both of the men and land,
Which they possessed, it is of truth,
Both from the Lairds and Lords of Buccleugh."

Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegasus, Satchells gives us, in prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger brothers of ancient families, who were pensioners to the house of Buccleugh, and describes the lands which each possessed for his Border service. In time of war with England, the garrison was doubtless augmented. Satchells adds, "These twenty-three pensioners, all of his own name of Scott, and Walter Gladstones of Whitelaw, a near cousin of my lord's, as aforesaid, were ready on all occasions, when his honour pleased cause to advertise them. "It is known to many of the country better than it is to me, that the rent of these lands, which the Lairds and Lords of Buccleugh did freely bestow upon their friends, will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand Merks a-year."—*History of the name of Scott*, p. 45. An immense sum in those times.

1 Room, portion of land.

NOTE C.

"—with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow.—P. 10

"Of a truth," says Froissart, "the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes." The Jedwood-axe was a sort of pallas, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

NOTE D.

They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Against Branksome's lordly joys,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or Merry Carlisle.—P. 10.

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours. The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English; in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object, which was to kill, or make prisoner, the Laird of Buccleugh. It occurs in the *Cotton MS. Calig. b. vii. f. 222*.

"Pleaseth yt your most gracious highness to be advertised, that my comptroller, with Raynald Carnaby, desyre to receive

of me to invade the realme of Scotlande, for the annoyances of your highnes enemyes, where they thought best exploit by theyme might be done, and to have to concur wth the theyme the inhabitants of Northumberland, suche as was towards me according to theyre assembly, and as by theyre discretions vpon the same they shulde thinke most convenient; and so they dyde meet vpon Monday, before night, being the iiij day of this instant monethe, at Wawhope, vpon North Tyne waters above Tyndail, where they were to the number of xvj men, and so invaded Scotland at the hour of viij of the clock at nyght, at a place called Whele Causey; and before xi of the clock dyd send forth a forrey of Tyndail and Ryddisdail, and made all the resydewe in a bushment, and secretly dyd set vpon a towne called Brankholme, where the Lord of Buccleugh dwellythe, and purposed theymeselves with a trayne for hym tyke to his accustomed manner, in ryssage to all frays; albeit, that knyght he was not at home, and so they brynt the said Brankholme, and gither to whiche, as to say Whichestre, Whichestrehelme, and Whelley, and haid ordered theymeself, so that sundry of the said Lord Buccleugh's servants, who dyd issue frouthe of his gates, was taken prisoners. They dyd not leve offe house, one stake of corne, nor one shyef, without the gate of the said Lord Buccleugh vabrynt; and thus scrymaged and frayed, supposing the Lord of Buccleugh to be within iii or iiii myles to have trayned him to the bushment; and so in the brecyking of the day dyd the forrey and the bushment mete, and reviled homeward, making theyre way westward from theyre invasion to be over Lyddersdail, as intending yf the fray framo theyre first entry by the Scotts watches, or otherwyse by warning, shuld have bene given to Gedworth and the countrey of Scutland theyreabouts of theyre invasion; whiche Gedworth is from the Whele Causey vi miles, that whiche the Scotts shulde have comen further vnto theyme, and more out of ordre; and so upon sundry good considerations, before they entered Lyddersdail, as well accompying the inhabitants of the same to be towards your highness, and to enforce theyme the more thereby, as also to put an occasion of suspect to the Kinge of Scotts, and his counsaill, to be taken anent theyme, amonges theymeselves, made proclamacions, commanding, vpon payne of dethe, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lyddersdail, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Inglysmen vnto theyme, and so in good ordre aboute the howre of ten of the clock before none, vpon Tewladay, dyd passe through the said Lyddersdail, when dyd come diverse of the said inhabitants there to my servauntes, under the said assurance, offering theymeselfs with any service they coult make; and thus, thanks be to Godda, your highnes' subjects, aboute the howre of xii of the clock at none the same daye, came into this your highnes realme, bringyn wth theyme above xi Scottsmen prisoners, one of theyme named Scot, of the surname and kyn of the said Lord of Buccleugh, and of his howshold; they brought also xxxi nowte, and above lx horse and mares, keping in savetie frome losse or hurte all your said highnes subjects. There was also a towne, called Newbyrgyn, by diverse fottmen of Tyndail and Ryddesdail, taken vp of the night, and spoyled, when was alayne ii Scottsmen of the said towne, and many Scotts there hurte; your highnes subjects was xlii myles within the grounde of Scotlande, and is from my house at Warkworthe, above lx miles of the most evil passage, where great snowes doth lye; heretofore the same towne was brynt halfe not at any tyme in the mynd of man in any warre been enterprised unto now; your subjects were thereto more encouraged for the better advancement of your highnes service, the said Lord of Buccleugh being always a notable enemy to this your Graces realme, and he dyd say, within xlii days before, he woulde see who durst lye near hym; wth many other cruell words, the knowledge whereof was certainly haid to my said servauntes, before theyre enterprize maid vpon hym; most humbly beseeching your majesty, that y your highnes thanks may concur vnto theyme, whose names be here enclosed, and to have in your most gracious memory, the paynfall and diff-

gent service of my pore servaunt Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be under myf . . . annoysaunce of your highnes enemies." In resentment of this foray, Buccleuch, with other Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 ridders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Bramish. They baffled, or defeated, the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey.—PINKETON'S *History*, vol. ii. p. 318.

NOTE E.

*Do ye long shall tell,
Hogg Lord Walter fell.*—P. 10.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1526, in the words of Pitcairney, "the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the King (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent it to the Laird of Buccleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melrose, at his home passing, and there to take him out of the Douglasses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (rest) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

"This letter was quietly directed, and sent by one of the King's own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the Laird of Buccleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the King's writing, and to bring the matter to pass as the King desired: And, to that effect, convened all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him, to ride with him to Melrose, when he knew of the King's homcoming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while that the King returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melrose, to remain there all that night.

"But when the Lord Hume, Cessford, and Fernyhirst, the chiefs of the clan of Kerr, took their leave of the King, and returned home, then appeared the Laird of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the King's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Haldden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant; while at the last they knew the Laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less affoured, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the King in this manner, 'Sir, yon is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your Grace from the gate, (i.e. interrupt your passage.) I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid

the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.' The King tarried still, as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the King's own servants; but all the lave (rest) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buccleuch, who joyned and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darneliver, either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the King in all possible haste, with him the Lairds of Cessford and Fernyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the Laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the Laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased, and especially the Lairds of Cessford and Fernyhirst followed furiously, till at the foot of a path the Laird of Cessford was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot, who was then servant to the Laird of Buccleuch. But when the Laird of Cessford was slain, the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great merryness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the King to Melrose, where they remained all that night. On the morn they past to Edinborge with the King, who was very sad and dolopous of the slaughter of the Laird of Cessford, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the Laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen. Which died in defence of the King, and at the command of his writing."

I am not the first who has attempted to celebrate in verse the renown of this ancient baron, and his hazardous attempt to procure his sovereign's freedom. In a Scottish Latin poet we find the following verses—

VALTERIUS SCOTUS BUCLEUCHIUS,

Peregri suscepito facinore, libertate Regis, ac aliis rebus gestis clarus, sub JACOBO V. A.º Christi, 1526.

"Inter lata alas, nulleque audita priorum
Audet, nec pavidum morare, metuisse quatit.
Libertatem alius soliti transcribere Regis:
Subreptam hanc Regi restituisse parat;
Sævius, quanta quæ succedunt premia dextræ
Sui virtus, falsas spes jace, pono animam.
Hostica vis nocuit: stant altæ robora mentis
Atque decus. Vincet, Rege probante, fides
Instita quævis animæ virtus, quosque ærior ardor
Obudet, obscura nox premit a tenebris?"

Heroes ex omni Historia Scotica lectissimi, Auctore Julian Jonstonio Abredonense Scoto, 1603.

In consequence of the battle of Melrose, there ensued a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which, in spite of all means used to bring about an agreement, raged for many years upon the Borders. Buccleuch was imprisoned, and his estates forfeited, in the year 1535, for levying war against the Kerrs, and restored by act of Parliament, dated 15th March, 1542, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most signal act of violence to which this quarrel gave rise, was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh in 1552. This is the event alluded to in stanza vii.; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1556, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th of the same

¹ Darnwick near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skimmer's Field, from a corruption of *Skirmish Field*. See the *Maistrisey of the Scottish Border*, vols. I. and II, for

further particulars concerning these places, of all which the author of the *Lay* was ultimately proprietor.—Ed.]

year, Colvill, in a letter to Mr. Bacon, informs him, "that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue till order should be taken by the Queen of England and the King, by reason of the two young Scots chieftains, Cessford and Daclugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt these two lairds on the Borders, which was like to have turned to blood, but the fear of the general trouble had reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed against each other were now transferred upon England; not unlike that emulation in France between the Barons de Byron and Mons. Juvencin, who, being both ambitious of honour, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy than they would have done if they had been at concord together."—*Bacon's Memoirs* vol. ii. p. 67.

NOTE F.

*While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Kilrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mutual jar
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!*—P. 10.

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Monastichy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such pactions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Mauny, the renowned follower of Edward III., had taken the town of Ryol in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed, and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was Bishop of Cambray. For this deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryol, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset and treacherously slain, by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised, and transported to his native city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim.—*Chronicle of Froissart*, vol. i. p. 123.

NOTE G.

With Carr in arms had stood.—P. 11.

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr, was very powerful on the Borders. Fynes Morrison remarks, in his *Travels*,

¹ The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it. Carr is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

that their influence extended from the village of Preston Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Marshfield, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms that it was founded by Halbert, or Habbie Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburgh represents Kers of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cessford and Fausliekist.

NOTE H.

Lord Cranstoun.—P. 11.

The Cranstouns, Lord Cranstoun, are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

NOTE I.

Of Bethune's line of Picardie.—P. 11.

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated Duc de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while eight noble remained in that country.² The family of Bethune, or Beaton, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates, namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Brunakome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's Detection, accuses of Darnley's murder "the Erie of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the person of Ffike, Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting therin, through the persuasion of the Erie Bothwell, and the witchcraft of Lady Buccleuch."

NOTE K.

*He karn'd the art that none may know,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.*—P. 11.

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be

² This expression and sentiment were dictated by the situation of France, in the year 1803, when the poem was originally written. 1821.

the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes, and work other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes.—See the examination of Wemyss of Bogle before the Privy Council, concerning Gowrie's Conspiracy.

NOTE L.

*His firm no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!*—P. 11.

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit.—HAYWOOD'S *Hierarchie*, p. 475. The vulgar conceive, that when a class of students have made a certain progress in the mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shroud, and those, who have thus lost their shadow, always prove the best magicians.

NOTE M.

The vicious forms of air.—P. 11.

The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air, or in the waters, to whose agency, they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drummelzier, found his fair lady nursing a healthy child, whose birth did not by any means correspond to the date of his departure. Such an occurrence, to the credit of the dames of the Crusaders be it spoken, was so rare, that it required a miraculous solution. The lady, therefore, was believed, when she averred confidently, that the Spirit of the Tweed had issued from the river while she was walking upon its bank, and compelled her to submit to his embraces; and the name of Tweedie was bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drummelzier, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits were also ascribed, in Scotland, the

—“Airy tongues, that syllable men's names,
On sands, and shores, and desert wilderness.”

When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were surprised to find that the work was impeded by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say,

“It is not here, it is not here,
That ye shall build the church of Deer,
But on Tappillery,
Where many a corpse shall lie.”

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Tappillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced.—MACFARLANE'S *MSS.*

I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid.

NOTE N.

A fancied moss-trooper, &c.—P. 12.

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch's clan. Long after the union of the crowns the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cumberland, “The moss-troopers: so strange in the condition of their living, if considered in their *Original, Increase, Height, Decay, and Ruine.*”

“1. *Original.* I conceive them the same called Borderers in Mr. Camden; and characterised by him to be a *wild and warlike people*. They are called moss-troopers, because dwelling in the mooses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, or meeting, of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the calendar.

“2. *Increase.* When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade by their fathers' copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, *vivitur ex rapto*, stealing from their honest neighbours what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, we be to him that falleth into their quarters!

“3. *Height.* Amounting, forty years since, to some thousands. These compelled the vicinage to purchase their security, by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies,—the *Laws of the Land*, and the *Lord William Howard of Naworth*. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer *doth always his work by daylight*. Yet these moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, *cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse.*

“4. *Decay.* Caused by the wisdom, valour, and diligence of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons, who are solemnly outlawed. *BRAC- TON, lib. viii. trac. 2. cap. 11.—‘Ex tunc gerunt cupit lupanum, ita quod sine judiciali inquisitione rite percant, et secum suum iudicium portant; et merito sine lege percunt, qui secundum legem vivere recusant.’* Thenceforward, (after that they are outlawed) they wear a wolf's head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law.”

“5. *Ruine.* Such was the success of this worthy lord's severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ring-leaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to

legal obedience, and so, I trust, will continue."—FULLER'S *Worthies of England*, p. 216.

The last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the 17th century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them.

NOTE O.

—*Lame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.*—P. 12.

The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were, *Vert* on a chevron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased *argent*, three mullets *violet*; crest, a unicorn's head, erased *proper*. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or*, on a bend *azure*; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

NOTE P.

William of Deloraine—P. 12.

The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border service. Sutchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen-pensioners of the family, "William Scott, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine for his service." And again, "This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hasingdean." The lands of Deloraine now give an earl's title to the descendant of Henry, the second surviving son of the Dukes of Buccleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that, "it behoveth in a lynesage, some to be folye and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the peesable." As a contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Amergot Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Auvergne, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honourable military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But "when he remembered alle this, he was sorrowful; his tresour he thought he wolde not mynysshe; he was woute dayly to serche for newe pyllages, wherbye encreased his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro hym. When he sayde and imagyned, that he pyll and to robbe (all thyng considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented hym of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companyons, 'Sir, there is no sporte nor glory in this world amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tyme past. What joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and somtyme found by the way a riche priour or merchaunt, or a route of malettes of Mountpelyer, of Narbonne, of Lymene, of Fontgans, of Bessery, of Tholous, or of Carcasonne, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware comyng fro the fayres, or laden with spyce fro Bruges, fro Damas, or fro Alysaundre; whatever we met, all was ours, or els ransomed at our pleasures; dayly we gate new money, and the ryllaynes of Auvergne and of Lymene daily provided and brought to our

castell whete mele, good wyne, baffe, and fatte mutton, pullayne, and wyld fowle: We were ever furnysshed as the we had been kings. When we rode forth, all the cuntry trymbled for feare: all was ours geyng and comyng. How tok we Carlat, I and the Bourge of Compayne, and I and Perot of Bernois took Caluset; how dyd we scale, with tytell ayde, the strong castell of Marquell, pertyng to the Erl Dolphyn: I kept it nat past fyve days, but I receyved for it, on a fyerre table, fyve thousande frankes, and forgave ons thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyn's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe! wherefore I repute myselfe sore deceyved, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro alle the world, and the dave that I gave it up, it was founysshed with vytaylles, to have been kept seven yere without any re-vytaylling. This Erl of Armysake hath deceyved me: Olyve Barbo, and Perot le Bernois, shewed to me how I shulde repente myselfe: certayne I sore repente myselfe of what I have done."—FROISSART, vol. III. p. 195.

NOTE Q.

*By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.*—P. 12.

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a ~~low~~ shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the hunt. The pursuers came up:

"Nicht to the burn that passyt ware,
Bot the sleuth-hund made stunting thar,
And waueryt lang tyme ta and fra,
That he na certain gait couth ga;
Till at the last that John of Lorne
Purscurt the hund the sleuth had lorne."

The Bruce, Book vii.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border *sleuth-brach*, or blood hound.

"In Goldenland there was that bratchet bred,
Siker of scent, to follow them that fled;
So was he used in Eke and Liddesdail,
While (i. e. till) she gat blood no fleeing might avail."

In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger, struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body:—

"The sleuth stopped at Fawdoun, still she stood,
Nor farther would fra time she fand the blood."

The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Oak. Here he

was disturbed at midday by the blast of a horn. He sent out his attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand; and, at the gate of the tower, was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdoun, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore open the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gark, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdoun upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing raft. The Minstrel concludes,

"Trust ryght woe, that all this be sooth indeed,
Supposing it to be no point of the creed."

The Wallace, Book v.

Mr. Ellis has extracted this tale as a sample of Henry's poetry.—*Specimens of English Poetry*, vol. 4. p. 351.

NOTE R.

— the Mount hill's mound,
Where Druid's shades still flitted round.—P. 12.

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name, (*Scot. Ang. Sax. Conculum, Conventus*), was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

NOTE S.

— the tower of Hasseldean.—P. 13.

The estate of Hasseldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scots, thus commemorated by ballads:—

"Hassendean came without a call.
The ancientest house among them all."

NOTE T.

On Minto-crag the moon-beams glint.—P. 13.

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat, from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhill's Bed*. This Barnhill is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crag lie the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hertford, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Barnhill, and of Minto-crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the present Lord Minto, was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct

copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot has descended to his family.

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wore;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love,
But what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!"

"Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah, fool, to imagine, that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!"

"Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor shepherd, Amynta, no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!"

NOTE U.

— Ancient Riddell's fairs domain.—P. 13.

The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddell, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and in some degree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A. D. 727; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddell; and as it was argued, with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of "ancient Riddell." 1st, A charter by David I. to Walter Rydale, Sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Lillesclive, &c., of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed. 2dly, A bull of Pope Adrian IV., confirming the will of Walter de Rydale, knight, in favour of his brother Anschitil de Rydale, dated 8th April, 1155. 3dly, A bull of Pope Alexander III., confirming the said will of Walter de Rydale, bequeathing to his brother Anschitil the lands of Lillesclive, Whettunes, &c., and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschitil and Eucherius, concerning the church of Lillesclive, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II., and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June, 1160. 4thly, A bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschitil de Rydale, in favour of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Lillesclive and others, dated 10th March, 1180. It is remarkable, that Lillesclive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddell, and the Whettunes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschitil.—These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.*

* Grandfather to the present Earl. 1819.

* Since the above note was written, the ancient family of Riddell have parted with all their Scotch estates.—En

NOTE V.

*But when Melrose he reach'd 'twas silence all;
He merely stalk'd his viand on stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.*—P. 13.

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters, as is hinted in the next Canto, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity, thrown upon the Roman churchmen. The old words of *Galashiels*, a favourite Scotch air, ran thus:—

O the monks of Melrose made gude hale,¹
On Fridays when they fasted
They wanted neither beef nor ale,
As long as their neighbours' fasted

¹ *Kale*, Broth

NOTE W.

*When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Stern frowns of ebony and ivory;
When silver oges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.*

Then view St. David's ruin'd pile—P. 14

The buttresses ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints and inlaid with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was a *sovereign saint for the crown*.

NOTE X.

*For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Sure to pattern an Arc Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.*—P. 14.

The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Colville, in his *Parasitis*, or *Admonition*, states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the Heathen, "as I would wis at God that we wold only go bot to the Hielands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our ain countrey men, who, for lack of preaching and ministratioun of the sacraments, must, with tyme becom either infidells, or atheists." But we learn, from Lesley, that, however deficient in real religion, they re-

gularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

NOTE Y.

*So had he seen, in fair Castle,
The youth in glittering squartrons start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurt the unexpected dart.*—P. 15.

"By my faith," said the Duke of Lancaster, (to a Portuguese squire,) "of all the feats of arms that the Castellians, and they of your country doth use, the casting of their darters best pleaseth me, and gladly I wold so it; for, as I hear say, if they strike one aryghte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thurgh."—"By my faith, sir," said the squyer, "ye say treuth; for I have seen many a grete strokes given with them, which at one time cost us dely, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said skirmishe, Sir John Lawrence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head pierced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacke stopped with sylke, and passed thurgh his body, so that he fell down dead."—FROISSART, vol. ii. ch. 44.—This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called *Jeu de las canas*, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Saracen champion is thus described by Froissart: "Among the Sarazens, there was a yonge knight called Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always wel mounted on a rody and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knyghtes seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he was always of usage three fo-tethered dartes, and crychte well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was clene armed, with a long white towell about his bodi. His apparell was blacke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Crysten men say, they thoughte he dyd such dedes of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved entirely the King of Thune's daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inheritor to the realme of Thane, after the decesse of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was son to the Duke of Olyferne. I cannot telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me, that this knyght, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feates of armes. The knyghtes of France wold fayne have taken hym; but they coude never attrape nor inclose him; his horse was so swift, and so rody to his hand, that alwaies he escaped."—Vol. ii. ch. 71.

NOTE Z.

*And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!*—P. 15.

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 16th August 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals, in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, "Of all the battayles and encounterings that I have made mencion of here before in all this history, great or small, this battayle that I treat of now was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hartes: for there was neyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and foughte hande to hande. This battayle was lyke the battayle of Becherell, the which was valiantly fought and endured." The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the

Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. "His obsequy was done reverently, and on his body layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hanging over hym."—*FROISSART*, vol. ii. p. 165.

NOTE 2 A.

— *Dark Knight of Liddesdale*.—P. 15.

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The King had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined. So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as Sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the regicide of the Earl to jealousy. The place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed, is called, from his name, William-Cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William-hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscroft, was carried to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown.

NOTE 2 B.

The moon on the east o' the bonc.—P. 15.

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Douglas, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced

to a set of round posts, barked with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the framework of the roof: and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance Sir James Hall's Essay on Gothic Architecture is published in *The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*.

NOTE C.

— *The wondrous Michael Scott*.—P. 18.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. *Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, lib. xii. p. 485. Lesly characterises Michael Scott as "singularis philosophia, astronomia, ac medicina laudis pretans; dicebatur pentisimorum magia recessus intragasse." Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard:—

"Quell altro che ne' fianchi è così poco,
Michele Scotto fu, che venne fatto
Delle magiche frode sepper il fuoco."

Inferno, Canto xxmo.

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity, is ascribed, either to the agency of *Aith Mheall*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition vages concerning the place of his burial; some contend for Home Coltrane, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died. Satchell, wishing to give some authority for his account of the origin of the name of Scott, pretends, that, in 1629, he chanced to be at Burgh under Bowness, in Cumberland, where a person, named Lancelot Scott, showed him an extract from Michael Scott's works, containing that story:—

"He said the book which he gave me
Was of Sir Michael Scott's history;
Which history was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no man dare it do.

1 There is something affecting in the manner in which the old Prior of Lochleven turns from describing the death of the gallant Ramsay, to the general sorrow which it excited.—

"To tell you there of the manere,
It is bot sorrow for til here;
He was the greatest merryd man
That ony worth have thought of than,
Of his state, or of mare he fare;
All monyt him, bath bettyr and war;

"The ryche and pure him meyde bath,
For of his dede was meldi skath."

Some years ago, a person digging for stones, about the old castle of Hermitage, broke into a vault, containing a quantity of chaff, some bones, and pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridle which the author has since given to the Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression that it possibly may be a relic of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned this discovery in his *Statistical Account of Castletown*.

Young scholars have pick'd out something
From the contents, that dare not read within.
He carried me along the castle then,
And shew'd his written book hanging on an iron pin.
His writing pen did seem to me to be
Of hardened metal, like steel, or accume;
The volume of it did seem so large to me,
As the Book of Martyrs and Turks histone.
Then in the churchhe let me see
A stone where Mr. Michael Scott did lie;
I asked at him how that coud appear,
Mr. Michael had been dead above five hundred year?
He shew'd me none durst bury under that stone,
More than he had been dead a few years agone;
For Mr. Michael's name does terrifie each one."

History of the Right Honourable Name of SCOTT.

• NOTE 2 D.

Salamanca's cave.—P. 15.

Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic, for which he was stigmatised by the ignorance of his age.—*WILLIAM of Malmesbury*, lib. ii, cap. 10. There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.—*D'AUTON on Learned Incredulity*, p. 45. These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance:—

"Queste Città di Tollole soles
Tenere studio di negromanzia,
Quivi di magica arte si legge
Pubblicamente, e di peromanzia;
E molti geomanti sempre avea,
Esperimenti assai d'idromanzia
E d'altre false opinion' di scocchi
Come è fatture, o spesso batter gli occhi."

Il Morgante Maggiore, Canto xxv. St. 250

The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Mont-alban, called, by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L'Histoire de Maugis D'Appremont*. He even held a professor's chair in the necromantic university; for so I interpret the passage, "*qu'on tous les sept ars d'enchantement, des charmes et conjurations, il n'y avoit meilleur maitre que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le laissoit en chaise, et l'appelloit on maitre Maugis.*" This Salamancan Domdaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader inquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult "*Les faits et proceses du noble et vaillant Hercules*," where he will learn, that the fable of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens, arose from the said Atlas having taught Hercules, the noble knight-errant, the seven liberal sciences, and in particular, that of judicial astrology. Such, according to the ideas of the middle ages, were the studies, "*maximus que docuit Atlas.*"—In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic King of Spain, he is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo; and when the iron gates, which secured the entrance, were unfolded, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind, that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic, threatened with an invasion of the Moors, resolved to enter the cavern, where he

expected to find some prophetic intimation of the event of the war. Accordingly, his train being furnished with torches, so artificially composed that the tempest could not extinguish them, the King, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen wielding a Moorish mace, with which it discharged furious blows on all sides, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from striking, until he read, inscribed on the right hand, "*Wretched Monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither;*" on the left hand, "*Thou shalt be dispossessed by a strange people;*" on one shoulder, "*I invoke the sons of Hagar;*" on the other, "*I do mine office.*" When the King had deciphered these ominous inscriptions, the statue returned to its exercise, the tempest commenced anew, and Roderic retired, to mourn over the predicted evils which approached his throne. He caused the gates of the cavern to be locked and barricaded, but, in the course of the night, the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens and the death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue. *Historia verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo por el Sabio Alenxay Alcacim, traducida de la lengua Arabiga por Miquel de Luha*, 1654, cap. vi.

• NOTE 3 E.

The bells would ring in St. Mary's.—P. 15.

"*Tantanne reth lam negligenter*" says Tyrwhitt, of his predecessor, Speight; who, in his commentary on Chaucer, had omitted, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wade and his boat Gningelot, to the great prejudice of posterity, the memory of the hero and the boat being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay no such omission to my charge, I have noted one or two of the most current traditions concerning Michael Scott. He was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil indolently asked his rider, What it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, "What is that to thee?—Mount, Diabolus, and fly!" When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second throw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the King rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than stand to the probable consequences. Another time, it is said, that, when residing at the Tower of Oakwood, upon the Estrick, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the Witch of Falseshope, who lived on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed, by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In the dis-

course with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing, suddenly snatched it up, and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house; but, as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, and pursued him so close, that, in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own *jarchole* (*Anglice*, common sewer.) In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falschope, Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the good wife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme,—

"Master Michael Scott's man
Sought meat, and gay naue."

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house, but as his wife's frolic with Mr. Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife. Now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through, the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and, with his left hand, take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance.—This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so.—A similar charm occurs in *Enn de Bourdeux*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the *Caliph Vathek*.

Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falschope, Michael Scott, like his predecessor, Merlin, fell at last a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicited from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a *breme now*. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidant.

NOTE 2 F.

The words that cleft Eldon Hills in three.—P. 15.

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a cairn, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered, that Eldon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

NOTE 2 G.

*That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be.*—P. 16.

Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. Fortunius Licetus investigates the subject in a treatise, *De Lucernis Antiquorum Reconditis*, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates three different recipes for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible.—*Mundus Subterraneus*, p. 72. Delpo imputes the fabrication of such lights to magical skill.—*Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 88. In a very rare romance, which "treateth of the life of Virgilius, and of his death, and many marvelles that he dyd in his life-time, by wychecraft and nygramancy, through the helpe of the devyle of hell," mention is made of a very extraordinary process, in which one of these mystical lamps was employed. It seems that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth by magical art. For this purpose he constructed a solitary tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed with iron flails, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their flails incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossible, unless when Virgil touched the spring, which stopped their motion. To this tower he repaired privately, attended by one trusty servant, to whom he communicated the secret of the entrance, and hither they conveyed all the magician's creature. "Then sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved frende, and he that I above alle men truste and knowe mooste of my secret;" and then he led the man into a cellar, where he made a *fyger lamp at all seasons burnyng*. "And then sayd Virgilius to the man, 'Se ye the barrell that standeth here?' and he sayd, yea; 'Therem must thou put me: fyrst ye must sleepe me, and hewe me small to pieces, and cut my hed in iii pieces, and salte the heed under wy the bottom, and then the pieces ther after, and my herte in the myddel, and then set the barrell under the lampe, that nyghte and day the fat theren may droppe and leake, and ye shall ix dayes long, ones in the day, fyll the lampe, and fyllen it. And when this is all done, thou shalt be renewed, and made yonge agen.'" At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeying his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, pickled, and barreled up, in all respects according to his own direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper thrashers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor, with whom Virgil was a great favourite, missed him from the court, and demanded of his servant where he was. The domestic pretended ignorance, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him to the enchanted tower. The same threat extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wounding their flails. "And then the emperor entered into the castle with all his folke, and sought all aboute in every corner after Virgilius, and at the laste they sought so longe, that they came into the seller, where they sawe the lampe hang over the barrell, where Virgilius lay in good. Then asked the emperor the man, who had made hym so herdy to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe; and the man answered no worde to the emperor. And then the emperor, with great anger, drewe out his sword, and slew he there Virgilius' man. And when all this was done, then sawe the emperor, and all his folke, a naked child li tymes rennyng about the barrell, sayng these wordes, 'Curnd be the tyme that ye ever came here.' And with these wordes vanyshed the chyld awaye, and was never sen agē; and thus abyd Virgilius in the barrell deed."

ingibus, bl. lat., printed at Antwerpe by John Doesborcke. This curious volume is in the valuable library of Mr. Douce; and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market. See *Goujet Biblioth. Franc.* ix. 225. *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Nationale*, tom. ii. p. 6. *De Bure*, No. 3657.

NOTE 2 H.

*Then Deloraine, in terror took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,*

He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd.—P. 16

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard, but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled, and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian.—*Haywood's Hierarchy*, p. 480, quoted from *Sebastian Cobarruvias Crocea*.

NOTE 2 I.

The Baron's Dwarf his courser held.—P. 18.

The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance:—

"The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man, of the name of Anderson, who was born, and lived all his life at Todshaw-hill, in Eskdale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground, (that is, tying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night,) when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, 'Tint! Tint! Tint!' One of the men, named Moffat, called out, 'What devil has that you? Come here.' Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way, Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, 'Ah, hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike ear!' (viz. sore.) After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry three times, 'Gilpin Horner!' It

1 Tint signifies lost.

started, and said, 'That is me, I must away,' and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it. To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-ta-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram: who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner, on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that the legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited; and that many persons of very good rank, and considerable information, are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition.

NOTE 2 K.

*But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band
Of the best that would ride ather command.—P. 18.*

"Upon 28th June, 1557, Dame Janet Beaufort Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the name of Scott, delatit (accused) for coming to the kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons bodin in fere of weire, (arrayed in armour), and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the Laird of Cranstoun for his destruction." On the 20th July, a warrant from the Queen was presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch with new calling—*Abridgment of Books of Adjournment, in Advocates' Library*.—The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary: (On the 28th of June, 1557, Robert Scott, in Bewhill parish, priest of the kirk of St. Mary's, accused of the convocation of the Queen's lieges, to the number of two hundred persons, in warlike array, with jacks, helmets, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes, for the slaughter of Sir Peter Cranstoun, out of ancient feud and malice prepense, and of breaking the doors of the said kirk, is repledged by the Archbishop of Glasgow. The bail given by Robert Scott of Allanhugh, Adam Scott of Burnfate, Robert Scott in Howfurd, Walter Scott in Todshawhugh, Walter Scott younger of Synton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of the said Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Well, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wemyss in Eekford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited. On the same day, Walter Scott of Synton, and Walter Chisholme of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstoun, and his kindred and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallowhill, Alexander Stuart, uncle to the Laird of Trakwhare, John Murray of Newhall, John Fairlie, residing in Selkirk, George Tait, younger of Pirn, John Pennycaik of Pennycaik, James Ramsay of Cokpen, the Laird of Saasaye, and the Laird of Henderstone, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors; being probably either in alliance with the accused parties, or dreading their vengeance. Upon the 20th of July following, Scott of Synton, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howfurd, Scott of Burnfate, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling, under the pains of treason. But no further procedure seems to have

taken place. It is said, that, upon this rising, the Kirk of St. Mary was burnt by the Scots.

NOTE 2 L.

Like a book-bosom'd priest.—P. 19.

"At Unthank, two miles N.E. from the church (of Ewes), there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of Popery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Melrose or Jedburgh, to baptise and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants, *Book-a-bosoms*. There is a man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptised by these *Book-a-bosoms*, and who says one of them, called Hair, used this parish for a very long time."—*Account of Parish of Ewes, apud Macfarlane's MSS.*

NOTE 2 M.

All was delusion; naught was truth.—P. 20.

Glamour, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of Falschope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gipsy lender.

"See soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast the glamour o'er her."

It was formerly used even in war. In 1381, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a necromancer offered to "make the ayre so thicke, that they within shall thynke that there is a greyt brida on the see (by which the castle was surrounded) for ten men to go a front; and when they within the castle se this brida, they will be so afraide, that they shall yelde them to your mercy. The Duke demanded,—'Fayre Master, on this brida that ye speke of, may our people assuredly go theroon to the castell, to assayle it?'—'Syr,' quod the enchanter, 'I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the brida make the signe of the crosse on hym, all shall go to nought, and they that be on the brida shall fall into the see.' Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knights, that were there present, said, 'Syr, for godsake, let the mayster assay his cunning: we shall leve making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme.'" The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognised in the enchanter the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the feat, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Payx. "'By my fayth,' quod the Earl of Savoy, 'ye say well; and I will that Syr Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wronge to fear you. But I shall assure hym of you; for ye shall never do enchantment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I wolde nat that in tyme to come we shulde be reproached that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knyghtes and squyres assembled, that we shulde do any thyng be enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemyes be suche craftes.' Then he

called to him a servant, and said, 'Go, and get a hangman, and let him stryke off this mayster's heed without delay;' and as soone as the Erie had commanded it, incontynent it was done, for his heed was stryken of before the Erie's tent."—*Fraunceart*, vol. i. ch. 391, 392.

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was anciently a principal part of the skill of the *jongleur*, or juggler, whose tricks formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iv. p. 106. In a strange allegorical poem, called the *Houlat*, written by a dependent of the house of Douglas, about 1452-3, the jay, in an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler. His feats of glamour are thus described:—

"He gart them see, as it semyt in samyn houre,
Hunting at herdis in holtis so hair;
Some sailand on the see schippis of toure,
Bernis battalland on burd brim as a bare;
He coulede carye the comp of the kingis des,
Syne leve in the stede,
Bot a black bunwede;
He coulede of a hens hede
Make a man mes.

"He gart the Emprours trow, and trowlye behald,
That the cornerak, the pundere at hand,
Had poyndit all his pris hors in a poynd fold,
Because that ete of the corn in the kirkland,
He coulede wirk windaris, quhat way that he wald,
Maik a gray gus a gold garland,
A lang spere of a bittile, for a berne bald,
No' illis of nutschelles, and silver of sand.
Thus jouk it with juxteis the janglane ja,
Fair ladyes in ringis,
Knychtis in caralyngis,
Bayth dantis and anges,
It semyt an aa."

NOTE 2 N.

*Now if you ask who gave the stroke,
I can't tell, so wot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.*—P. 20.

Dr. Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glanville's *Satiricisms Triumphatus*, mentions a similar phenomenon.

"I remember an old gentleman in the country, of my acquaintance, an excellent justice of peace, and a piece of a mathematician; but what kind of a philosopher he was, you may understand from a rhyme of his own making, which he commended to me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this:—

'Sense is nothing till sense finds out:
Sense ends in nothing, so naught goes about.'

Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the reciting of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toe as nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whirled round the corner of an orchard-walk by some little whirlwind. With this philosopher I have had many discourses concerning the immortality of the soul and its distinction; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would not laugh at me, and say this is logic, H. (calling me by my Christian name,) to which I replied, this is reason, father L. (for so I used and some others to call him;) but it seems you are for the new lights, and immoderate inspiration, which I confess he was as little for as for the other; but I said so in the way of drollery to him in those times, but truth is

nothing but palpable experience would move him; and being a bold man, and fearing nothing, he told me he had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and had a most earnest desire to meet with one, but never could do it. But thus he told me, when he did not so much as think of it, while his servant was pulling off his boots in the hall, some invisible hand gave him such a clap upon the back, that it made all ring again; 'so,' thought he now, 'I am invited to the converse of my spirit,' and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.

"But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a mere delusion, yet not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him, though I could wound him and nonplus him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him; wherefore, after several reasonings of this nature, whereby I would prove to him the soul's distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of such subtle consideration did any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to do, though it melts the sword, on the fuzzy consistency of the scabbard,—'Well,' said I, 'father L., though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to be true, that may do the business:—Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? Assume yourself, says I, father L., that goblin will be the first to bid you welcome into the other world.' Upon that his countenance changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philosophical argumentations that I could produce."

NOTE 2 O.

The running stream dissolved the spell.—P. 20.

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Dunsen's inimitable *Tum o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market, but which always reassumed their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish for a very good reason. "*Gens ista spurcissima non solvant decimas.*"—*Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scriptores*, p. 1076.

NOTE 2 P.

*He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee.*—P. 21.

Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers—

"A hundred valliant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.

When setting to their lips their bagles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;
Their bauldries set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast.
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or rowing shaft."

Poly-Aliden, Song 36.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire, and Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman, "they met at the spears poyntes rudely; the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too lowe, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the thigh. Wherewith the Eile of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so were all the other lords, and sayde how it was shamefully done."—*FROISSART*, vol. i. chap. 366. Upon a similar occasion, "the two knyghts came a fote to the against other rudely, with their speares low couched, to stryke eche other within the foure quarters. Jolian of Castell-Morant strak the English squyer on the brest in such wyse, that Syr Wylliam Fermetone stumbled and bowed, for his fote a lyttel fayled him. He helde his speare lowe with both his handes, and coude nat amende it, and strake Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant in the thighe, so that the speare went elene through, that the heed was sene a handfull on the other syde. And Syr Johan with the stroke reled, but he fell nat. Than the Englysh knyghtes and squyers were ryght sore displeased, and sayde how it was a foul stroke. Syr Wylliam Fermetone excused himselfe, and sayde how he was sone of that adventure, and howe that yf he had knowen that it shulde have bene so, he wolde never have begon it, sayenge how he could nat amende it, by cause of glauncing of his fote by constraynt of the great stroke that Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant had given him."—*FROISSART*, vol. i. chap. 373.

NOTE 2 Q.

*She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charn she stanch'd the blood.*—P. 21.

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.

"Tom Potts was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,
And with some kinds of words he stanch'd the blood."
Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, Lond. 1791, p. 131.

NOTE 2 R.

*But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
And saved the splinter o'er and o'er.*—P. 22.

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpellier before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by B. White, gentleman, and published in 1658, gives us the following curious surgical case:—

"Mr. James Howell (well known in France for his public

works, and particularly for his *Dendrologie*, translated into French by Mons. Baudouin) coming by chance, as two of his best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavour to part them; and, putting himself between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, while with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hinderance their friend made, that they should not kill one another; and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr. Howel's hand; and then the other disengaged his hilts, and gave a cross blow on his adversary's head, which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before within. It seems some strange constellation reigned then against him, that he should lose so much blood by parting two such dear friends, who, had they been themselves, would have hazarded both their lives to have preserved his; but this involuntary effusion of blood by them, prevented that which they should have drawn one from the other. For they, seeing Mr. Howel's face besmeared with blood, by heaving up his wounded hand, they both ran to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut, and bled abundantly. They brought him home, and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at court, the King sent one of his own surgeons; for his Majesty much affected the said Mr. Howel.

"It was my chance to be lodged hard by him; and four or five days after, as I was making myself ready, he came to my house, and prayed me to view his wounds: 'for I understand,' said he, 'that you have extraordinary remedies on such occasions, and my surgeons apprehend some fear that it may grow to a gangrene, and so the hand must be cut off.' In effect, his countenance discovered that he was in much pain, which he said was insupportable, in regard of the extreme inflammation. I told him I would willingly serve him; but it haply he knew the manner how I would cure him, without touching or seeing him, it may be he would not expose himself to my manner of curing, because he would think it, peradventure, either ineffectual or superstitious. He replied, 'the wonderful things which many have related unto me of your way of medicament, makes me nothing doubt at all of its efficacy, and all that I have to say unto you is comprehended in the Spanish proverb, *Hayase el malagro y hagalo Mahoma*—Let the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it.'

"I asked him then for any thing that had the blood upon it, so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound; and as I called for a basin of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as this bloody garter was brought me, I put it within the basin, observing, in the interim, what Mr. Howel did, who stood talking with a gentleman in a corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he said? 'I know not what ailes me, but I hold that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kinde of freshnesse, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.'—I replied, 'Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.' This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the business, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howel's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease

in a short time; for I knew the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went, and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain at forward; but within five or six dayes the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed."—Page 6.

The King (James VI.) obtained from Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar, who had learned it in Armenia, or Persia. Let not the age of amidual magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scott mentions the same mode of cure in these terms:—"And that which is more strange . . . they can remedie a stranger with that verie sword wherewith they are wounded. Yea, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the partie shall feele no pain, whereas, if they draw their fingers downwards, thereupon the partie wounded shall feele intolerable pain." I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the *Enchanted Island*, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the *Tempest*:—

"Ariel. Anoint the sword which pierced him with this Weapon spice, and wrap it close from air, Till I have time to visit him again.—Act v. sc. 2.

Again, in scene 4th, Miranda enters with Hippolito's sword wrapt up.—

"Hip. O my wound pains me!
Mir. I am come to ease you. [She unwraps the sword.
Hip. Alay I feel the cold air come to me,
My wound shoots worse than ever.

Mir. Does y^t still grieve you? [She wraps and anoints the sword.]

Hip. Now, methinks, there's something laid just upon it.
Mir. Do you find no ease?

Hip. Yea, yes; upon the sudden all this pain Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!"

NOTE 2 S.⁶

On Penchryst glows a bale of Fire.—P. 22.

Bale, beacon-fagot. The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh.—The Act of Parliament 1455, c. 48, directs, that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are coming under; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. "The same tokenings to be watched and made at Eggerhope (Eggerstand) Castell, fra thye se the fire of Hume, that they fire right awa. And in like manner ou Sowtra Edge, sall se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak takening in like manner: And then may all Louthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be made in like manner, that they in Fife, and fra Striveling east, and the east part of Louthaine, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defence of the realm." These beacons (at least in latter times) were a "long and strong tree set up, with a long iron

pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel."—STEVENS'S *History*, vol. ii. p. 701.

NOTE 2 T.

Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise.—P. 22.

The speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse, may be judged of from the following extract, when the subject of the rising was much less important than that supposed in the romance. It is taken from Carey's *Memoirs*—

"Upon the death of the old Lord Scroop, the Queen gave the west wardenship to his son, that had married my sister. He having received that office, came to me with great earnestness, and desired me to be his deputy, offering me that I should live with him in his house; that he would allow me half a dozen men, and as many horses, to be kept at his charge; and his fee being 1000 marks yearly, he would part it with me, and I should have the half. This his noble offer I accepted of, and went with him to Carlisle; where I was no sooner come, but I entered into my office. We had a stirring time of it; and few days past over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief, or take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

"I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottishmen that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Grames relieved. This Grame dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need.—About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour, and he is gone to let them know, that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you, and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please.' Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could, and withall we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen, for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men; whom we presently set to work, to get to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower.—The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but of a sudden they stayed, and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them, for these are they that

have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they would get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours. I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkill'd; (there was so many deadly feuds among them); and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what they pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would be very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could, for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger, and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day."

NOTE 2 U.

*On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
H'ere urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.*—P. 22.

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlyce, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments, his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

NOTE 2 V.

*For pathless marsh and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lovely shied.*—P. 22.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army.—(*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. p. 332.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaw, upon the Ale at Ancrum, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eke, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. "In the way as we came, not far from this place, (Long Niddry,) George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's

happened upon a cave in the grounds, the mouth whereof was so worn with the fresh prints of steps, that he seemed to be certayne thear wear some folke within; and gone doone to trie, he was readly receyved with a bakelut or two. He left them not yet, till he had known whether thei wolde be content to yeld and come out; which they fondly refusing, he went to my lord's grace, and upon utterance of the thyngs, gat licence to deale with them as he coulde; and so returned to them, with a score or two of pioners. Three ventres had their cave, that we wear ware of, whereof he first stopt up on; another he fill'd full of straws, and set it a fyre, whereat they within cast water apace, but it was so wel maynteyned without, that the fyre prevayled, and thei within faynt to get them hollye into another parler. Then devoyd we (for I hapt to be with him) to stop the same up, whereby we should eyther smother them, or fynd out their ventres, if thei hadde any moe; as this was done at another issue, about an score of, we mought see the fume of their smoke to come out: the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we coulde not but thinke they must needs get them out, or smother within. and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain thei wear sure of the toother." PATTEN's *Account of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland*, apud DALVELL's *Fragments*.

NOTE 2 W.

Show'd southern ravage was begun.—P. 24.

From the following fragment of a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to King Henry VIII., preserved among the Cotton MSS. Calig. B. vii. 179, the reader may estimate the nature of the dreadful war which was occasionally waged upon the Borders, sharpened by mutual cruelties, and the personal hatred of the wardens, or leaders.

Some Scottish Barons, says the Earl, had threatened to come within "three miles of my pore house of Werkworth, where I lye, and gif me light to put on my clothes at mydnight; and alsoo the said Marke Carr said there opynly, that, seying they had a governor on the Marches of Scotland, as well as they had in England, he shulde kepe your highness instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any day-forrey; for he and his friends wolde burne enough on the night, lettyn your counsaill here defyne a notable acte at theyre pleasures. Upon whiche, in your highness name, I comaudet dewe watche to be kepte on your Marchies, for comynge in of any Scotts.—Neuertheles, upon Thursday at night last, came thyrty light horsemen into a lilll village of myne, called Whitell, having not past sex houses, lying towards Ryddisdall, upon Shilbotell Mory, and there wold have fyred the said howses, but ther was no fyre to get there, and they forgate to brynge any withr theyme; and took a wyf being great with chylde, in the said towne, and said to hyr, Where we can not gyve the lard lyght, yet we shall doo this in spyte of hym; and gyve her fit mortall woundis upon the head, and another in the right side, with a dagger. whereupon the said wyf is dedde, and the childe in her hely is loste. Beseeching your most gracious highness to reduce unto your gracious memory this wyful and shamefull murder, done within this your highnes realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereabout rose unto the said fray, and gave warninge by becons unto the countrey afore theyme, and yet the Scottamen dyde escape. And uppon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyfforth, and me, lmd by credibill persons of Scotland, this abomyneable act not only to be done by dyverce of the Mershe, but also the afore named persons of Tyndail,

and consented to, as by apperance, by the Erie of Marcy, upon Friday at night last, let slyp C of the best horsemen of Glendall, with a parte of your highness subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dowglas, whoo came into England agayne, in the dawning of the day; but afore theyre retorne, they dyd mar the Earl of Murreis provisions at Coldingham; for they did not only burne the said town of Coldingham, with all the corne thereunto belonging, which is esteemed worthe cluemarko sterling; but alsoo burned two townes nye adjoining thereunto, called Branerdegast and the Black Hill, and toke xxiii persons, 12 horse, with cched of catall, which, nowe, as I am informed, hathe not only been a stave of the said Erie of Murreis not coming to the Bordure as yet, but alsoo, that none inlande man will adventure theyr self uppon the Marches. And as for the tax that shulde have been grauntyd for finding of the said iii hundred men, is utterly denyed. Upon which the King of Scotland departed from Edynburgh to Stirling, and as yet there doth remayn. And also I, by the advice of my brother Clyfforth, have devoyd, that within this iii nyghts, Godde willing, Kelsey, in like case, shall be brent, with all the corn in the said town; and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson in nygh unto the Borders. And as I shall attaigne further knowledge, I shall not fail to satisfie your highness, according to my most bounden dutie. And for this burning of Kelsey is devoyd to be done secretly, by Tyndall and Ryddisdale. And thus the holy Trynite and *** your most royal estate, with long lye, and as much increase of honour as your most noble heart can desire. At Weikwerth the xxiii day of October." (1522.)

NOTE 2 X.

Watt Tynlunn.—P. 24.

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a sutor, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated, and forced to fly. Watt Tynlunn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tynlunn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult:—"Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels rise, and the seams rive."—"If I cannot sew," retorted Tynlunn, discharging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle,—"*If I cannot sew, I can jerk.*"

NOTE 2 Y.

Billhope Stag.—P. 24.

There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the places in Liddesdale remarkable for game:

"Billhope braes for bucks and roes,
And Carst haugh for swine,
And Tarras for the good bull trout,
If he be ta'en in time."

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

¹ Ripe, croak.—*Rev.* test.

² Jerk, to twitch, as shoemakers do, in securing the stitches of their work.

NOTE 2 Z.

Belted Will Howard.—P. 24.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bedroom, oratory, and library, are still shown. They impress us with an unpleasant idea of the life of a lord warden of the Marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate the apprehensions of treachery from his garrison; and the secret winding passages, through which he could privately descend into the guardroom, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the venerable appearance of these apartments, and the armour scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the warden in person. Naworth Castle is situated near Brampton, in Cumberland. Lord William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle.

NOTE 3 A.

Lord Dacre.—P. 24.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called Lord Dacres of the South, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dacres of the North, and were barons of Gilsland and Graystock. A chieftain of the latter branch was warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII., giving an account of his behaviour at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Appendix to the Introduction.

NOTE 3 B.

The German hackbut-men.—P. 24.

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred hackbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th of September, 1540, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches:—"The Almains, in number two thousand, very vallant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your wardourie, (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be,) shall make the attempt to Loughmaben, being of no such strength but that it may be scaled with ladders, whereof,

beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else undermined with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the King's Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carleaverock to be used." Repeated mention occurs of the Almains, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary "victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumfries-shire."—*History of Cumberland*, vol. i. Introd. p. lxi. From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn, that the Low Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 191.

"Their pleited garments therewith well accord,
All jagde and froument, with divers colours deckt."

NOTE 3 C.

"Ready, aye ready," for the field.—P. 25.

Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, &c., lying upon the River of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility and their feudal followers, at Falk, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the treasure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, *Ready, aye ready*. The charter itself is printed by Nisbet; but his work being scarce, I insert the following accurate transcript from the original, in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlestane.

"JAMES REX.

We James, by the grace of God, King of Scotland, consider- and the faith and guid servie of of our right traist friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha command to our hoste at Soutra- edge, with three score and ten launciers on horseback of his friends and followers, ayd beand willing to gang with us into England when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stake at all our bidding; for the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitlie command and charg our lion herauld and his deputies for the time beand, to give and to graunt to the said John Scott, ane Border of fleurs de lises about his coarte of armes, as is on our royal banner, and alsua ane bundell of launces above his helmet, with thir words, *Ready, ay Ready*, that he and all his aftercummers may brink the samme as a pledge and taiken of our guid will and kyndnes for his true worthnes; and thair our letters seen, ye nae was faulne to doe. Given at Ffalkis Muire, under our hand and privy cashet, the xxvi day of July, m c and xxxi zeires. By the King's graces speciall ordinance.

"JO ARSKINE."

On the back of the charter is written,

"Edin. 14 January, 1713. Registered, conform to the act of parliament made anent probative writs, per M^r Kailie, pror. and produced by Alexander Dorthwick, servant to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane. M. L. J."

See in orig.

NOTE 3 D.

*An aged Knight, to danger steed'd,
With many a mus-trooper came on;
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murielston.—P. 25.*

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murielston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1206. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field, whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage.—See *GLADSTAIRS OF WHITELAW'S MSS.*, and *SCOTT OF STOKES' Pedigree*, Newcastle, 1783.

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; others in *LEYDEN'S Scenes of Infancy*, and others, more lately, in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of Border ballads by Mr. James Hogg. The bugle-horn, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dill, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, on a covered dish, announced to the hungry band, that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are numerous descendants of this old marauding Baron. The following beautiful passage of *LEYDEN'S Scenes of Infancy*, is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive, whom Walter or Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs:

"Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand;
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shag'd with thorn,
Where springs, in scatter'd tufts, the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A hardy race, who never shrink from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain home;—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain.
But what the rugged ground of wealth denied,
From helms more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

"The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veild, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torchlight fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil, that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

"Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beautiful Mary soothed, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster child.

Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view;
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

"His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill.
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier:
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom;
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unsung."

NOTE 3 E.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band.—P. 25.

In this, and the following stanzas, some account is given of the mode in which the property in the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the name of Scott. It is needless to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem, literally as they have been preserved by tradition. Lord Maxwell, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, took upon himself the title of Earl of Morton. The descendants of Beattison of Woodkerick, who aided the Earl to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold these lands within the memory of man, and were the only Beattisons who had property in the dale. The old people give locality to the story, by showing the Galliard's Haugh, the place where Buccleuch's men were concealed, &c.

NOTE 3 F.

Their gathering word was Bellenden.—P. 26.

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.—*Survey of Selkirkshire, in Macfarlane's MSS.*, Advocates' Library. Hence Satchells calls one part of his genealogical account of the families of that clan, his Bellenden.

NOTE 3 G.

*The camp they hold, their law the sword,
They knew no country, own'd no lord.—P. 27.*

The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1386, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, continued for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltior, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: "I counsel, let us be all of one alliance, and of one accord, and let us among ourselves reyse up the banner of St. George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemies to alle the world; for without we make ourselve to be feared, we gete nothyngs." "By my sayth," quod Sir William Helmouth, "ye saye right well, and so let us do." They all agreed with one voyce, and

so regarded among them who shulde be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde than have good leysar to do yvel, and they thought he was more metel-lyer thereto than any other. Then they raised up the penon of St. George, and cried, 'A Soltier! a Soltier! the valyaunt bastarde! frondes to God, and enemies to all the worlde!'—*Forrester*, vol. i. ch. 363.

NOTE 3 H.

That he may suffer march-treason pain.—P. 28.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus, in an indenture made at the water of Eake, beside Salom, on the 25th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July; and it is expressly accorded, "Gif ony stellis authur on the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be hanget or becidit; and gif ony company stellis any gudes within the triex beforesayd, one of that company sall be hanget or becidit, and the remnant sall restore the gudyas stolen in the dubble."—*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, Introd. p. xxxix.

NOTE 3 I.

Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain.—P. 28.

In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or indictments, by Border oath, ran thus: "You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out snackles of are, part way, witting, ridd, kennung, havyng, or recettung of any of the goods and cattels named in this bill. So help you God."—*History of Cumberland*, Introd. p. xxv.

NOTE 3 K.

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword.—P. 28.

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege. Among others, he knighted the witty Sir John Harrington, whose favour at court was by no means enhanced by his new honours.—See the *Nuga Antiqua*, edited by Mr. Park. But probably the latest instance of knighthood, conferred by a subject, was in the case of Thomas Ken, knighted by the Earl of Huntly, after the defeat of the Earl of Argyll in the battle of Beltrinae. The fact is attested, both by a poetical and prose account of the

engagement, contained in an ancient MS. in the Advocates Library, and edited by Mr. Dalrymple, in *Scotich Songs and Ballads*, Edin. 1842.

NOTE 3 L.

When English blood need'd Ancram's fond.—P. 28.

The battle of Ancram Moor, or Penielhench was fought A. D. 1546. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley.

NOTE 3 M.

*For who, in field or foray slark,
Save the blanche lion e'er fall back?*—P. 29.

This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest, or bearing, of a warrior, was often used as a *nomme de guerre*. Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet, *The Bear of York*. In the violent satire on Cardinal Wolsey, written by Roy, commonly, but erroneously, imputed to Dr. Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Beautiful Swan*, and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, the *White Lion*. As the book is extremely rare, and the whole passage relates to the emblematical interpretation of heraldry, it shall be here given at length.

"The Description of the Armes.

"Of the prond Cardinal this is the shelde,
Rorne up betweene two angels of Sathan;
The six bloody axes in a bare fælde,
Sheweth the crueltie of the red man,
Which hath devoured the Beautiful Swan,
Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion.
Carter of Yorke, the vyle butcher's sonne,
The six bulles haddes in a fælde blacke,
Betokeneth his stordy furiosness,
Wherefore, the godly lyght to put abacke,
He bryngeth in his dyvlysh darckness;
The bandog in the middes doth expresse
The mastiff curre bred in Ypawich towne,
Gnawinge with his teth a kinges crowne.
The cloubbe signifieth playne his tyranny,
Covered over with a Cardinall's hatt,
Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophcey,
Arise up, Jacke, and put on thy salatt,
For the tyme is come of hagges and walatt.
The temporal bechevalry thus thrown downe,
Wherefor, preat, take hede, and beware thy crowne."

There were two copies of this very scarce satire in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburgh. See an account of it also in Sir Egerton Brydges' curious miscellany, the *Cassidoreana*.

NOTE 3 N.

*Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight.*—P. 29.

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, no

peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1558, the well-known Kirkcaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Eyre, brother to the then Lord Eyre, in consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill treated by the Lord Eyre. Pittcottie gives the following account of the affair:—"The Lord of Ivers his brother provoked William Kirkcaldy of Grange to fight with him, in singular combat, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the appointment, accompanied with Monsieur d'Ossel, lieutenant to the French King, and the garrison of Haymouth, and Mr. Ivers, accompanied with the governor and garrison of Berwick, it was discharged, under the pain of treason, that any man should come near the champions within a flight-shot, except one man for either of them, to bear their spears, two trumpets, and two lords to be judges. When they were in readiness, the trumpets sounded, the heralds cried, And the judges, let them go. They then encountered very fiercely; but Grange struck his spear through his adversary's shoulder, and bare him off his horse, being sore wounded. But whether he died, or not, it is uncertain."—P. 202.

The following indenture will show at how late a period the trial by combat was resorted to on the Border, as a proof of guilt or innocence:—

"It is agreed betwix Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such contrivances as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the eighth day of April next ensuing, A.D. 1602, betwixt nine of the clerk, and one of the same day, to fight on foot, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plate sleeves, plate breeches, plate socks, two basleard swords, the blades to be one yard and half a quarter in length, two Scotch daggers, or dorks, at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed, on the field, to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture; and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witnesses of the trial

THE GROUNDS OF THE QUARREL.

"1. Lancelot Carleton did charge Thomas Musgrave before the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council, that Lancelot Carleton was told by a gentleman, one of her Majesty's sworn servants, that Thomas Musgrave had offered to deliver her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle to the King of Scots; and to witness the same, Lancelot Carleton had a letter under the gentleman's own hand for his discharge.

"2. He chargeth him, that whereas her Majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him, as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her Majesty's subjects therein, Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for that her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and recept for murderers, felons, and all sorts of misdemeanors. The precedent was Quentin Whitehead and Runcion Blackburne.

"3. He chargeth him, that his office of Bewcastle is open

for the Scotch to ride in and through, and small resistance made by him to the contrary.

"Thomas Musgrave doth deny all this charge; and saith, that he will prove that Lancelot Carleton doth falsely belie him, and will prove the same by way of combat, according to this indenture. Lancelot Carleton hath entertained the challenge; and so, by God's permission, will prove it true as before, and hath set his hand to the same.

(Signed) "THOMAS MUSGRAVE.
"LANCELOT CARLETON."

NOTE 3 O.

He, the jovial harper.—P. 29

The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air called "Rattling Roaring Willie." Ramsay, who set no value on traditionary lore, published a few verses of this song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, carefully suppressing all which had any connexion with the history of the author and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some degree justified, by the extreme worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text:—

"Now Willie's gane to Jeddart,
And he's for the rood-day,¹
But Stobs and young Fainash²
They follow'd him a' the way;
They follow'd him a' the way,
They sought him up and down,
In the links of Ousenam water,
They find him sleeping sound.

"Stobs light all his horse,
And never a word he spak,
Till he tied Willie's hands
Fu' fast behind his back;
Fu' fast behind his back,
And down beneath his knee,
And drank will be doar to Willie,
When sweet milk's gars him die.

"Th' was light on ye, Stobs!
An ill death mot ye die!
Ye're the first and foremost man
That e'er laid hands on me,
That e'er laid hands on me.
And took my mare me frae:
Wae to you, Sir Gilbert Elliot!
Ye are my mortal foe!

¹ The day of the Rood-fair at Jedburgh.

² Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Fainash.

³ A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.

"The kessan of Onnesam water
Are ragging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake of Willis,
His beauty was so fair:
His beauty was so fair,
And comely for to see,
And drink will be dear to Willis,
When sweet milk gars him die."

NOTE 3 P.

*He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
In the Old Douglas' day.*—P. 29.

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus.—"Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December 1468, Earl William Douglas assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of Lincolnton; and there he caused these lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decree, decern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in Black Archibald of Douglas's days, and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before. The said Earl William, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borders; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also, the said Earl William, and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be done, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming."

NOTE 3 Q.

*The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name.*—P. 30.

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

NOTE 3 R.

*And Swinton laid his lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest,
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.*—P. 30.

At the battle of Beaugé, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.¹

¹ See the Battle of Halidon Hill. Sir W. Scott was descended from Sir John Swinton.—Ed.

NOTE 3 S.

And shouting still, A Home! a Home!—P. 31.

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Danburs, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant argent; but, as a difference, changed the colour of the shield from gules to rest, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family, was, "A Home! a Home!" It was anciently placed in an escutcheon above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine.

The Hepburns, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailes; a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

NOTE 3 T.

*And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.*—P. 31.

The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, on the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle.

NOTE 3 U.

*Truce and war, such sudden change
Is not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day.*—P. 31.

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual invasions, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity, which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connexion. Froissart says of both nations, that "Englyshmen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they meet, there is a harde fight without sparyngs. There is no hoo [truce] between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, but lay on eche upon other; and when they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorifye so in theyre dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken theyr shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly eche of them is so content with other, that, at their departyngs, curtyseye they will say, God thank you."—BARNES'S Froissart, vol. ii. p. 153. The Border meetings, of truce, which although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most

bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the *Reidsquair*. [See *Minstrelsy*, vol. II. p. 15.] Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:—

"Then was there nought but bow and spear,
And every man pulled out a brand."

In the 29th stanza of this canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings, with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbours.

NOTE 3 V.

— on the darkening plain,
Loud holla, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan — P. 31.

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland. "As we wear then a setting, and the tents a setting up, among all things els commendable in our hole journey one thing seemed to me an intollerable disorder and abuse: that whereas always, both in all townes of war, and in all camps of armies, quietneess and stillnes, without nois, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed, (I need not reason why,) our northern prikers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie, (as thought me,) and not unlik (to be playn) unto a marteries hounds howling in a hie way: hen he hath lost him his warted upon, sunn hooping, sym whistling, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! A Bulmer, a Bulmer! or so ootherwise as they captaine names wear, never linge these troublous and dangerous noyses all the nyghte longe. They said, they did it to find their captain and fellows; but if the souldiers of our oother countreys and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we should have oft times had the state of our campe more lyke the outrage of a dissolute hunting, than the quiet of a well ordered armye. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could rehearse causes (but yf I take it, they are better unsproken than uttered, unless the fault wear sure to be amended) that might shew thei move alweys more peral to our armie, but in their one nyght's so doyng, than they shew good service (as some sey) in a hoole vyage."—*Apud BAZEL's Fragments*, p. 75.

NOTE 3 W.

To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray.—P. 35.

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed. In addition to what has been said of the blood-hound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound being kept at Eldinhope, in Ettrick Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time

the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank, near sun-rising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men, well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist; and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the gallop; and, the shepherd giving the alarm, the blood-hound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to show how very long the license of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself.

NOTE 3 X.

She wrought not by forbidden spell.—P. 36.

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote:—

"Virgilius was at ecote at Tolenton, where he studyed dylygently, for he was of great understandynge. Upon a tyne, the scolers had license to go to pily and spote them in the feldes, after the usagie of the old tyme. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkynge among the hylles alle about. It fortuneth he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, wherein he went so slepe, that he culd not see no more lyght; and than he went a lytell farther therein, and than he saw some lyght cwayne, and than he went fourth stroyghte, and within a lytell wyle after he harde a voyce that called 'Virgilius! Virgilius!' and looked aboute, and he culde nat see no body. Than sayd he, (i. e. the voyce,) 'Virgilius, see ye not the lytell borde lying beynde you there marked with that worp?' Than answered Virgilius, 'I see that borde well enough.' The voyce said, 'Doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there atte.' Than answered Virgilius to the voyce that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, 'Who art thou that callest me so?' Than answered the devyll, 'I am a devyll conjured out of the bodye of a certeyne man, and banysshed here tyll the day of judgmen, without that I be delyvered by the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray the, dolyver me out of this payn, and I shall shewe unto the many boke of negromancye, and how thou shalt come by it lyghtly, and know the practyse therein, that no man in the science of negromancye shall passe the.' And moreovr, I shall shewe and enforme the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, whereby methynke it is a great gyfte for so lyttle doynge. For ye may also thus all your power frondys helpe, and make ryche your enemye.' Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius tempted, he badde the fynd show the boke to hym, that he might have and occupy them at his wyl; and so the fynde shewed him. And then Virgilius pulled open a borde, and there was a lytell hole, and thereat wrang the devyll out like a yell, and cam and stode before Virgilius lyke a bygge man; whereof Virgilius was astonied and marveled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out at so lyttle a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, 'Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?'—'Yea, I shall well,' said the devyll.—'I holde the best

pledge that I have, that ye shall not do it."—"Well," said the devyll, "thereto I consent." And then the devyll wrange himselfe into the lytyll hole agayne; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyvered the hole agayne with the borde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat there come out agen, but abydeyth shyttle styll therein. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius, and said, "What have ye done, Virgilius?"—Virgilius answered, "Abyde there styll to your day appoynted;" and fip thensforth abydeyth he there. And so Virgilius became very ponnyge in the practyse of the black science."

This story may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the Fisherman and the imprisoned Genie; and it is more than probable, that many of the marvels narrated in the life of Virgil, are of Oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure his prize.

"Than he thought in his mynde how he myghte marye hyr, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belongynge to it; and so he did by his cunnyng, and called it Napells. And the sandacyon of it was of egges, and in that town of Napells he made a tower with lill corners, and in the toppes he set aii apell upon an yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it; and thoroughs that yren set he a holte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it still. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake; and whan the egge brake, then shulde the towne synke. Whan he had made an ende, he lette call it Napells." This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, as appears from the statutes of the order *Du Saint Esprit au drouit d'air*, instituted in 1352. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil.—*MONTECAUCON*, vol. ii. p. 429.

NOTE 3 Y.

*A merlin sat upon her wrist,
Held by a leash of silken twist.*—P. 36

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or baron. See LATHAM on *Falconry*.—Godecroft relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his Castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophizing a goshawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, "The devil's in this greedy glode, she will never be full."—*HUME'S History of the House of Douglas*, 1743, vol. ii. p. 131. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

NOTE 3 Z.

*And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the bear-head garnished brave.*—P. 36.

The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again

decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced of days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, "before the peacock and the ladies."

The bear's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.—*PINKERTON'S History*, vol. i. p. 438.

NOTE 4 A.

Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill.—P. 37.

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion. Mr. Rutherford, late of New York, in a letter to the editor, soon after these songs were first published, quoted, when upwards of eighty years old, a ballad apparently the same with the Rald of the Reidsquare, but which apparently is lost, except the following lines:—

"Bauld Rutherford he was fu' stout,
With all his nine sons him about,
He brought the lads of Jedburgh out,
And bauldly fought that day."

NOTE 4 B.

—bit his glove.—P. 37.

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom he had quarrelled? And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting, that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1731.

NOTE 4 C.

*Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cluch the buck was ta'en.*—P. 37.

A tradition preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published, in 1688, *A true History of the Right Honourable name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankleburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then King of Scotland, came upon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heugh to the glen now called Buccleuch, about two miles above the

junction of Rankleburn with the river Etrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the King and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and, now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracca-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.¹

"The deer being cured in that place,
At his Majesty's demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace,
And fetched water to his hand.
The King did wash into a dish,
And Galloway John he wot;
He said, 'Thy name now after this
Shall over be called John Scott.'

"The forest and the deer therein,
We commit to thy hand;
For thou shalt sure the ranger be,
If thou obey command;
And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep hough,
Thy designation over shall
Be John Scott in Buckcleuch."

In Scotland no Buckcleuch was then,
Before the buck in the clench was slain,
Night's men² at first they did appear,
Because moon and stars to their army they bear
Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,
Show their beginning from hunting came;
Their name, and style, the book doth say,
John gained them both into one day."

WATT'S *Balcanth*

The Buckcleuch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether real or fabulous. The family now bear *Or*, upon a bend azure, a mullet between two crescents of the field; in addition to which, they formerly bore in the field a hunting-horn. The supporters, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and buck, or, according to the old terms, a *hart of hush* and a *hart of grece*. The family of Scott of Howpasley and Thulestaine long retained the bugle-horn; they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister cantle, perhaps as a difference. It is said the motto was—*Best riding by moonlight*, in allusion to the crescents on the shield, and perhaps to the habits of those who bore it.

¹ Froissart relates, that a knight of the household of the Comte de Foix exhibited a similar feat of strength. The eagle-fire had waxed low, and wood was wanted to mend it. The knight went down to the court-yard, where stood an ass laden with faggots, seized on the animal and burden, and, carrying him up to the hall on his shoulders, tumbled him into the chimney with his heels uppermost: a humane pleasantry, much applauded by the Count and all the spectators.

² "Minions of the moon," as Falstaff would have said. The vocation pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancient nations. "For the Grecians in old times, and such barbarians as in the continent lived near unto the sea, or else inhabited the islands, after once they began to cross over one to another in ships, became thieves, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to enrich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the weak: and falling upon towns

The motto now given is *Aino*, applying to the female supporters.

NOTE 4 D.

—old Albert Græme,
The Minstrel of that ancient name.—P. 31.

John Græme, second son of *Malice*, Earl of Monteth, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him³ at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says, (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides,) "They were all stark moss-troopers, and arant thieves: both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 4000 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son, (which is now become proverbial,) *Ride, Rouley, hough's t' the pot*: that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more."—*Introduction to the History of Cumberland*.

The residence of the Græmes being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both warring nations accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them.—See a long correspondence on this subject betwixt Lord Haico and the English Privy Council, in *Introduction to History of Cumberland*. The Debateable Land was finally divided betwixt England and Scotland, by commissioners appointed by both nations.

NOTE 4 E.

The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.—P. 37.

This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song, beginning thus:—

"She lean'd her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'."

unfortified, or scatteringly inhabited, rifled them, and made this the best means of their living; being a matter at that time no where in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something of glory. This is manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst whom, so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such as sail by, on all coasts alike, whether they be thieves or not; as a thing neither scorned by such as were asked, nor upbraid by those that were desirous to know. They also robbed one another, within the main land; and much of Greeks useth that old custom, as the *Locrians*, the *Acarnanians*, and those of the continent in that quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remaineth yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of tiding."—Homer's *Thyridides*, p. 4. Lond.

³ See various notes in the *Minstrelsy*.

NOTE 4 F.

Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?—F. 33.

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

NOTE 4 G.

*—The storm-swept Orcales;
If there erst St. Clairs held princely sway,
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay.—P. 33.*

The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St. Clair, second son of Walderne Comte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St. Clair; and, settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Canmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian.—These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Roslins, Pentland, Cowsland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the following occasion:—The King, in following the chase upon Penland-hills, had often started a "white fauch deer," which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs, which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleetier than those of the King, until Sir William St. Clair of Rosline unceremoniously said, he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, *Help* and *Hold*, would kill the deer before she could cross the March-water. The King instantly caught at his upwary offer, and betted the forest of Pontland-moor against the life of Sir William St. Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow-hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St. Clair, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook; upon which the Hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, *Hold* stopped her in the brook; and *Help*, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The King descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, Earlsraig, &c., in free to-

rostris. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St. Katherine's intercession, built the chapel of St. Katherine in the Hope, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase, is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted, is called the Knight's Field.—*ANN. History of the Family of St. Clair, by RICHARD AUSTIN HAY, Canon of St. Genevieve.*

This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney and Strathorne, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Hacon, king of Norway. His title was recognized by the Kings of Scotland, and remained with his successors until it was annexed to the crown, in 1471, by act of Parliament. In exchange for this earldom, the castle and domains of Ravenscraig, or Ravenshensh, were conferred on William Saintclair Earl of Caithness.

NOTE 4 H.

*Still notes their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall.—P. 33.*

The Castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son of the Earl of Orkney.

Its ruins afforded a sad subject of contemplation to John, Master of St. Clair, who, flying from his native country, on account of his share in the insurrection 1715, made some stay at Kirkwall.

"I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholy prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a more melancholy reflection, of so great and noble an estate as the Orkney and Shetland Isles being taken from one of them by James the Third, for faulting, after his brother Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the said Alexander against the King, who wished to kill him, as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the forfeiture, he gratefully divorced my faulted ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to plead against a family in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce ran as fresh as in his own; for their title to the crowns was by a daughter of David Bruce, son to Robert; and our alliance was by marrying a grandchild of the same Robert Bruce, and daughter to the sister of the same David, out of the family of Douglass, which at that time did not much sullie the blood, more than my ancestor's having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the King of Denmark's, who was named Florentine, and has left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to think, in that unhappy state, on the many not inconsiderable services rendered since to the royal familie, for these many years bygone, on all occasions, when they stood most in need of friends, which they have thought themselves very often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet extant, and

1 The tomb of Sir William St. Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting-match, with some addition to Mr. Hay's account; as that the Knight of Rosline's fright made him poetical, and that in the last emergency, he shouted,

"Help, Haud, an ye may,
Or Roslin will lose his head this day."

If this couplet does him no great honour as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying, he would never again put his neck in such a risk. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the couchant posture of the hound on the monument.

as a style more like friends than sovereigns; our attachment to them, without any other thanks, having brought upon us considerable losses, and among others, that of our all in Ormwall's time; and left in that condition without the least relief except what we found in our own virtue. My father was the only man of the Scotti nation who had courage enough to protest in Parliament against King William's title to the throne, which was lost, God knows how; and this at a time when the losses in the cause of the royall familie, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread to maintain a numerous familie of eleven children, who had soon after sprung up on him, in spite of all which, he had honourably persisted in his principle. I say, these things considered, and after being treated as I was, and in that unlucky state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable humour of men. And the singulante of my own case, (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family,) when I ought to have known, that the greatest crime I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in serving the royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after they had been pleased to doom me and my familie to slavery.—*MS Memoirs of John, Master of St. Clair.*

NOTE 4 I.

*Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous cur'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world.*—P. 39.

The *Jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wilder fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarock*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

NOTE 4 K.

Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell.—P. 39.

These were the *Falgyrrior*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They were well known to the English reader as Gray's Fatal Sisters.

NOTE 4 L.

*Of Chieft, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
Their falkions wrench'd from corpses' hold.*—P. 39.

The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures. Thus, Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated, that if he fell, his sword *Tyrting* should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which passed betwixt her and Angantyr's spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the *Hervarar-Saga*. Indeed, the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their

tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings.—*BARTHOLOMÆUS De causis contemplatæ a Dantis mortis*; lib. i. cap. 2, 9, 16, 18.

NOTE 4 M.

Castle Ravensheth.—P. 39.

A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkcaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III. dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St. Clair Erskine, (now Earl of Rosslyn,) representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin.

NOTE 4 N.

*Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.*—P. 43.

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Strathern, Lord St. Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentlandmoor, &c., Knight of the Cockle, and of the Garter, (as is affirmed,) High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connection; the etymology being *Roslinnhe*, the promontory of the inn, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Blaser, in his *Theatrum Scotiæ*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Ferals of Orkney into their Lothian glomions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

The Barons of Roslin were buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor. The manner of their interment is thus described by Father Hay, in the MS. history already quoted.

"Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a leud man. He kept a miller's daughter, with whom, it is alleged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyteriana, who vexed him sadly, because, of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good-father was buried, his (i. e. Sir William's) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave; but when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was laying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armour: late Rosline, my good father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and

several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expenses she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliament."

NOTE 4 O.

*For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the squire-hound in Man.*—P. 41.

The ancient castle of Peel-town, in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these chapels there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the garrison. This was closed, it is said, upon the following occasion: "They say, that an apparition, called, in the Manx language, the *Mauthe Doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt, and, for that reason, forbore swearing, and all profane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention, that the *Mauthe Doog* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of the day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence.

"(One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon

him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the *Mauthe Doog* would follow him, as it had done the others; for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was untreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

"The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about three score years since; and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old seeker, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head."—WALDRON'S *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 137.

NOTE 4 P.

St. Bride of Douglas.—P. 41.

This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular, as we learn from the following passage:—"The Queen-regent had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and discouraging of her purpose with Angus, he answered, 'Why not, madam? we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge men's services, and is willing to recompense it but, by the might of God,' (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by St. Bryde of Douglas,) 'if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake!'—So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose."—GOSWORTHY, vol. ii p. 131.

Marmion:

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

IN SIX CANTOS.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!

LEVER.

NOTICE TO EDITION 1833.

SOME alterations in the text of the Introduction to Marmion, and of the Poem itself, as well as various additions to the Author's Notes, will be observed in this Edition. We have followed Sir Walter Scott's interleaved copy, as finally revised by him in the summer of 1831.

The preservation of the original M.S. of the Poem has enriched this volume with numerous various readings, which will be found curious and interesting.

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

WHAT I have to say respecting this Poem may be briefly told. In the Introduction to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," I have mentioned the circumstances, so far as my literary life is concerned, which induced me to resign the active pursuit of an honourable profession, for the more precarious resources of literature. My appointment to the Sheriffdom of Selkirk called for a change of residence. I left, therefore, the pleasant cottage I had upon the side of the Esk, for the "pleasanter banks of the Tweed," in order to comply with the law, which requires that the Sheriff shall be resident, at least during a certain number of months, within his jurisdiction. We found a delightful retirement, by my becoming the tenant of my intimate friend and cousin-german, Colonel Russell,² in his mansion of Ashiestiel, which was unoccupied, during his absence on military service in India. The house was adequate to our accommodation, and the exercise

of a limited hospitality. The situation is uncommonly beautiful, by the side of a fine river, whose streams are there very favourable for angling, surrounded by the remains of natural woods, and by hills abounding in game. In point of society, according to the heartfelt phrase of Scripture, we dwell "amongst our own people;" and as the distance from the metropolis was only thirty miles, we were not out of reach of our Edinburgh friends, in which city we spent the terms of the summer and winter Sessions of the Court, that is, five or six months in the year.

An important circumstance had, about the same time, taken place in my life. Hopes had been held out to me from an influential quarter, of a nature to relieve me from the anxiety which I must have otherwise felt, as one upon the precarious tenure of whose own life rested the principal prospects of his family, and especially as one who had necessarily some dependence upon the favour of the public, which is proverbially capricious; though it is but justice to add, that, in my own case, I have not found it so. Mr. Pitt had expressed a wish to my personal friend, the Right Honourable William Dundas, now Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, that some fitting opportunity should be taken to be of service to me; and as my views and wishes pointed to a future rather than an immediate provision, an opportunity of accomplishing this was soon found. One of the Principal Clerks of Session, as they are called, (official persons who occupy an important and responsible situation, and enjoy a considerable income,) who had served upwards of thirty years, felt himself, from age, and the infirmity of deafness with which it was accompanied, desirous of retiring from his official situation. As the law then stood, such official persons were entitled to bargain

¹ Published, in 4to, £1, 11s. 6d., February 1803.

² Now Major-General Sir James Russell, K.C.B.—See *Lays of Scott*, vol. viii. pp. 133, 314.

with their successors, either for a sum of money, which was usually a considerable one, or for an interest in the emoluments of the office during their life. My predecessor, whose services had been unusually meritorious, stipulated for the emoluments of his office during his life, while I should enjoy the survivorship, on the condition that I discharged the duties of the office in the meantime. Mr. Pitt, however, having died in the interval, his administration was dissolved, and was succeeded by that known by the name of the Fox and Grenville Ministry. My affair was so far completed, that my commission lay in the office subscribed by his Majesty; but, from hurry or mistake, the interest of my predecessor was not expressed in it, as had been usual in such cases. Although, therefore, it only required payment of the fees, I could not in honour take out the commission in the present state, since, in the event of my dying before him, the gentleman whom I succeeded must have lost the vested interest which he had stipulated to retain. I had the honour of an interview with Earl Spencer on the subject, and he, in the most handsome manner, gave directions that the commission should issue as originally intended; adding, that the matter having received the royal assent, he regarded only as a claim of justice what he would have willingly done as an act of favour. I never saw Mr. Fox on this, or on any other occasion, and never made any application to him, conceiving that in doing so I might have been supposed to express political opinions contrary to those which I had always professed. In his private capacity, there is no man to whom I would have been more proud to owe an obligation, had I been so distinguished.

By this arrangement I obtained the survivorship of an office, the emoluments of which were fully adequate to my wishes; and as the law respecting the mode of providing for superannuated officers was, about five or six years after, altered from that which admitted the arrangement of assistant and successor, my colleague very handsomely took the opportunity of the alteration, to accept of the retiring annuity provided in such cases, and admitted me to the full benefit of the office.

But although the certainty of succeeding to a con-

siderable income, at the time I obtained it, seemed to assure me of a quiet harbour in my old age, I did not escape my share of inconvenience from the contrary tides and currents by which we are so often encountered in our journey through life. Indeed, the publication of my next poetical attempt was prematurely accelerated, from one of those unpleasant accidents which can neither be foreseen nor avoided.

I had formed the prudent resolution to endeavour to bestow a little more labour than I had yet done on my productions, and to be in no hurry again to announce myself as a candidate for literary fame. Accordingly, particular passages of a poem, which was finally called "*Marmion*," were laboured with a good deal of care, by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed. Whether the work was worth the labour or not, I am no competent judge; but I may be permitted to say, that the period of its composition was a very happy one, in my life; so much so, that I remember with pleasure, at this moment, some of the spots in which particular passages were composed. It is probably owing to this, that the Introductions to the several Cantos assumed the form of familiar epistles to my intimate friends, in which I alluded, perhaps more than was necessary or graceful, to my domestic occupations and amusements—a loquacity which may be excused by those who remember, that I was still young, light-headed, and happy, and that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The misfortune of a near relation and friend, which happened at this time, led me to alter my prudent determination, which had been, to take great precaution in sending this poem into the world; and made it convenient at least, if not absolutely necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers of "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*," emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for "*Marmion*." The transaction being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an apology for including me in his satire, entitled "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*." I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no un-

¹ See *Life*, vol. iii. p. 4.

² "Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty *Marmion*,
Now forming scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to toast thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
Not when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are near, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;
Still for stern Mammon may they toll in vain!
And sadly give on gold they cannot gain!"

Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long Good-night to *Marmion*.

Byron's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 233 &c.

On first reading this satire, 1809, Scott says, "It is funny enough to see a whelp of a young Lord Byron abusing me, at whose circumstances he knows nothing, for endeavouring to scratch out a living with my pen. God help the bear, if, having little else to eat, he must not even smok his own paws. I can assure the noble imp of fame it is not my fault that I was not born to a park and £5000 a-year, as it is not his lordship's merit, although it may be his great good fortune, that he was not born to live by his literary talents or success."—*Life*, vol. iii. p. 195—See also Correspondence with Lord Byron, *Ibid.* pp. 395, 398.

sual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise—I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the Poem was so far beyond their expectation, as to induce them to supply the Author's cellar with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hoghead of excellent claret.

The Poem was finished in too much haste, to allow me an opportunity of softening down, if not removing, some of its most prominent defects. The nature of Marmion's guilt, although similar instances were found, and might be quoted, as existing in feudal times, was nevertheless not sufficiently peculiar to be indicative of the character of the period, forgery being the crime of a commercial, rather than a proud and warlike age. This gross defect ought to have been remedied or palliated. Yet I suffered the tree to lie as it had fallen. I remember my friend, Dr. Lloyd, then in the East, wrote me a furious remonstrance on the subject. I have, nevertheless, always been of

opinion, that corrections, however in themselves judicious, have a bad effect—after publication. An author is never so decidedly condemned as on his own confession, and may long find apologists and partisans, until he gives up his own cause. I was not, therefore, inclined to afford matter for censure out of my own admissions; and, by good fortune, the novelty of the subject, and, if I may say so, some force and vivacity of description, were allowed to atone for many imperfections. Thus the second experiment on the public patience, generally the most perilous,—for the public are then most apt to judge with rigour, what in the first instance they had received, perhaps, with imprudent generosity,—was in my case decidedly successful. I had the good fortune to pass this ordeal favourably, and the return of sales before me makes the copies amount to thirty-six thousand printed between 1808 and 1825, besides a considerable sale since that period.¹ I shall here pause upon the subject of “Marmion,” and, in a few preatory words to “The Lady of the Lake,” the last poem of mine which obtained eminent success, I will continue the task which I have imposed on myself respecting the origin of my productions.

ABBOTSFORD, April, 1830.

¹ “Marmion was first printed in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half. The 2000 copies of this edition were all disposed of in less than a month, when a second of 3000 copies, in 8vo, was sent to press. There followed a third and a fourth edition, each of 3000, in 1809; a fifth of 2000, early in 1810; and a sixth of 2000, in two volumes, crown 8vo, with twelve designs by Singleton, before the end of that year; a seventh of 4000, and an eighth of 5000 copies 8vo, in 1811; a ninth of 3000 in 1815, a tenth of 500, in 1820, an eleventh of 500, and a twelfth of 2000 copies, in foolscap, both in 1825. The legitimate sale in this country, therefore, down to the

time of its being included in the first collective edition of his poetical works, amounted to 21,000; and the aggregate of that sale, down to the period at which I am writing (May 1836), may be stated at 50,000 copies. I presume it is right for me to facilitate the task of future historians of our literature by preserving these details as often as I can. Such particulars respecting many of the great works even of the last century, are already sought for with vain regret; and I anticipate no day when the student of English civilisation will pass without curiosity the contemporary reception of the Tale of Roderick Field.”—LOCKHART, *Life of Scott*, vol. IV. p. 66.

Marmion.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY LORD MONTAGU,
Esq. Esq. Esq.

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the Public have honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of MARMION must be supposed to feel some anxiety, concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to surprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is laid. Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September 1513.

ASHKESTIEL, 1808.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ.

Ashkestiel, Ettrick Forest.

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear:¹
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through:
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed;²
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath-fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The wither'd sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill:
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs, no merry circles wheel;
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A covering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

¹ Lord Montagu was the second son of Henry Duke of Buccleuch, by the only daughter of John last Duke of Montagu.

² For the origin and progress of Scott's acquaintance with Mr. Rose, see *Lyt.* vol. ii. lib. iv. vi. Part of Marmion was

composed at Mr. Rose's seat in the New Forest, *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 10.

³ M.R.—“No longer now in glowing red
The Ettrick-Forst hills are clad”

My inn, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
• Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray!

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;¹
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise;²
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where glory weep'd o'er NELSON's shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep grav'd in every British heart,
O never let those names depart!³
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave;⁴
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given,
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,

Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafsa,⁵ Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high enterprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave!
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,⁶
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,⁷
And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the free-
man's laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of
power,⁸

A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne:
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

Oh think, how to his latest day,⁹
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
With Palinure's unalter'd mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held,

¹ "The 'chance and change' of nature,—the vicissitudes which are observable in the moral as well as the physical part of the creation,—have given occasion to more exquisite poetry than any other general subject. The Author had before made ample use of the sentiments suggested by these topics; yet he is not satisfied, but begins again with the same in his first introduction. The lines are certainly pleasing; but they fall, in our estimation, far below that beautiful simile of the Tweed which he has introduced into his former poem. The *Alas, the melancholy of Moechus is, however, worked up again to some advantage in the following passage*—"To mute and so."—*Monthly Rev. May 1808.*

² MS.—"What call awakens from the dead
The hero's heart, the patriot's head?"

³ MS.—"Deep in each British bosom wrote,
O never be those names forgot!"

⁴ Nelson. ⁵ Copenhagen.

⁶ MS.—"Tugg'd at subjection's cracking rein."

⁷ MS.—"Show'd their bold zeal a worthier cause."

⁸ This paragraph was interpolated on the blank page of the MS. We insert the lines as they appear there:—

"O had he lived, though stripp'd of power,
Like a lone watchman on the tower,
His thrilling trumpet through the land
Had warn'd when foemen were at hand.
As by some beacon's lonely light,

{ By thee our course had steer'd aright;
Our steady course had steer'd aright;
Our pilots kept their course aright; }

His single mind, unbent by fate,
Had propp'd his country's tottering weight:

As some { tall } column left alone,

{ Had propp'd our tottering state and throne,
His strength had propp'd our tottering throne.

The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The warder fallen, the column broke."

⁹ MS.—"Yet think how to his latest day,"

Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steedge of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, *PITT*, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy ~~wise~~ *wisest* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.¹
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and warred most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who *owns* this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest.

Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, lords, and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and
sung;

Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
"All peace on earth, good-will to men;"

¹ MS.—"But still upon the holy day"

² In place of this couplet, and the ten lines which follow it, the original MS. of *Marmion* has only the following:—

"If genius high and judgment sound,
And wit that lov'd to play, not wound,
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine,
Could save one mortal of the herd
From error—Fox had never err'd."

"While Scott was correcting a second proof of the passage where Pitt and Fox are mentioned together, at Stanmore Priory, in April 1807, Lord Albemarle suggested that the compliment to the Whig statesman ought to be still further heightened, and several lines—

"For talents mourn untimely lost,
When best employed, and warred most, &c.—

were added accordingly. I have heard, indeed, that they came from the Marquis's own pen. Ballantyne, however, from some inadvertence, had put the sheet to press before the *revue*, as it is called, arrived in Edinburgh, and some few copies got abroad, in which the additional couplets were omitted. A London journal (the *Morning Chronicle*) was stupid and malignant enough to insinuate that the author had

If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudices depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,³
Record, that *Rox* a *Briton* died!
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,
Was barter'd by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast!
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honour'd grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.⁴

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they war'd above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,⁵
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of *PITT* and *FOX* alone.
Spells of such force no wizard gave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.⁶
These spells are spent, and, agent with these,
The win of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever lomb'd beneath the stone,
Where—taring thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.⁷

his presentation copies struck off with or without them, according as they were for Whig or Tory bands. I mention the circumstance now only because I see by a letter of Heber's that Scott had thought it worth his while to contradict the absurd charge in the newspapers of the day."—LOCKHART, *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 61.

³ MS.—"And part passion doff'd aside."

⁴ "The first epistolary effusion, containing a threnody on Nelson, Pitt, and Fox, exhibits a remarkable failure. We are unwilling to quarrel with a poet on the score of politics; but the manner in which he has chosen to praise the last of these great men, is more likely, we conceive, to give offence to his admirers, than the most direct censure. The only dord for which he is praised is for having broken off the negotiation for peace; and for this act of firmness, it is added, Heaven rewarded him with a share in the honoured grave of Pitt! It is then said that his errors should be forgotten, and that he died a Briton—a pretty plain insinuation that, in the author's opinion, he did not live one; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounced over the grave of his villain hero, *Marmion*."—JURFAX.

⁵ MS.—"Theirs was no common courtier race."

⁶ MS.—"And force the pale moon from the sky."

⁷ "Reader! remember when thou wert a lad,
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
His very rival almost deem'd him such."

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
 • O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry,—
 "Here let their discord with them die.
 Speak not for those a separate doom,
 Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb;
 But search the land of living men,
 Where wilt thou find their like again?"

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries
 Of dying Nature bid you rise;
 Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
 The leaden silence of your hearse;
 Then, O, how impotent and vain
 This grateful tributary strain!
 Though not unmask'd from northern clime,
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;
 The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless
 names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
 My wilder'd fancy still beguile!
 From this high theme how can I part,
 Ere half unloaded is my heart!
 For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
 And all the raptures fancy knew,
 And all the keener rush of blood,
 That throbs through Bard in bard-like mood,
 Were here a tributary mean and low,
 Though all their mingled streams could flow—
 Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
 In one spring-tide of ecstacy!—
 It will not be—it may not last—
 The vision of enchantment's past:
 Like frostwork in the morning ray,
 The fancied fabric melts away;¹
 Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,
 And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone;
 And, lingering last, deception dear,
 The choir's high sounds die on my ear.
 • Now slow return the lonely down,
 The silent pastures bleak and brown,
 The farm begirt with copsewood wild,
 The gambols of each frolic child,
 Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
 Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

We, we have seen the intellectual race
 Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face;
 Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
 Of eloquence between, which flow'd all free,
 As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
 Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
 But where are they—the rivals—a few feet
 Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet.
 How peaceful and how powerful is the grave
 Which hushes all! a calm unstormy wave
 Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
 Thus Nature disciplines her son:
 Meeter, she says, for me to stow,
 And waste the solitary day,
 In plucking from you fun the reed,
 And watch it floating down the Tweed;
 Or idly list the thrilling lay,
 With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
 Marking its cadence rise and fall,
 As from the field, beneath her pail,
 She trips it down the grassy dale:
 Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
 The ancient shepherd's tale to learn;
 Though oft he stop in rustic fear,²
 Lest his old legends tire the ear
 Of one, who, in his simple mind,
 May boast of book-learn'd taste refined.

But thou, my friend, can'st fitly tell,
 (For few have read romance so well,)
 How still the legendary lay
 O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;
 How on the ancient minstrel strain
 Time lays his palsied hand in vain:
 And how our hearts at doughty deeds,
 By warriors wrought in steeled weeds,
 Still throb for fear and pity's sake:
 As when the Champion of the Lake
 Enters Morgana's fated house,
 Or in the Chapel Perleus,
 Despising spells and demona' force,
 • Holds converse with the unburied corse;
 Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,
 (Alas, that lawless was their love!)
 He sought proud Tarquin in his den,
 And freed full sixty knights; or when,
 A sinful man and unconfess'd,
 He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
 And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
 He might not view with waking eye.⁴

The mightiest chiefs of British song
 Scorn'd not such legends to prolong:
 They gleam through Spenser's elfin stream,
 And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;
 And Dryden, in immortal strain,
 Had raised the Table Round again,⁵
 But that a ribald King and Court
 Bade him toil on, to make them sport;

Of 'dust to dust:' but half its tale untold;
 • Times empire not its terrors."

Byron's *Age of Bronze*.

¹ "If but a beam of sober reason play,
 Lo! Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away."

Rosset's *Pictures of Memory*.

² MS.—"Though oft he stops to wonder still
 That his old legends have the skill
 To win so well the attentive ear,
 Perchance to draw the sigh or tear."

³ See Appendix, Note A. ⁴ Ibid, Note B. ⁵ Ibid, Note C.

Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play;¹
The world defrauded of the high design,²
Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the
lofty line.

Warm'd by such names, well may we then,
Though dwindled sons of little men,
Essay to break a feeble lance
In the fair fields of old romance;
Or seek the moated castle's cell,
Where long through talisman and spell,
While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,
Thy Genius—Chivalry, hath slept:
There sound the harpings of the North,
Till he awake and sally forth,
On venturous quest to prick again,
In all his arms, with all his train,³
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,
Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
And wizard with his wand of might,
And errant maid on palfrey white.
Around the Genius weave their spells.
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells;
Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd;
And Honour, with his spotless shield;
Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear,
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown,
A worthy deed may thus be won;
Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,⁴
And that Red King,⁵ who, while of old,
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renew'd such legendary strain;
For thou hast sung, how Ho of Gaul,
That Amadis so famed in hall,
For Oriana, foil'd in fight
The Necromancer's felon might;

¹ MS.—“Licentious song, lampoon, and play.”

² MS.—“The world defrauded of the bold design,
And quench'd the heroic fire, and marr'd the
Profaned the heavenly lofty line.”

Again,

“Profaned his God-given strength, and marr'd his lofty line.”

³ In the MS. the rest of the passage stands as follows:—

“Around him wait with all their charms,
Pure Love which Virtue only warms;
Mystery, half seen and half conceal'd;
And Honour, with unspotted shield;

And well in modern verse have we
Partenopex's mystic love;⁷
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

Marmion.

CANTO FIRST.

The Castle.

I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,⁸
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,⁹
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.¹⁰
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,¹¹
Seem'd forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,¹²
In lines of dazzling light.

II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now, faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The Castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Tracing his footsteps to a march,
The Warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering song.

III.

A distant tramping sound he hears,
He looks abroad, and soon appears,

Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear,
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear,
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
And Valour that despises death.”

⁴ The New Forest in Hampshire, and formerly so called.

⁵ See Appendix, Note D.

⁶ William Rufus.

⁷ *Partenopex de Blois*, a poem, by W. S. Rose, Esq. was published in 1808.—Ed.

⁸ See Appendix, Note E.

⁹ *Ibid*, Note F.

¹⁰ In the MS. the first line has “hoary keep;” the fourth “donjon steep;” the seventh “rudely lustre.”

¹¹ MS.—“Eastern sky.”

¹² MS.—“Evening blaze.”

O'er Horncleft-hill a plump¹ of spears,
 Beneath a pennon gay;
 A horseman, darting from the crowd,
 Like lightning from a summer cloud,
 Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
 Before the dark array.
 Beneath the sable palisade,
 That closed the Castle barricade,
 His bugle horn he blew;
 The warder hasted from the wall,
 And warn'd the Captain in the hall,
 For well the blast he knew;
 And joyfully that knight did call,
 To sewer, squire, and someschal,

IV.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
 Bring pasties of the doe,
 And quickly make the entrance free,
 And bid my heralds ready be,
 And every minstrel sound his glee,
 And all our trumpets blow;
 And, from the platform, spare ye not
 To fire a noble salvo-shot;"

Lord MARMION waits below!
 Then to the Castle's lower ward
 Sped forty yeomen tall,
 The iron-studded gates unbar'd,
 Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
 The lofty palisade unpar'd
 And let the drawbridge fall.

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
 Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
 His helm hung at the saddlebow;
 Well by his visage you might know
 He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
 And had in many a battle been;
 The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
 A token true of Bosworth field;
 His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
 Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
 Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
 Did deep design and counsel speak.
 His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
 His thick mustache, and curly hair,
 Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
 But more through toil than age;

His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
 Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
 But in close fight a champion grim,
 In camps a leader sage.

VI.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
 In mail and plate of Milan steel;
 But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
 Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;
 Amid the plumage of the crest,
 A falcon hover'd on her nest,
 With wings outspread, and forward breast;
 E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
 Soar'd sable in an azure field:
 The golden legend bore aright,
Who checks at me, to death is right.
 Blue was the charger's broider'd rein;
 Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane;
 The knightly housing's ample fold
 Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
 Of noble name, and knightly sires;
 They turn'd the gilded spurs to claim;
 For well could each a war-horse tame,
 Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
 And lightly bear the ring away.
 Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
 Could dance in hall, and carve at board,
 And frame love-ditties passing rare,
 And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
 With halbert, bill, and battle-axe:
 They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
 And led his sumpter-mules along,
 And ambling palfrey, when at need
 Him list'd ease his battle-steed.
 The last and truest of the four,
 On high his forky pennon bore;
 Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
 Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
 Where, blazon'd sable, as before,
 The towering falcon seem'd to soar.
 Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
 In hosen black, and jerkins blue,

¹ This word properly applies to a flight of water-fowl; but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse.

"There is a knight of the North Country,
 Which leads a lusty plump of spears."

Flodden Field.

² MS.—"A welcome shot."

³ MS.—"On his brown cheek an azure scar
 Bore token true of Bosworth war."

⁴ "Marmion is to Deloraine what Tom Jones is to Joseph Andrews; the varnish of higher breeding nowhere diminishes

the prominence of the features; and the minion of a king is as light and sinewy a cavalier as the Borderer—rather less ferocious—more wicked, not less fit for the hero of a ballad, and much more so for the hero of a regular poem."—GEORGE ELLIS.

⁵ See Appendix, Note G.

⁶ Ibid. Note H.

⁷ MS.—"One bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
 Two led his sumpter-mules along,
 The third his palfrey, when at need."

For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

XIV.

"Now, good Lord Marmion," Heron says,
"Of your fair courtesies,
I pray you bide some little space
In this poor tower with me.
Here may you keep your arms from rust,
May breathe your war-horse well;
Seldom hath pass'd a week but glust
Or feat of arms befell:
The Scots can rein a mettled steed;
And love to couch a spear;—
Sant George! a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbours near.
Then stay with us a little space,
Our northern ways to learn;
I pray you, for your lady's grace!"
Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
And gave a squire the sign;
A mighty wassail-bowl he took,
And crown'd it high in wine.
"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion:
But first I pray thee fair,¹
Where hast thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve thy cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare!
When last in Raby towers we met,
The boy I closely eyed,
And often mark'd his cheeks were wet,
With tears he fain would hide:
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand;²
Or saddle battle-steed;
But meeter seem'd for lady fair,
To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
The slender silk to lead:
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
His bosom—when he sigh'd,
The russet doublet's rugged fold
Could scarce repel its pride!
Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
To serve in lady's bower?
Or was the gentle page, in south,
A gentle paramour!"

¹ MS.—"And let me pray thee fair."

² MS.—"To rub a shield, or sharp a brand."

³ MS.—"Lord Marmion ill such jest could brook,
He roll'd his kindling eye;
Fix'd on the Knight his dark haught look,
And answer'd stern and high:
'That page thou did'st so closely eye,
So fair of hand and skin,
Is come, I ween, of lineage high,
And of thy lady's kin."

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;⁴
He roll'd his kindling eye,
With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,
Yet made a calm reply:
"That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
He might not brook the northern air.
More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
I left him sick in Lindisfarne:⁵
Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
Why does thy lovely lady gay
Disdain to grace the hall to-day?
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
Gone on some pious pilgrimage?"
He spoke in covert scorn, for fane
Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.⁶

XVII.

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
Careless the Knight replied,⁷
"No bird, whose feathers gaily flout,
Delights in cage to bide:
Norham is grim and grated close,
Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower;
And better loves my lady bright
To sit in liberty and light.
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But whom shall we find leash or band,
For dame that loves to rove!
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."⁸

XVIII.

"Nay, if with Royal James's bride
The lovely Lady Heron bide,
Behold me here a messenger,
Your tender greetings prompt to bear;
For, to the Scottish court address'd,
I journey at our King's behest,
And pray you, of your grace, provide
For me, and mine, a trusty guide.
I have not fiddin in Scotland since
James back'd the cause of that mock prince.
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton tower,"⁹

"That youth, so like a paramour,
Who wept for shame and pride,
Was erst, in Wilton's lordly bower,
Sir Ralph de Wilton's bride."

⁴ See Note 2 B, canto ii. stanza 1.

⁵ MS.—"Whisper'd strange things of Heron's dame."

⁶ MS.—"The captain gay replied."

⁷ MS.—"She'll stoop again when tired her wing."

⁸ See Appendix, Note N.

XIX.

"For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
Norham can find you guides enow;
For here be some have prick'd as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
And driven the bees of Lauderdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods."—

XX.

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion
cried,
"Were I in warlike wise to ride,
A better guard I would not lack,
Than your stout forayers at my back;
But, as in form of peace I go,
A friendly messenger, to know,
Why through all Scotland, near and far,
Their King is mustering troops for war,
The sight of plundering Border spears
Might justify suspicious fears,
And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,
Break out in some unseemly broil:
A herald were my fitting guide;
Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
Or strolling pilgrim, &c. the lust."

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
And pass'd his hand across his face.
—"Fain would I find the guide you want,
But ill may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride
Mine errands on the Scottish side:
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege, we have not seen:
The mass he might not sing or say,
Upon one stinted meal a-day;
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
And pray'd for our success that while.
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,
Is all too well in case to ride;
The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein
The wildest war-horse in your train;
But then, no spearman in the hall
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man:
A blithe some brother at the can,
A welcome guest in hall and bower,
He knows each castle, town, and tower,
In which the wine and ale is good,
'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
But that good man, as ill befalls,
Hath seldom left our castle walls.

Since, on the vigil of St. Becket,
In evil hour, he cross'd the Tweed,
To teach Dame Alison her creed.
Old Bughrig found him with his wife;
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
The jealous churl hath deeply sworn,
That, if again he venture o'er,
He shall shrieve penitent no more.
Little he loves such risks, I know;
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
Carved to his uncle and that lord,
And reverently took up the word.
"Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.
He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach:
Fulkewell at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.
None can a lustier carol bawl,
The needfullest among us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.
The vow'd revenge of Bughrig rude,
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar Jo' n, in safety, still
In chimney-corner snore his fill,
Roast'nissing crabs, or flagons swill:
Last night, to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
"Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fav,
We'll hast thou spoke; say forth thy say."

XXIII.

"Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome;
One, that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine;
On hills of Armenia hath been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the prophet's rod;
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount, where Israel heard the law,
'Midglunder-dint, and flashing levin,
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
He shows Saint James's cockle-shell,
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that Grot where Olives nod,^a
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie^b retired to God.^c

^a See Appendix, Note O.^b Ibid. Note P.^c MS.—"And of the olive shaded cell."^a MS.—"Retired to God St. Rosalie."^b See Appendix, Note Q.

XXIV

"To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.
He knows the passes of the North,
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;
Little he eats, and long will wake,
And drinks but of the stream or lake.
This were a guide o'er moor and dale;
But, when our John hath quaff'd his ale,
As little as the wind that blows,
And starts itself against his nose,¹
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."—

XXV.

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Marmion,
"Full loth were I, that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me,
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.
If this same Palmer will me lead
From hence to Holy-Rood,
Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,
With angels fair and good.
I love such holy rambles; still
They know to charm a weary hill,
With song, romance, or lay:
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend, at the least,
They bring to cheer the way."—

XXVI.

"Ah! noble sir," young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
"This man knows much, perchance e'en more
Than he could learn by holy lore.
Still to himself he's muttering,
And sinks as at some unseen thing.
Last night we listen'd at his cell;
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmur'd on till morn, howe'er
No living mortal could be near.
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
As other voices spoke again.
I cannot tell—I like it not—
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
No conscience clear, and void of wrong,
Can rest awake, and pray so long."

¹ MS.—"And with metheglin warm'd his nose,
As little as," &c.

"This poem has faults of too great magnitude to be passed without notice. There is a debasing lowness and vulgarity in some passages, which we think must be offensive to every reader of delicacy, and which are not, for the most part, redeemed by any vigour or picturesque effect. The venison pasties, we think, are of this description; and this commendation of Sir Hugh Heron's troopers, who

'Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,' &c.

The long account of Friar John, though not without merit,

Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have mark'd ten aves, and two creeds."—

XXVII.

—"Let pass," quoth Marmion; "by my
fay,
This man shall guide me on my way,
Although the great arch-fiend and he
Had sworn themselves of company.
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer to the Castle-hall."
The summon'd Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall.
Or had a statelier step and gait,
Or look'd more high and stout;
For no saluting did he wait,
But staid across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sat.
As he his peer had been.
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye look'd haggard wild:
Poor wretch! the mother that him bore,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,
She had not known her child.
Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair.

offends in the same sort, nor can we easily conceive, how any one could venture, in a serious poem, to speak of

the wind that blows,
And turns itself against his nose."—JEFFREY.]

² See Appendix, Note B. ⁴ Ibid. Note E.

³ "The first presentation of the mysterious Palmer is laudable."—JEFFREY

⁵ MS.—"And near Lord Marmion took his seat."

⁶ MS.—"Hard toil can alter form and face,
And want can {roughen youthful grace,
quench } the eyes of grace.

Happy whom none of these befall,¹
But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;
The Palmer took on him the task,
So he would march with morning tide,²
To Scottish court to be his guide.
"But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way,
To fair St. Andrews bosom'd,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Hear the billows' sound;³
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,⁴
And the crazed brain restore:⁵
Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throb no more!"

XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
Where wine and spices richly steep,
In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank his fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest.
The cup went through among the rest,⁶
Who drain'd it merrily;
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,
Though Selby press'd him courteously.
This was a sign the feast was o'er;
It hush'd the merry wassel roar.⁷
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle nought was heard,
But the slow footstep of the guard,
Pacing his sober round.

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose:
And first the chapel doors unclosed;
Then, after morning rites were done,
(A hasty mass from Friar John,⁸)
And knight and squire had broke their fast,
On rich substantial repast,

Lord Marmion's bugles blew to hor-
Then came the stirrup-cup in course:
Between the Baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost;
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the Captain made,
Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd
That noble train, their Lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet call;
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,
And shook the Scottish shore;
Around the castle eddied slow,
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
And hid its turrets hoar;
Till they roll'd forth upon the air,⁹
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE

REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

A hasty, Filtrick Forest.

THE scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,¹⁰
When these waste plains with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spurs
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,¹¹
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan¹² to the rock,
And through the foliage show'd his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;

¹ MS.—"Happy whom none such woes befall."

² MS.—"So he would ride with morning tide."

³ See Appendix, Note T. ⁴ Ibid. Note U.

⁵ MS.—"The cup pass'd round among the rest."

⁶ MS.—"Soon died the merry wassel roar."

⁷ "In Catholic countries, in order to reconcile the pleasures of the great with the observances of religion, it was common, when a party was bent for the chase, to celebrate mass, abridged and maimed of its rites, called a hunting-mass, the brevity of which was designed to correspond with the impatience of the audience."—Note to "The Abbot." *New Ed.*

⁸ MS.—"Slow they roll'd forth upon the air."

⁹ See Appendix, Note V.

¹⁰ "The second epistle opens again with 'chance and change; but it cannot be denied that the mode in which it is introduced is new and poetical. The comparison of Filtrick Forest, now open and naked, with the state in which it once was covered with wood, the favourite resort of the royal hunt, and the refuge of daring outlaws—leads the poet to imagine an ancient thorn gifted with the powers of reason, and relating the various scenes which it has witnessed during a period of three hundred years. A melancholy train of fancy is naturally encouraged by the idea."—*Monthly Review*.

¹¹ Mountain-ash.

¹² MS.—"How broad the ash his shadows flung,
How to the rock the rowan clung."

What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!

"Here, in my shade," methinks he'd say,
"The mighty stag at noon-tide lay:
The wolf I've seen, & fiercer game,
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)
With lurching step around me prow;
And stop, against the moon to howl;
The mountain-boar, on battle set,
His task upon my stem would whet;
While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay green-wood.
Then oft, from Newark's¹ riven tower,
Sallied a Scottish monarch's power:
A thousand vassals mustered round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;
And I might see the youth intent,
Guard every pass with crossbow bent;
And through the brake the rangers stall;
And fal'ners hold the ready hawk;
And foresters, in green-wood trim,
Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratchet's² bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gallant greyhounds strain;
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the haquebuss below;
While all the rocking hills reply,
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry,
And bugles ringing lightsomely."

Of such proud huntings, many tales
Yet linger in our lonely dales,
Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.³
But not more blithe that silvan court,
Than we have been at humbler sport;
Though small our pump, and mean our
game,
Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.
Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
O'erholt or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash there never sprang,
More fleet of foot, or sure of tang.

Nor dull, between each merry chase,
Pass'd by the intermitted space;
For we had fair resource in store,
In Classic and in Gothic lore:
We mark'd each memorable scene,
And held poetic talk between;
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend or its song.
All silent now—for now are still
Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill!⁴
No longer, from thy mountains dun,
The yeoman hears the well-known gun.
And while his honest heart glows warm,
At thought of his paternal farm,
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
And drinks, "The Chieftain of the Hills!"
No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,
Trip o'er the walk or tend the flowers,
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw
By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh;
No youthful Baron's left to grace
The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,
And ape, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon:⁵
And she is gone, whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace;⁶
Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given,
To show our earth the charms of Heaven,
She could not glide along the air,
With form more light, or face more fair.
No more the widow's deafen'd ear
Grows quick that lady's step to hear:
At noontide she expects her not,
Nor hushes her to trim the coat;
Pensive she turns her humming wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal;
Yet blest, as she deals their bread,
The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil.—
Her long-descended lord⁷ is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.
And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

¹ See Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

² Slowhound.

³ The Tale of the Outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Ettrick Forest against the King, may be found in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. i. In the Macfarlane MS., among other causes of James the Fifth's charter to the burgh of Selkirk, is mentioned, that the citizens assisted him to suppress this dangerous outlaw.

⁴ A seat of the Duke of Buccleuch on the Yarrow, in Ettrick Forest. See Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

⁵ Mr. Marriott was governor to the young nobleman here alluded to—George Henry, Lord Scott, son to Charles, Earl of Dalkeith, (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry,) and who died early in 1808.—See *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. pp. 59-61.

⁶ The four next lines on Harriet, Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch, were not in the original MS.

⁷ The late Alexander Fringle, Esq., of Whythbank—whose beautiful seat of the Yair stands on the Tweed, about two miles below Ashiestiel, the then residence of the poet.

⁸ The sons of Mr. Fringle of Whythbank.

Close to my side, with what delight
 They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,
 When, pointing to his airy mound,
 I call'd his ramparts holy ground!¹
 Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
 And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
 Despite the difference of our years,
 Return again the glow of theirs.
 Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,
 They will not, cannot, long endure;
 Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,
 You may not linger by the side;
 For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
 And Passion ply the sail and oar.²
 'Tis cherish the remembrance still,
 Of the lone mountain, and the rill;
 For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
 When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
 And you will think right frequently,
 But, well I hope, without a sigh,
 On the free hours that we have spent
 Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing or companions gone,
 We doubly feel ourselves alone,
 Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
 There is a pleasure in this pain!
 It soothes the love offensively reat,
 Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
 'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
 And stifled soon by mental broils;
 But, in a bosom thus prepared,
 Its still small voice is often heard,
 Whispering a mingled sentiment,
 'Twixt resignation and content.
 Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
 By lone Saint Mary's silent lake,³
 Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
 Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
 Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
 At once upon the level brink;
 And just a trace of silver sand⁴
 Marks where the water meets the land.
 Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
 Each hill's huge outline you may view;⁵
 Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,
 Save where, of land, your slender line
 Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.

Yet even this nakedness has power,
 And aids the feeling of the hour:
 Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
 Where living thing conceal'd might lie;
 Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
 Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
 There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
 You see that all is loneliness:
 And silence aids—though the steep hills
 Send to the lake a thousand rills;
 In summer tide, so soft they weep,
 The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
 So, stillly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
 But well I ween the dead are near;
 For though, in feudal strife, a foe
 Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,⁶
 Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
 The peasant rests him from his toil,
 And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
 Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,⁷
 And fate had cut my ties to life,
 Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
 And rear again the chaplain's cell,
 Like that same peaceful hermitage,
 Where Milton long'd to spend his age.⁸
 'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,
 On Bourhope's lonely top decay;
 And, as it faint and feeble died
 On the broad lake, and mountain's side.
 To say, "Thus pleasures fade away;
 Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
 And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey;"
 Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
 And think on Yarrow's faded flower:
 And when that mountain-sound I heard,
 Which bids us be for storm prepared,
 The distant rustling of his wings,
 As up his force the Tempest brings,
 'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
 To sit upon the Wizard's grave;
 That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust
 From company of holy dust;⁹
 On which no sunbeam ever shines—
 (So superstition's creed divines)—

¹ There is, on a high mountainous ridge above the farm of Ashiestiel, a fosse called Wallace's Trench.

² MS.—"And youth shall ply the sail and oar."

³ See Appendix, Note W.

⁴ MS.—"At once upon the {silent} brink;
 And just a line of pebbly sand."

⁵ MS.—"Far traced upon the lake you view
 The hills' {huge} sides and sombre hue."

⁶ See Appendix, Note X.

⁷ "A few of the lines which follow breathe as true a spirit

of peace and repose, as even the simple strains of our venerable Walton."—*Monthly Review*.

⁸ "And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and money cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth show,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain."

Il Penseroso.

⁹ See Appendix, Note Y.

Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
 Heave her broad billows to the shore;
 And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,
 Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,¹
 And ever stoop again, to lave
 Their bosoms on the surging wave:
 Then, when against the driving hail
 No longer might my plaid avail,
 Back to my lonely home retire,
 And light my lamp, and trim my fire;
 There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
 Till the wild tale had all its sway,²
 And, in the bittern's distant shriek,
 I heard unearthly voices speak,
 And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
 To claim again his ancient home!
 And bade my busy fancy range,
 To frame him fitting shape and strange,
 Till from the task my brow I clear'd,³
 And smiled to think that I had fear'd.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,
 (Though but escape from fortune's strife,)
 Something most matchless good and wise,
 A great and grateful sacrifice;
 And deem each hour to musing given,
 A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
 Such peaceful solitudes displease:
 He loves to drown his bosom's care
 Amid the elemental war:
 And my black Palmer's choice had been
 Some ruder and more savage scene,
 Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.⁴
 There eagles scream from isle to shore;
 Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
 O'er the black waves incessant driven,
 Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
 Through the rude barriers of the lake,
 Away its hurrying waters break,
 Faster and whiter dash and curl,
 Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
 Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
 Thunders the viewless stream below,
 Diving, as if condemn'd to lave
 Some demon's subterranean cave,
 Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,
 Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
 And well that Palmer's form and mien
 Had suited with the stormy scene,
 Just on the edge, straining his ken
 To view the bottom of the den,
 Where, deep deep down, and far within,
 Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;

Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
 And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
 White as the snowy charger's tail,
 Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,
 To many a Border theme has rung:⁵
 Then list to me, and thou shalt know
 Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

Marmion.

CANTO SECOND.

The Consent.

I.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke,
 Round Norham Castle roll'd,
 When all the lead artillery spoke,
 With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,
 As Marmion left the fold.
 It curl'd not Tweed alone, that breeze,
 For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
 It freshly blew, and strong,
 Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,⁶
 Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle,⁷
 It bore a bark along.
 Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
 And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
 As she were dancing home;
 The merry seamen laugh'd, to see
 Their gallant ship so lustily
 Furrow the green sea-foam.
 Much joy'd they in their honour'd freight;
 For, on the deck, in chair of state,
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
 With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
 Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,
 Their first flight from the cage,
 How timid, and how curious too,
 For all to them was strange and new,
 And all the common sights they view,
 Their wonderment engage.
 One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
 With many a benediction;
 One at the rippling surge grew pale,
 And would for terror pray;

¹ MS.—" Spread through broad mist their snowy sail."

² MS.—" Till fancy wild had all her way."

³ MS.—" Till from the task my brain I clear'd."

⁴ See Appendix, Note Z.

⁵ See various ballads by Mr. Marriott, in the 4th vol. of the Border Minstrelsy.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 A.

⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 B.

Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,
His round black head, and sparkling eye,
Rear'd o'er the foaming spray;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disorder'd by the summer gale,
Perchance lost some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

III.

Too ^{the} Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lever sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye.
Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall:
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic rule the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower,¹
To raise the convent's eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She deck'd the chapel of the saint,
And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems emboss'd.
The poor her Convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
Reform'd on Benedictine school;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
Vigils, and penitence austere,
Had early quench'd the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame, in sooth;
Though vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey.
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
Sad was this voyage to the dame;
Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she came,
There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death.

¹ MS.—" 'Twas she that gave her ample dower . . .

V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare.
Save this, that she was young and fair;
As yet a novice unprofess'd,
Lovely and gentle, but distress'd.
She was betroth'd to one now dead;
Or worse, who had dishonour'd fled.
Her kinsmen bade her give her hand
To one, who loved her for her land:
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,
And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom.

VI.

She sat upon the galley's prow,
And seem'd to mark the waves below;
Nay, seem'd, so fix'd her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by.
She saw them not—'twas seeming all—
Far other scene her thoughts recall,—
A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,
No waves, nor breezes, murmur'd there;
There saw she, where some careless hand
O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand,
To hide it till the jackals come,
To tear it from the scanty tomb.—
See what a woful look was given.
As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd—
These charms might tame the fiercest breast:
Harpers have sung, and poets told,
That he, in fury uncontroll'd,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame,
Oft put the lion's rage to shame:
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practised with their bowl and knife,
Against the mourner's harmless life.
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet grey.

VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;

¹ 'Twas she, with carving rare and quaint,
Who deck'd the chapel of the saint."

They pass'd the tower of Widderington,¹
 Mother of many a valiant son;
 At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
 To the good Saint who own'd the cell;
 Then did the Alne attention claim,
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
 And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear
 The whitening breakers sound so near,
 Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,
 On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore;
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they there.
 King Ida's castle, huge and square,
 From its tall rock look grimly down,
 And on the swelling ocean frown;
 Then from the coast they bore away,
 And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
 And girdled in the Saint's domain:
 For, with the flow and ebb, its style
 Varies from continent to isle;
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
 Twice every day, the waves efface
 Of staves and sandal'd feet the trace.
 As to the port the galley flew,
 Higher and higher rose to view
 The Castle with its battled walls,
 The ancient Monastery's halls,
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
 Placed on the margin of the isle.

X.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
 With massive arches broad and round,
 That rose alternate, row and row,
 On ponderous columns, short and low,
 Built ere the art was known,
 By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
 The arcades of an alley'd walk
 To emulate in stone.
 On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
 Had pour'd his impious rage in vain;
 And needful was such strength to those,
 Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
 Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
 Open to rovers fierce as they,
 Which could twelve hundred years withstand
 Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
 Not but that portions of the pile,
 Rebuilt in a later style,
 Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been;
 Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
 Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
 And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
 And rounded, with consuming power,
 The pointed angles of each tower;

Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
 Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,
 The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
 And with the sea-wave and the wind,
 Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
 And made harmonious close;
 Then, answering from the sandy shore,
 Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar,
 According choros rose:
 Down to the haven of the Isle,
 The monks and nuns in order file,
 From Cuthbert's cloisters grim;
 Banner, and cross, and relics there,
 To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare;
 And, as they caught the sounds on air,
 They echoed back the hymn.
 The islanders, in joyous mood,
 Rush'd emulously through the flood,
 To hale the bark to land;
 Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
 Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
 And bless'd them with her hand.

XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,
 Suppose the Convent banquet made:
 All through the holy dome,
 Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
 Wherever vestal maid might pry,
 Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,
 The stranger sisters roam:
 Till fell the evening damp with dew,
 And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
 For there, even summer night is chill.
 Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,
 They closed around the fire;
 And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
 The rival merits of their saint,
 A theme that ne'er can tire
 A holy maid; for, be it known,
 That their saint's honour is their own.

XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
 How to their house three Barons hold
 Must menial service do;
 While horns blow out a note of shame,
 And monks cry "Eve upon your name!"
 In wrath, for loss of silvan game,
 Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."
 "This, on Ascension-day, each year,
 While labouring on our harbour-pier,
 Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."
 They told, how in their convent-cell
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,

¹ See the notes on *Chevy Chase*.—Percy's *Reliques*.

² See Appendix, Note 2 G

The lovely Edelfled;¹
 And how, of thousand snakes, each one
 Was changed into a coil of stone,
 When holy Hilda pray'd;
 Themselves, within their holy bound,
 Their stony folds had often found.
 They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
 As over Whitby's towers they sail;²
 And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
 They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail,
 To vie with these in holy tale;
 His lady's resting-place, of old,
 How oft their patron changed, they told;³
 How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,
 The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
 O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
 They rested them in fair Melrose;
 But though, alive, he loved it well,
 Not there his relics might repose;
 For, wondrous tale to tell!
 In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
 A ponderous bark for river tides,
 Yet light as gossamer glides,
 Downward to Tilmouth cell.
 Nor long was his abiding there,
 For southward did the saint repair;
 Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw
 His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
 Hail'd him with joy and fear;
 And, after many wanderings past,
 He chose his lordly seat at last,
 Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
 Looks down upon the Wear:
 There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
 His relics are in secret laid;
 But none may know the place,
 Save of his holiest servants three,
 Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
 Who share that wondrous grace

XV.

Who may his miracles declare!
 Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,
 (Although with them they led
 Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
 And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail,
 And the bold men of Teviotdale,
 Before his standard fled.⁴
 'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
 Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
 And turn'd the Conqueror back again,⁵

When, with his Norman bowyer band,
 He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn
 If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,
 Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
 The sea-born beads that bear his name;⁶
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
 And said they might his shape behold,
 And hear his anvil sound;
 A deaden'd clang,—a huge dim form,
 Seen but, and heard, when gathering
 storm⁷
 And night were closing round.
 But this, as tale of idle fame,
 The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,
 Far different was the scene of woe,
 Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
 Council was held of life and death.
 It was more dark and lone that vault,
 Than the worst dungeon cell:
 Old Colwulf⁸ built it, for his fault,
 In penitence to dwell,
 When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
 The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
 This den, which, chilling every sense
 Of feeling, ne' ring, sight,
 Was call'd the Vault of Penitence;
 Excluding air and light,
 Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
 A place of burial for such dead,
 As, having died in mortal sin,
 Might not be laid the church within.
 'Twas now a place of punishment;
 Whence if no loud a shriek were sent,
 As reach'd the upper air,
 The hearers bless'd themselves, and said,
 The spirits of the sinful dead
 Bemoan'd their torments there.

XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,
 Did of this penitential aisle
 Some vague tradition go,
 Few only, save the Abbot, knew
 Where the place lay; and still more few
 Were those, who had from him the clew
 To that dread vault to go.
 Victim and executioner
 Were blindfold when transported there.
 In low dark rounds the arches hung,
 From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 D.² Ibid, Note 2 E.³ See Appendix, Note 2 F.⁴ Ibid, Note 2 G.⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 H.⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 I.⁷ MS.—Seen only when the gathering storm "⁸ See Appendix, Note 2 K.

The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash, upon the stone.
A cresset,¹ in an iron chain,²
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seem'd to strive,
As if it scarce nought keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three:
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;³

In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown
By the pale cresset-ray:

The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,
Sat for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,

She closely drew her veil:
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,⁴

And she with awe looks pale:
And he, that Ancient Man, whose night
Has long been quench'd by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace, is shown,

Whose look is hard and stern,—
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style;
For sanctity call'd, through the isle,
The Saint of Landisfarne.

XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,

Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But, at the Prioress' command,
A Monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread,
In ringlets rich and rare.

Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church number'd, with the
dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view,
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.⁵

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;

¹ Antique chandelier.

² MS.—"Suspended by an iron chain,

A cresset show'd this {dark} domain."

³ MS.—"On stony table lay."

⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 L.

⁵ "The picture of Constance before her judges, though more laboured than that of the voyage of the Lady Abbess, is, not, to our taste, so pleasing; though it has beauty of a kind fully as popular."—JEFFREY.

"I sent for 'Marmion,' because it occurred to me there might be a resemblance between part of 'Parisina,' and a similar scene in the second canto of 'Marmion.' I fear there is, though I never thought of it before, and could hardly wish to imitate that which is inimitable. I wish you would ask Mr. Gifford whether I ought to say any thing upon it. I had completed the story on the passage from Gibbon, which indeed leads to a like scene naturally, without a thought of the kind; but it comes upon me not very comfortably."—Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, Feb. 3, 1816.—Compare;

"... Parisina's fatal charms
Again attracted every eye—
Would she thus hear him doom'd to die!
She stood, I said, all pale and still,
The living cause of Hugo's ill;
Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
Not once had turn'd to either side—
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close.
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood
As ice were in her curdled blood;
But every now and then a tear
So large and slowly gather'd slid
From the long dark fringe of that fair
lid,

It was a thing to see, not hear!
And those who saw, it did surprise.
Such drops could fall from human eyes.

One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires¹
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,
One fear with them, of all most base,
The fear of death,—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
His body on the floor to dash;
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep and tall;—
Who enters at such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch:
Reflecting back the smoky lam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chosen,
As men who were with manking foes,
And with despite and envy fired,
Into the cloister had retired;
Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
Strove, by deep penance, to efface
Of some foul crime the stain;
For, as the vassals of her will,
Such men the Church selected still,
As either joy'd in doing ill,

To speak she thought—the imperfect note
Was choked within her swelling throat,
Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the tone."

BYRON'S *Works*, vol. x. p. 171.

¹ In some recent editions this word had been erroneously printed "*inspires*." The MS. has the correct line.

"One whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires."

² See Appendix, Note 2 M.

³ MS.—"A feeble and a flutter'd streak,
Like that with which the mornings break
In Autumn's sober sky."

⁴ "Mr. S. has judiciously combined the horrors of the punishment with a very beautiful picture of the offender, so as to heighten the interest which the situation itself must necessarily excite; and the struggle of Constance to speak, before the fatal sentence, is finely painted."—*Monthly Review*.

Or thought more grace to gain,
L, in her cause, they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they brought there,
They knew not how, nor knew not where.

XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter's doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,
Alive, within the tomb;²
But stopp'd, because that woful Maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.
Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain;
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip;
Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seem'd to hear a distant rill—
'Twas ocean's swells and falls;
For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scarce could hear,
So massive were the walls.

XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawn'd upon her cheek,
A hectic and a flutter'd streak,³
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By Autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gather'd strength,
And arm'd herself to bear.⁴
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.⁵

XXVII.

"I speak not to implore your grace,⁶
Well know I, for one minute's space
Successful might I sue:

⁵ MS.—"And mann'd herself to bear.

It was a fearful thing to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair;
Like *Summer's dew* her accents fell.
But dreadful was her tale to tell."

⁶ MS.—"I speak not now to sue for grace,
For well I know one minute's space

Your mercy scarce would grant;
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if my penance be in vain,
Your prayers I cannot want.
Full well I knew the church's doom,
What time I left a convent's gloom,
To fly with him I loved;
And well my folly's meed he gave—
I forfeited, to be a slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave,

Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
 For if a death of lingering pain,
 To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
 Vain are your masses too.—
 I listen'd to a traitor's tale,
 I left the convent and the veil;
 For three long years I bow'd my pride,
 A horse-boy in his train to ride;
 And well my folly's meed he gave,
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,
 All here, and all beyond the grave.—
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,
 Forgot his vows, his faith foreswore,
 And Constance was beloved no more.—

'Tis an old tale, and often told;
 But did my fate and wish agree,
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,
 Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
 That loved, or was avenged, like me!

XXVIII.

"The King approved his favourite's aim;
 In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
 Whose fate with Clare's was plight,
 For he attains that rival's fame
 With treason's charge—and on they came,
 In mortal lists to fight.
 Their oaths are said,
 Their prayers are pray'd,
 Their lances in the rest are laid,
 They meet in mortal shock;
 And, hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
 Shout 'Marmion, Marmion! to the sky,
 De Wilton to the block!'

Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide!
 When in the lists two champions ride,
 Say, was Heaven's justice here?
 'V' he, loyal in his love and faith,
 Wilton found overthrow or death,
 Beneath a traitor's spear?
 How false the charge, how true he fell,
 This guilty packet best can tell."—
 Then drew a packet from her breast,
 Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest.

XXIX.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
 To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
 The hated match to shun.
 'Ho! shifts she, thus!' King Henry cried,
 'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
 If she were sworn a nun.'

And faithless hath he proved;
 He saw another's face more fair,
 He saw her of broad lands the heir,
 And Constance loved no more—
 Loved her no more, who, once Heaven's bride,
 Now a scorn'd mental by his side,
 Had wander'd Europe o'er."

One way remain'd—the King's command
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
 I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd
 For Clara and for me:
 This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear,
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
 And, by his drugs, my rival fair
 A saint in heaven should be.
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,
 Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXX.

"And now my tongue the secret tells,
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,
 But to assure my soul that none
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.¹
 Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
 This packet, to the King convey'd,
 Had given him to the headman's stroke,
 Although my heart that instant broke.—
 Now, men of death, work forth your will,
 For I can suffer, and be still;
 And come he slow, or come he fast,
 It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
 Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
 Full soon such vengeance will he take.
 That you shall wish the fiery Dane
 Had rather been your guest again.
 Behind, a darker hour ascends!
 The altars quake, the crosser bends,
 The ire of a despotic King
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
 Then shall these vaults, so strong and
 deep
 Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
 Some traveller then shall find my bones
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,
 And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,²
 Marvel such relics here should be."

XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:
 Back from her shoulders stream'd her
 hair;
 The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
 Stared up erectly from her head;⁴
 Her figure seem'd to rise more high;
 Her voice, despair's wild energy
 Had given a tone of prophecy.

¹ MS.—"Say, ye who preach the heavens decide
 When in the lists the warriors ride."

² The MS. adds—"His schemes reveal'd, his honour gone."

³ MS.—"And, witless of priests' cruelty."

⁴ MS.—"Stared up {aspiring } from her head."

Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
 With stupid eyes, the men of fate
 Gazed on the light inspired form,
 And listen'd for the avenging storm;
 The judges felt the victim's dread;
 No hand was moved, no word was said,
 Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
 Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—
 "Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
 Sinful brother, part in peace!"

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
 Of execution too, and tomb,
 Paced forth the judges three;
 Sorrow it were, and shame, to toll
 The butcher-work that there befell,
 When they had glided from the cell
 Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey
 That conclave to the upper day;¹
 But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
 They heard the shrickings of despair,
 And many a stifled groan:

With speed their upward way they take,
 (Such speed as age and fear can make,)
 And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,

As hurrying, tottering on:
 Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,²
 They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
 And bade the passing knell to toll
 For welfare of a parting soul.
 Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
 Northumbria's rocks in answer rung;
 To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
 His beads the wakeful hermit told,
 The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
 But slept ere half a prayer he said;
 So far was heard the mighty knell,
 The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
 Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
 Listed before, aside, behind,
 Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
 And quaked among the mountain fern,
 To hear that sound so dull and stern.³

¹ See Note 2 M on Stanza xxv. *ante*, p. 94.

² MS.—"From that dark penance vault to day."

³ MS.—"That night amid the vesper's swell,
 They thought they heard Constantia's yell,
 And bade the mighty bell to toll,
 For welfare of a passing soul."

⁴ "The sound of the knell that was rung for the parting soul of this victim of seduction, is described with great force and solemnity."—*JEFFREY*.

"The whole of this trial and doom presents a high-wrought scene of horror, which, at the close, rises almost to too great a pitch."—*Scots Mag.* March 1804.

HARMON.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq.¹

Ashcroft, Elrick Forest.

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass,
 With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
 And imitate, on field and furrow,
 Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow;
 Like streamlet of the mountain north,
 Now in a torrent racing forth,
 Now winding slow its silver train,
 And almost slumbering on the plain;
 Like breezes of the autumn day,
 Whose voice inconstant dies away,
 And ever swells again as fast,
 When the ear deems its murmur past;
 Thus various, my romantic theme
 Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
 Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
 Of Light and Shade's inconstant race;
 Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
 Weaving its maze irregular;
 And pleased, we listen as the breeze
 Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees;
 Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
 Flow on, flow unconfin'd, my Tale!

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
 I love the license all too well,
 In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
 To raise the desultory song?—²
 Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
 Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
 To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse
 For many an error of the muse,
 Oft hast thou said, "If, still unspent,
 Thine hours to poetry are lent,³

¹ William Erskine, Esq., advocate, Sheriff-depute of the Orkneys, became Judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Kinneir, and died at Edinburgh in August 1823. He had been from early youth the most intimate of the Poet's friends, and his chief confidant and adviser as to all literary matters. See a notice of his life and character by the late Mr. Hay Donaldson, to which Sir Walter Scott contributed several paragraphs.—*ED.*

² MS.—"With sound now lowly, and now higher
 Irregular to wake the lyre."

³ MS.—"Thine hours to thy/less rhyme are lent."

Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
Quaff from the fountain at the source;
Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom:
Instructive of the feebler bard,
Still from the grave their voice is heard;
From them, and from the paths they show'd,
Choose honour'd guide and practised road:
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
With harpers rude of barbarous days.

"Or deem'st thou not our later time
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?
Hast thou no elegiac verse
For Brunswick's venerable hearse?
What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valour bleeds for liberty!—
Oh, hero of that glorious time,
When, with unrivall'd light sublime,—
Though martial Austria, and though all
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes—
The star of Brandenburg arose!
Thou couldst not live to see her beam
For ever quench'd in Jena's stream.
Lamented Chief!—it was not given
To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestined scourge of guilty earth.
Lamented Chief!—not thine the power,
To save in that presumptuous hour,
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield!
Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,
For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woe thou couldst not heal!

On thee releasing Heaven bestows
For honour'd life an honour'd close;
And when revolves, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge,
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on Brunswick's tomb.*

"Or of the Red-Cross hero⁴ teach,
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar:
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,
Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with blood,
Against the invincible made good;
Or that, whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the polar lake,
When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,
On the warp'd wave their death-game
play'd;
Or that, where Vengeance and Affright
Howl'd round the father of the fight,
Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's sand,
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.⁵

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that wrung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er;
When she, the bold Enchantress,⁶ came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakespeare lived again."

¹ MS.—"Dost thou not deem our later day
Yields topic meet for classic lay?
Hast thou no elegiac tone
To join that universal moan.
Which mingled with the battle's yell,
Where venerable Brunswick fell?"
What! not a verse, a tear, a sigh,
When valour bleeds for liberty?"
Alb.—"For honour'd life an honour'd close—
The boon which falling heroes crave,
A soldier's death, a warrior's grave
Or if, with more exulting yell,
Of conquering chiefs thou lov'st to tell,
Give to the harp an unheard strain,
And sing the triumphs of the main—
Of him the Red-Cross hero teach,
Dauntless on Acre's bloody breach,
And, scorner of tyrannic power,
As dauntless in the Temple's tower
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar,

The general's eye, the pilot's art,
The soldier's arm, the sailor's heart.
Or if to touch such chord be thine," &c.

³ Scott seems to have communicated fragments of the poem very freely during the whole of its progress. As early as the 22d February 1807, I find Mrs. Hayman acknowledging, in the name of the Princess of Wales, the receipt of a copy of the Introduction to Canto III., in which occurs the tribute to her royal highness's heroic father, mortally wounded the year before at Jena—a tribute so grateful to her feelings that she herself shortly after sent the poet an elegant silver vase as a memorial of her thankfulness. And about the same time the Marchioness of Abercorn expresses the delight with which both she and her lord had read the generous verses on Pitt and Fox in another of these epistles.—*Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 2.

⁴ Sir Sidney Smith.

⁵ Sir Ralph Abercromby.

⁶ Joanna Baillie.

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
 With praises not to me belonging,
 In task more meet for mightiest powers,
 Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
 But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
 That secret power by all obey'd,
 Which warps not less the passive mind,
 Its source conceal'd or undefined;
 Whether an impulse, that has birth
 Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
 One with our feelings and our powers,
 And rather part of us than ours;
 Or whether fittier term'd the sway
 Of habit, form'd in early day?
 Howe'er derived, its force confess
 Rules with despotic sway the breast,
 And drags us on by viewless chain,
 While taste and reason plead in vain.¹
 Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
 Beneath Batafia's sultry sky,
 He seeks not eager to inhale
 The freshness of the mountain gale,
 Content to rear his whiten'd wall
 Beside the dank and dull canal?
 He'll say, from youth he loved to see
 The white sail gliding by the tree.
 Or see yon weatherbeaten hind,
 Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
 Whose tatter'd plaid and ragged cheek
 His northern clime and kindred speak;
 Through England's laughing meads he goes,
 And England's wealth around him flows;
 Ask, if it would content him well,
 At ease in those gay plains to dwell,
 Where hodge-rows spread a verdant screen,
 And spurs and frosts intervene,
 And the neat cottage peeps between?
 No! not for these will he exchange
 His dark Lochaber's boundless range:
 Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
 Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I ape the measure wild
 Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
 Rude though they be, still with the choir
 Return the thoughts of early time;
 And feelings, roused in life's first day,
 Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.

¹ "As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death;
 The young disease, that most subdued at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength—
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul;
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dangerous art,
 And pours it all upon the recent part—
 "Nature its mother, Habit its nurse;
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse."

Thou rise those crags, that mountain tower,
 Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.²
 Though no broad river swept along,
 To claim, perchance, heroic song;
 Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
 To prompt of love a softer tale;
 Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
 Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed;
 Yet was poetic impulse given,
 By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
 It was a barren scene, and wild,
 Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
 But ever and anon between
 Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
 And well the lonely infant knew
 recesses where the wall-flower grew,³
 And honey-suckle loved to crawl
 Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
 I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
 The sun in all its round survey'd;
 And still I thought that shatter'd tower⁴
 The mightiest work of human power;
 And marvell'd as the aged hind
 With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
 Of fornyers, who, with headlong force,
 Down from that strength had spur'd their horses.
 Their southern rapine to renew,
 Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
 And, home returning, fill'd the hall
 With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.⁵
 Methought that still with tramp and clang,
 The gateway's broken arches rang;
 Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
 Glared through the window's rusty bars,
 And ever by the winter hearth,
 Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
 Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
 Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
 Of patriot battles, won of old
 By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;
 Of later fields of feud and fight,
 When, pouring from their Highland height,
 The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
 Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
 While stretch'd at length upon the floor,⁶
 Again I fought each combat o'er,
 Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
 The mimic ranks of war display'd;

Reason itself but gives an edge and power;
 As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour," &c.

Pope's *Essay on Man*—Ed.

² MS.—"The lonely hill, the rocky tower,
 That caught attention's wakening hour."

³ MS.—"Recesses where the woodbine grew."

⁴ St. Allholm Tower, in Berwickshire, the scene of the Author's infancy, is situated about two miles from Dryburgh Abbey.

⁵ The two next complets are not in the MS.

MS.—"While still with mimic hosts of shells,
 Again my sport the combat tells—
 Onward the Scottish Lion bore,
 The scatter'd Southron fled before."

And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.¹

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face,
That brighten'd at our evening fire!
From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd Sire,²
Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;
Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen,
Show'd what in youth its glance had been;
Whose doom discrediting neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought;³
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint;⁴
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke:
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grating child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-learn'd task?
Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave, untrimm'd, the eglantine:
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays;
Since oft thy judgment could refine
My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line;
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale!

Marmion.

Canto Third.

The Hostel, or Inn.

I.

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode:
The mountain path the Palmer show'd.

By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not choose the lowland road,⁵
For the Mersa forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
Often the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down;
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose;
Sprung from the gorge the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been pass'd before
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor;
Thence winding down the northern way
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.⁷

II.

No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;
His cautious dame, in bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein:
The village inn seem'd large, though rude;⁸
Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his train.
Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung;
They bind their horses to the stall,
For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamour fills the hall:
Weighing the labour with the cost,
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you gaze;
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,
The rafters of the sooty roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer;

¹ See notes on *The Rite of St. John*.

² Robert Scott of Sandyknowe, the grandfather of the Poet.

³ Upon revising the Poem, it seems proper to mention that the lines,

"Whose doom discrediting neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought:"

have been unconsciously borrowed from a passage in Dryden's beautiful epistle to John Dryden of Chesterton.—1808. *Note to Second Rite*

⁴ MS.—"The student, gentleman, and saint."

The reverend, gentlemen alluded to was Mr. John Marmion.

minster of Mertoun, in which parish Smallholm Tower is situated.

⁵ MS.—"They might not choose the easier road."

For many a forayer was abroad.

⁶ See Notes to "The Bride of Lammermoor." *Waverley Novels*, vols. xiii. and xiv.

⁷ The village of Gifford lies about four miles from Haddington: close to it is Yeater House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and a little farther up the stream, which descends from the hills of Lammermoor, are the remains of the old castle of the family.

⁸ See Appendix, Note 2 N.

Of sea-fowl drier, and solands store,
 And gammons of the tusky bear,
 And savoury haunch of deer.
 The chimney arch projected wide;
 Above, around it, and beside,
 Were tools for housewives' hand;
 Nor wanted, in that martial day,
 The implements of Scottish fray,
 The buckler, lance, and brand.
 Beneath its shade, the place of state,
 On oaken settle Marmion sat,
 And view'd around the blazing hearth.
 His followers mix in noisy mirth;
 Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
 From ancient vessels ranged aside,
 Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

There was the glee of martial breast,
 And laughter theirs at little jest;
 And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid.
 And mingle in the mirth they made;
 For though, with men of high degree,
 The proudest of the proud was he,
 Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art
 To win the soldier's hairy heart.
 They love a captain to obey,
 Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
 With open hand, and brow as free,
 Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
 Ever the first to scale a tower,
 As venturous in a lady's bower:
 Such buxom chief shall lead his host
 From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
 Right opposite the Palmer stood;
 His thin dark visage seen but half,
 Half hidden by his hood.
 Still fix'd on Marmion was his look,
 Which he, who all such gaze could brook,
 Strove by a frown to quell;
 But not for that, though more than once
 Full met their stern encountering glance,
 The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd
 Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
 For still, as squire and archer stared
 On that dark face and matted beard,
 Their glee and game declined.
 All gazed at length in silence drear,
 Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear
 Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
 Thus whisper'd forth his mind:—
 "Saint Mary! saw'st thou e'er such sight?"

MS.—"Full met their eyes; encountering glance."

How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
 Whene'er the firebrand's flicker light
 Glances beneath his cowl!
 Full on our Lord he sets his eye;
 For his best palfrey, would not I
 Endure that sullen scowl."

VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
 Which thus had quell'd their hearts, ^{he}
 saw
 The over-varying fire-light show
 That figure stern and face of woe,
 New call'd upon a squire:—
 "Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay
 To speed the lingering night away?
 We slumber by the fire."

VIII.

"So please you," thus the youth rejoined,
 "Our choicest minstrel's left behind.
 May we hope to please your ear,
 Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.
 The harp full deftly can he strike,
 And wake the lover's lute alike;
 To doat Saint Valentine, no thrush
 Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,
 No nightingale her love-lorn tune
 More sweetly warbles to the moon.
 Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
 Detains from us his melody,
 Lavish'd on rocks, and willow stems.
 Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.
 Now must I venture, as I may,
 To sing his favourite roundelay."

IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
 The air he chose was wild and sad;
 Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
 Rise from the busy harvest band,
 When falls before the mountaineer,
 On Lowland plains, the ripe ear.
 Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
 Now a wild chorus swells the song:
 Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,
 As it came soften'd up the hill,
 And deem'd it the lament of men
 Who languish'd for their native glen,
 And thought how sad would be such a tale
 On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
 Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
 Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
 Where heart-sick exiles, in the straw,
 Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

X.

Song.

Where shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever

From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever!
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sound the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Dieu loto, &c. Soft shall be his pillow

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests away,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Dieu loto, &c. Never, O never!

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Dieu loto, &c. There shall he be lying.

His wing shall the eagle flap
Over the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
His life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it, —
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Dieu loto, &c. Never, O never!

XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound;
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,
And shameful death, were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,

And rested with his head a space,
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not; but I ween,
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er died courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wish'd to be their prey,
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
Even while they writh beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said, —
"Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say, what may this portend?" —
Then first the Palmer silence broke,
(The livelong day he had not spoke,)
"The death of a dear friend."

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
Marmion, whose soul could scanty brook,
Even from his King, a haughty look;
Whose accent of command controll'd,
In camps, the boldest of the bold —
Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now,
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow.

For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps, that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he falter! — By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betray'd.
Not that he augur'd of the doom,
Which on the living closed the tomb;
But, tired to hear the desperate maid
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;

See Appendix, Note 2 O.

155. — "Marmion, whose pride
Whose haughty soul" could never brook

Even from his King, a scornful look."

355. — "But tired to hear the *fool's* mad."

And wroth, because in wild despair,¹
 She practised on the life of Clare;
 His fugitive the Church he gave,
 Though not a victim, but a slave;
 And deem'd restraint in convent strange
 Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.
 Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,
 Held Romish thunders idle fear,
 Secure his pardon he might hold,
 For some slight mulct of penance-gold.
 Thus judging, he gave secret way,
 When the stern priests surprised their prey
 His train but deem'd the favourite page
 Was left behind, to spare his age;
 Or other if they deem'd, none dared
 To mutter what he thought and heard:
 Woe to the vassal, who durst pry
 Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well,
 And safe secured in distant cell;
 But, waken'd by her favourite lay,
 And that strange Palmer's booding say,
 That fell so ominous and drear,
 Full on the object of his fear,
 To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
 Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose;
 And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
 All lovely on his soul return'd;
 Lovely as when, at treacherous call,
 She left her convent's peaceful wall,
 Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,
 Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
 Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
 Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that mien!
 How changed these timid looks have been.
 Since years of guilt, and of disguise,
 Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!
 No more of virgin terror speaks
 The blood that mantles in her cheeks;
 Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,
 Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;
 And I the cause—for whom were given
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!
 Would," thought he, as the picture grows
 "I on its stalk had left the rose!
 Oh, why should man's success remove
 The very charms that wake his love!—
 Her convent's peaceful solitude
 Is now a prison harsh and rude;

¹ MS.—"Incensed, because in wild despair"

² The MS reads:—

"Since fiercer passions wild and high,
 Have flush'd her cheek with deeper dye,
 And years of guilt, and of disguise,
 Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes,

And, pent within the narrow cell,
 How will her spirit chafe and swell!
 How brook the stern monastic laws!
 The penance how—and I the cause!—
 Vigil and scourge—perchance even worse!"—
 And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"—
 And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,
 Like damp upon a kindling flame;
 (And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge
 She should be safe, though not at large!
 They durst not, for their island, shroud
 One golden ringlet from her head.")

XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
 Repentance and reviving love,
 Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
 I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,
 Their host the Palmer's speech had

heard,

And, alkative, took up the word:
 "Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray
 From Scotland's ample land away,"

To visit realms afar,
 Full often learn the art to know
 Of future weal, or future woe,

By word, or sign, or star;
 Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
 If, knight-like, he despises fear,
 Not far from hence;—if fathers old
 Aright our hamlet legend told!"—
 These broken words the menials move,
 (For marvels still the vulgar love,)
 And, Marmion giving license cold,
 His tale the host thus gladly told:—

XIX.

The Host's Tale.

"A Clerk could tell what years have flown
 Since Alexander fill'd our throne,
 (Third monarch of that warlike name,)
 And eke the time when here he came
 To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord;
 A braver never drew a sword;
 A wiser never, at the hour
 Of midnight, spoke the word of power:
 The same, whom ancient records call
 The founder of the Goblin-Hall.¹
 I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
 Gave you that cavern to survey.
 Of lofty roof, and ample size,
 Beneath the castle deep it lies:
 To hew the living rock profound,
 The door to pave, the arch to round,

And I the cause—for whom were given
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!—
 How will her ardent spirit swell,
 And chafe within the narrow cell!"

² MS.—"From this plain simple land away."

³ See Appendix, Note 2 P.

There never toll'd a mortal arm,
 It all was wrought by word and charm;
 And I have heard my grandsire say,
 That the wild clamour and affray
 Of those dread artians of hell,
 Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,
 Sounded as loud as ocean's war,
 Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

"The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
 Deep labouring with uncertain thought;
 Even then he muster'd all his host,
 To meet upon the western coast:
 For Norse and Danish galleys plied
 Their oars within the frith of Clyde.
 There floated Haco's banner trim,¹
 Above Norweyan warriors grim,²
 Savage of heart, and large of limb;
 Threatening both continent and isle,
 Bute, Arran, Cunningham, and Kyle.
 Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
 Heard Alexander's bugle sound,
 And tarried not his garb to change,
 But, in his wizard habit strange,³
 Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight;
 His mantle lined with fox-skins white;
 His high and wrinkled forehead bore
 A pointed cap, such as of yore
 Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore:
 His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell,
 Upon his breast a pentacle;⁴
 His zone, of virgin parchment thin.
 Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
 Bore many a planetary sign,
 Combust, and retrograde, and trine;
 And in his hand he held prepared,
 A naked sword without a guard.

XXI.

"Dire dealings with the fiendish race
 Had mark'd strange lines upon his face;
 Vigil and fast had sworn him grim,
 His eyesight dazzled seem'd and dim,
 As one unused to upper day;
 Even his own menials with dismay
 Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire,
 In his unwonted wild attire;
 Unwonted, for traditions run,
 He seldom thus beheld the sun.—
 'I know,' he said—his voice was hoarse,
 And broken seem'd its hollow force,—

'I know the cause, although mistof
 Why the King seeks his vassal's hold:
 Vainly from me my liege would know
 His kingdom's future weal or woe;
 But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
 His courage may do more than art.

XXII.

"Of middle air the demons proud,
 Who ride upon the racking cloud,
 Can read, in fix'd or wandering star,
 The issue of events afar;
 But still their sullen aid withhold,
 Save when by mightier force controll'd.
 Such late I summons'd to my hall;
 And though so potent was the call,
 That scarce the deepest nook of hell
 I deem'd a refuge from the spell,
 Yet, obstinate in silence still,
 The haughty demon mocks my skill.
 But thou—who little know'st thy night,
 As born upon that blessed night,
 When yawning graves, and dying groan,
 Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrow,—
 With untought valour shalt compel
 Response denied to magic spell."⁵
 'Gramercy,' quoth our Monarch free,
 'Place him but front to front with me,
 And, by this good and honour'd brand,
 The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
 Soothly I swear, that, till what tide,
 The demon shall a buffet bide."⁶
 His bearing bold the wizard view'd,
 And thus, well pleased, his speech renew'd:—
 'There spoke the blood of Malcolm I!—mark;
 Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,
 The rampart seek, whose circling crown
 Crests the ascent of yonder down:
 A southern entrance shalt thou find;
 There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
 And trust thine elfin foe to see,
 In guise of thy worst enemy:
 Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—
 Upon him! and Saint George to speed!
 If he go down, thou soon shalt know
 Whate'er those airy sprites can show;—
 If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
 I am no warrant for thy life.'

XXIII.

"Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
 Along, and arm'd, forth rode the King

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 Q.

² MS.—"There floated Haco's banner grim
 O'er fierce of heart and large of limb."

³ See Appendix, Note 2 R.

⁴ Ibid. Note 2 S.

⁵ MS.—"Bare many a character and sign,
 Of planets retrograde and trine."

⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 T.

⁷ MS.—"With untought valour mayst compel
 What is denied to magic spell."

⁸ MS.—"Bicker and buffet he shall bide."

⁹ MS.—"Seek {that} old {camp which} as a crown."

To that old camp's deserted round :
 Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,
 Left hand the town,—the Pictish race,
 The trench, long since, in blood did trace;
 The moor around is brown and bare,
 The space within is green and fair.
 The spot our village children know,
 For there the earliest wild-flowers grow;
 But woe betide the wandering wight,
 That treads its circle in the night !
 The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
 Gives ample space for full career:
 Opposed to the four points of heaven,
 By four deep gaps an entrance given.
 The southernmost our Monarch past,
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast;
 And on the north, within the ring,
 Appear'd the form of England's King,
 Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
 In Palestine waged holy war:
 Yet arms like England's did he wield.
 Alike the leopards in the shield,
 Alike his Syrian courser's frame,
 The rider's length of limb the same:
 Long afterwards did Scotland know,
 Well Edward³ was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

"The vision made our Monarch start,
 But soon he mann'd his noble heart,
 And in the first career they ran,
 The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man;
 Yet did a splinter of his lance
 Through Alexander's visor glance,
 And razed the skin—a puny wound.
 The King, light leaping to the ground,
 With naked blade his phantom foe
 Compell'd the future war to show.
 Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,
 Where still gigantic bones remain,
 Memorial of the Danish war;
 Himself he saw, amid the field,
 On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,
 And strike proud Haco from his car,
 While all around the shadowy Kings
 Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings.
 'Tis said, that, in that awful night,
 Remoter visions met his sight,
 Foreshowing future conquests far,
 When our sons' sons wage northern war;

1 MS.—"Alone, and arm'd, rode forth the King
 To that encampment's haunted round."

2 MS.—"The southern gate our Monarch past."

3 Edward I., surnamed Longshanks.

4 MS.—"To be fulfill'd in times afar,
 When our sons' sons wage northern war:
 A royal city's towers and spires
 Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,
 And shouting crews her navy bore,
 Triumphant, from the vanquish'd shore."

A royal city, tower and spire,
 Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,
 And shouting crews her navy bore,
 Triumphant, to the victor shore.⁵
 Such signs may learned clerks explain,
 They pass the wit of simple swain."

XXV.

"The joyful King turn'd home again,
 Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane;
 But yearly, when return'd the night
 Of his strange combat with the sprite,
 His wound must bleed and smart;
 Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
 'Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
 The penance of your start.'
 Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
 King Alexander fills his grave,
 Our Lady give him rest!
 Yet still the knightly spear and shield
 The Elfin Warrior doth wield,
 Upon the brown hill's breast;⁶
 And many a knight hath proved his
 Chance,
 In the charm'd ring to break a lance,
 But all have foully sped;
 Save two, as legends tell, and they
 Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—
 Gentles, my tale is said."

XXVI.

The quaighs⁷ were deep, the liquor strong,
 And on the tale the yeoman-throng
 Had made a comment sage and long,
 But Marmion gave a sign:
 And, with their lord, the squares retire;
 The rest, around the hostel fire,
 Their drowsy limbs recline;
 For pillow, underneath each head,
 The quiver and the targe were laid.
 Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,⁸
 Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore:
 The dying flame, in fitful change,
 Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
 Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;
 Scarce, by the pale moonlight, was seen
 The foldings of his mantle green:

5 For an account of the expedition to Copenhagen in 1801 see Scott's *Life of Nelson*, chap. vii.

6 See Appendix, Note 2 U.

7 A wooden cup, composed of staves bound together.

8 MS.—"Deep slumbering on the floor of clay,
 Oppress'd with toil and ale, they lay,
 The dying flame, in fitful change,
 Threw on them lights and shadows strange."

Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
 Of sport by thicket, or by stream.
 Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
 Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
 A cautious tread his slumber broke,
 And, close beside him, when he woke,
 In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
 Stood a tall form, with nodding plume;
 But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
 His master Marmion's voice he knew.

XXVIII.

—“Fitz-Eustace! rise, I cannot rest;
 Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
 And graver thoughts have chafed my mood:
 The air must cool my feverish blood;
 And fain would I ride forth, to see
 The scene of elfin thivalry.
 Arise, and saddle me my steed;¹
 And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
 Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
 I would not, that the prating knaves
 Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
 That I could credit such a tale.”—
 Then softly down the steps they slid,
 Eustace the stable door undid,
 And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
 While, whispering, thus the Baron said:—

XXIX.

“Did'st never, good my youth, hear tell,
 That on the hour when I was born,
 Saint George, who graced my sire's chapel,
 Down from his steed of marble fell,
 A weary wight forlorn?
 The flattering chaplains all agree,
 The champion left his steed to me.
 I would, the omen's truth to show,
 That I should meet this Elfin foe!
 Blithe would I battle, for the right
 To ask one question at the sprite:—
 Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,
 An empty race, by fount or sea,
 To dashing waters dance and sing,⁴
 Or round the green oak wheel their ring.”
 Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
 And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,
 And mark'd him pace the village road,
 And listen'd to his horse's tramp,
 Till, by the lessening sound,
 He judged that of the Pictish camp
 Lord Marmion sought the round.

Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,
 That one, so wary held, and wise,
 Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received
 For gospel, what the church believed,
 Should, stirr'd by idle tale,
 Ride forth in silence of the night,
 As hoping half to meet a sprite,
 Array'd in plate and mail.
 For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
 That passions, in contending flow,
 Unfix the strongest mind;
 Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
 We welcome fond credulity,
 Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
 But, patient, wait'd till he heard,
 At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,
 The foot-tramp of a flying steed,
 Come town-ward rushing on;
 First, dead, as if on turf it trode,
 Then, clattering on the village road,—
 In other pace thane forth he yode,⁵
 Return'd Lord Marmion.
 Down hastily he sprung from selle,
 And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell:
 To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
 And spoke no word as he withdrew:
 But yet the moonlight did betray,
 The falcon-crest was soild with clay;
 And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
 By stains upon the charger's knee,
 And his left side, that on the moor
 He had not kept his footing sure.
 Long musing on those wondrous signs,
 At length to test the squire reclines,
 Broken and short; for still, between,
 Would dreams of terror intervene:
 Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
 The first notes of the morning lark.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

TO

JAMES SKENE, Esq.⁶*A Shetland, Elrick Forest.*

An ancient Minstrel sagely said,
 “Where is the life which late we led?”
 That motley clown in Arden wood,
 Whom humorous Jacques with envy view'd.

¹ MS.—“But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
 It spoke—Lord Marmion's voice he knew.”

² MS.—“Come down and saddle me my steed.”

³ MS.—“I would, to prove the omen right,
 That I could meet this Elfin Knight!”

⁴ MS.—“Dance to the wild waves' murmuring.”

⁵ *Yode*, used by old poets for *went*.

⁶ James Skene, Esq. of Rubislaw, Aberdeenshire, was
 Cornet in the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers, and
 Sir Walter Scott was Quartermaster of the same corps.

Not even that clown could amplify,
On this trite text, so long as I.
Eleven years we now may tell,
Since we have known each other well;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand;¹
And sure, through many a varied scene,
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone;
And though deep mark'd, like all below,
With chequer'd shades of joy and woe;
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed,
While here, at home, my narrower ken
Somewhat of manners saw, and men;
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years.
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a day,
Since first I tuned this idle lay;
A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied,
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspir'd my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.
Their vox'd boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh,
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Fen,
Have don'd their wintry shrouds again.
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,²
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.³
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly;
The shepherd, who in summer sun,
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;
He who, o'er stretch'd the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
View'd the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide;—

At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,⁴
Through heavy vapours dark and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Nears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Of he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,⁵
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides,
To open downs, and mountain-sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,⁶
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Of he looks back, while streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,—⁷
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,⁸
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Bepumpling death is in the gale:
His path, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the turf no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain:⁹
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,¹⁰
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,

¹ MS.—"Unheath'd the voluntary brand."

² MS.—"At noon-tide mist, and flooded mead."

³ Various illustrations of the Poetry and Novels of Sir Walter Scott from designs by Mr Skene, have since been published.

⁴ MS.—"When red hath set the evening sun,
And loud winds speak the storm begun."

⁵ MS.—"Till thickly drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go,
While, with dejected look and whine," &c.

⁶ MS.—"The frozen blast that sweeps the fells"

⁷ MS.—"His cottage window beams a star,—
But soon he loses it,—and then
Turns patient to his task again."

⁸ MS.—"The morn shall find the stiffen'd swain:
His widow sees, at morning pale,
His children rise, and raise their wail"

⁹ Compare the celebrated description of a man perishing in the snow, in Thomson's *Winter*.—See Appendix, Note 2 V.

¹⁰ MS.—"Couches upon his master's breast."

his summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirk's¹ loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye;²
His crook, his scarp, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed!

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene!
Our youthful summer oft we see³
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
Against the winter of our age:
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy;
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.⁴
Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given;
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chaaten'd by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou of late, wert doom'd to twine,—
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her sire had smiled,⁵
And bless'd the union of his cluld,
When love must change its joyous cheer,
And wipe affection's filial tear.
Nor did the actions next his end,⁶
Speak more the father than the friend.
Scarcely had lamented Forbes' paid
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade;
The tale of friendship scarce was told,
Ere the narrator's heart was cold—
Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind!
But not around his honour'd urn,
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn;
The thousand eyes his care had dried,
Pour at his name a bitter tide;
And frequent falls the grateful dew,
For benefits the world ne'er knew.
If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name,
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,
"The widow's shield, the orphan's star."

Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
My verse intrudes on this sad theme;
For sacred was the pen that wrote,
"Thy father's friend forget thou not;"
And grateful title may I plead,⁷
For many a kindly word and deed,
To lending my tribute to his grave:—
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recalls our summer walks again;
When, doing nought,—and, to speak true,
Not anxious to find ought to do,—
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topic changed,
And, desultory as our way,
Ranged, unconfined, from grave to gay.
Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too;⁸
Thou gravely labouring to portray
The blighted oak's fantastic spray;
I spelling o'er, with much delight,
The legend of that antique knight,
Tirante by name, yelep'd the White.
At either's feet a trusty squire,
Pandour and Camp,⁹ with eyes of fire,
Zealous, each other's motions view'd,
And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.¹⁰
The lawcock whistled from the cloud;
The stream was lively, but not loud;
From the white thorn the May-flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head:
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossom'd bough, than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
When Winter stript the summer's bowers.
Careless we heard, what now I hear,¹¹
The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
When fires were bright, and lamps beamed
gay,
And ladies tuned the lovely lay;
And he was held a laggard soul,
Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl.
Then he, whose absence we deplore,¹²
Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
The longer miss'd, bewail'd the more;

¹ The Scottish Harvest-home.

² MS.—"His native wild notes' melody,
To Marion of the blithely blinking eye."

³ MS.—"Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of mirth and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
To crush the winter of our age."

⁴ MS.—"Call'd forth his feeble age to arms."

⁵ MS.—"Scarcely on thy bride her sire had smiled."

⁶ MS.—"But even the actions next his end,
Spoke the fond sire and faithful friend."

⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 W.

⁸ MS.—"And nearer title may I plead."

⁹ MS.—"Our thoughts in social silence too."

¹⁰ Camp was a favourite dog of the Poet's, a bull-terrier of extraordinary sagacity. He is introduced in Raeburn's portrait of Sir Walter Scott, now at Dalkeith Palace.—Ed.

¹¹ MS.—"Till oft our voice suppress'd the feud."

¹² MS.—"When light we heard what now I hear."

¹³ Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmore, one of the Principal Clerks of Session at Edinburgh, and through life an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, died on 10th September 1836.—Ed.

And thou, and I, and dear-loved R—,
 And one whose name I may not say,¹
 For not Mimosa's tender tree
 Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—
 In merry chorus well combined,
 With laughter drown'd the whistling wind.
 Mirth was within; and Care without
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
 Not but amid the buxom scene
 Some grave discourse might intervene—
 Of the good horse that bore him best,
 His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest:
 For, like mad Tom's,² our chiefest care,
 Was horse to ride, and weapon wear.
 Such nights we've had; and, though the game
 Of manhood be more sober tame,
 And though the field-day, or the drill,
 Seem less important now—yet still
 Such may we hope to share again.
 The sprightly thought inspires my strain!
 And mark, how, like a horseman true,
 Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

Marmion.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Camp.

I.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark
 The first notes of the merry lark.
 The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,
 And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
 And with their light and lively call
 Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
 Whistling they came, and free of heart,
 But soon their mood was changed—
 Complaint was heard on every part,
 Of something disarranged.
 Some clamour'd loud for armour lost;
 Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host;
 "By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear,³
 That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"
 Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,
 Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;
 Although the rated horse-boy sware,
 Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.

¹ Sir William Rue of St. Catharine's, Bart., subsequently Lord Advocate of Scotland, was a distinguished member of the volunteer corps to which Sir Walter Scott belonged; and he, the Port, Mr. Skene, Mr. Mackenzie, and a few other friends, had formed themselves into a little semi-military club, the meetings of which were held at their family suppers in rotation.—Ed.

² The gentleman whose name the Poet "might not say," was the late Sir William Forbes of Pitligo, Bart., son of the author of the *Life of Beattie*, and brother-in-law of Mr. Skene.

While chafed the impatient squire like thunder.
 Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—
 "Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
 Bevis lies dying in his stall:
 To Marmion who the plight dare tell,
 Of the good steed he loves so well?"
 Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
 The charger panting on his straw;⁴
 Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—
 "What else but evil could betide,
 With that cursed Palmer for our guide!
 Better we had through mire and bush
 Been lantern-led by Friar Rush."⁵

II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,
 Nor wholly understood,
 His comrades' clamorous plaints suppress'd;
 He knew Lord Marmion's mood.
 Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
 And found deep plunged in gloomy thought.
 "Ald did his tale display
 Simply as if he knew of nought
 To cause such disarray.
 Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
 Nor marvel'd at the wonders told,—
 Pass'd them as accidents of course,
 And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the coast
 Had reckon'd with their Scottish host;
 And, as the charge he cast and paid,
 "Ill thou deem'st at thy hire," he said;
 "Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight!
 Fairies have ridden him all the night,
 And left him in a foam!
 I trust that some conjuring hand,
 With English crosses, and blazing brand,⁶
 Shall drive the devils from this land,
 To their infernal home:
 For in this haunted den, I trow,
 All night they trample to and fro."
 The laughing host look'd on the hire,—
 "Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
 And if thou comest among the rest,
 With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
 Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
 And short the pang to undergo.
 Here stay'd their talk,—for Marmion
 Gave now the signal to set on.

through life an intimate, and latterly a generous friend of Sir Walter Scott—died 24th October 1828.—Ed.

³ See *King Lear*.

⁴ MS.—"Such nights we've had; and though our gear advance of years may something tame."

⁵ MS.—"By Becket's bones," cried one, "I swear."

⁶ MS.—"The good horse panting on the straw."

⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 X.

⁸ MS.—"With bloody cross and fiery brand."

The Palmer showing forth the way,
They journey'd all the morning day.¹

IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,
Through Humble's and through Saltoun's wood;
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed, fill over head
A vaulted screen the branches made.
"A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said;
"Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry;
Might meet some damsel flying fast,
With hair unbound, and looks aghast;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells;
And oft, in such, the story tells,
The damsel kind, from danger freed,
Did grateful pay her champion's mood.
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind:
Perchance to show his lore design'd;

For Eustace much had pored
Upon a huge romantic tome,²
In the hall window of his home,
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton, or De Worde.³
Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,
For Marmion answer'd nought again.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,
In notes prolong'd by wood and hill,
Were heard to echo far;
Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,
But by the flourish soon they know,
They breathed no point of war,
Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,
Some opener ground to gain;
And scarce a furlong had they rode,
When thinner trees, receding, show'd
A little woodland plain.
Just in that advantageous glade,
The halting troop a line had made,
As forth from the opposing shade
Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang;

On prancing steeds they forward press'd,
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;
Each at his trumpet a banner wore,
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon⁴ bore:
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
(Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held
That feudal strife had often quell'd,
When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age;
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
As on King's errand come;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome.⁵
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced,
His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume.
From his steed's shoulder, loin, and
breast,
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroider'd round and round.
The double treasure might you see,
First by Achaius borne,
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.⁶
So bright the King's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colours, blazon'd brave,
The Lion, which his title gave.
A train, which well besem'd his statc,
But all unarm'd, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms.
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms!⁷

VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring;
Soon as he saw the Lion-King;
For well the stately Baron knew
To him such courtesy was due,

¹ MS.—"They journeyed till the middle day."

² MS.—"Upon a black and ponderous tome."

³ William Caxton, the earliest English printer, was born in Kent, A.D. 1412, and died 1491. Wynken de Worde was his next successor in the production of these

"Rare volumes, dark with tarnish'd gold," which are now the delight of bibliomaniacs.

⁴ The MS. has "Scotland's royal *Lion*" here; in the 17th

"scarlet tabards;" and in the 12thth "blazoned truncheon."

⁵ MS.—"The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting from the early stage,
Lash'd the coarse vices of the age," &c.

⁶ MS.—"*Silver unicorn*." This, and the seven preceding lines, are interpolated in the blank page of the MS.
⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 Y.

Whom royal James himself had crown'd,
And on his temples placed the round
Of Scotland's ancient diadem
And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,
And on his finger given to shine
The emblematic gem.
Their mutual greetings duly made,
The Lion thus his message said:—
"Though Scotland's King hath deeply sworn
Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court;
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,
And honours much his warlike fame,
My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack
Of courtesy, to turn him back;
And, by his order, I, your guide,
Must lodging fit and fair provide,
Till finds King James meet time to see
The flower of English chivalry."

IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may,
The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
Beholding thus his place supplied,
Sought to take leave in vain:
Strict was the Lion-King's command,
That none, who rode in Marmion's band,
Should sever from the train:
"England has here enow of spies
In Lady Heron's witching eyes;"
To Marchmont thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretence to Marmion made.
The right hand path they now decline,
And trace again at the stream the Tyne.

X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichtoun Castle¹ crowns the
bank;
For there the Lion's care assigned
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That Castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne:
And far beneath, where slow they creep,
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.²
The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,³

¹ MS.—"The Lion King his message said:—
"My Liege hath deep and deadly sworn," &c

² See Appendix, Note 2 Z; and, for a fuller description of Crichton Castle, see Sir Walter Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. vii. pp 15.

³ MS.—"Her lassy streams repine."

When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and totter'd keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,⁴
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.
Nor wholly yet had time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair;
Nor yet the stony corn⁵ unbraced,
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
Still rises unimpair'd below,
The court-yard a graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fast hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go,
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More;⁶
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in upulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
As through its portal Marmion rode;
But yet 'twas melancholy state
Received him at the outer gate;
For none were up the Castle then,
But women, boys, or aged men.
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dams,
To welcome noble Marmion, came;
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold;
For each man that could draw a sword
Had march'd that morning with their lord,
Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side,⁷
Long may his Lady look in vain!
She ne'er shall see his gallant train,⁸
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-
Dean.
'Twas a brave race, before the name
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

⁴ MS.—"But the huge mass could well oppose."

⁵ A S.—"Of many a mouldering shield the sense."

⁶ The pit, or prison vault.—See Appendix, Note 3 Z

⁷ See Appendix, Note 3 A.

⁸ MS.—"Well might his gentle Lady mourn.
Doom'd ne'er to see her Lord's return."

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
 • With every rite that honour claims,
 Attended as the King's own guest.—
 Such the command of Royal James,
 Who marshall'd them his land's array.
 Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
 Perchance he would not for man's eye
 Upon his gathering host should pry,
 Till full prepared was every band
 To march against the English land.
 Here while they dwell, did Lindessy's
 wit.
 Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit;
 And, in his turn, he knew to prize
 Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—
 Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece.
 And policies of war and peace.¹

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,
 That on the battlements they walk'd.
 And, by the slowly fading light,
 Of varying topics talked;
 And, unaware, the Herald-bard²
 Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,
 In travelling so far;
 For that a messenger from heaven
 In vain to James had counsel given
 Against the English war;³
 And, closer question'd, thus he told
 A tale, which chronicles of old
 In Scottish story have enroll'd:—

¹ MS.—“Nor less the Herald Monarch knew
 The Baron's powers to value true—
 Hence confidence between them grew.”

² MS.—“Then fell from Lindessy, unaware,
 That Marmion might his labour spare
 Marmion might well.”

³ See Appendix, Note 3 B.

⁴ “In some places, Mr. Scott's love of variety has betrayed
 him into strange imitation. This is evidently formed on the
 school of Sternhold and Hopkins.—

“Of all the palaces so fair,” &c.

JEFFREY.

⁵ In Scotland there are about twenty palaces, castles, and
 remains, or sites of such,

“Where Scotia's kings of other years
 had their royal home.

“Lindithgow, distinguished by the combined strength and
 beauty of its situation, must have been early selected as a
 royal residence. David, who bought the title of saint by his
 liberality to the Church, refers several of his charters to
 town of Lindithgow; and in that of Holyrood expressly be-
 stows on the new monastery all the skins of the rams, ewes,
 and lambs, belonging to his castle of Linditch, which he
 died during the year. . . . The convenience afforded for the
 sport of falconry, which was so great a favourite during the
 feudal ages, was probably one cause of the attachment of the
 ancient Scottish monarchs to Lindithgow and its fine lake.”

XV.

• *Sir David Lindsay's Tale.*
 “Of all the palaces so fair,¹
 Built for the royal dwelling,
 In Scotland, far beyond compare
 Lindithgow is excelling;²
 And in its park in jovial June,
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
 How blithe the blackbird's lay!
 The wild-buck-bellies from ferny brake,
 The coot dives merry on the lake,
 The saddest heart might pleasure take
 To see all nature gay.
 But June is to our sovereign dear
 The heaviest month in all the year:
 Too well his cause of grief you know,
 Jane saw his father's overthrow.³
 Woe to the traitors, who could bring
 The princely boy against his King!
 Still in his conscience burns this sting.
 In offices as strict as Lent,
 King James's June is ever spent.⁴

XVI.

“When last this ruthless month was come,
 And in Lindithgow's holy dome
 The King, as wont, was praying;
 While, for his royal father's soul,
 The chanters sung, the bells did toll,
 The Bishop mass was saying—
 For now the year brought round again⁵
 The day the luckless king was slain—

The sport of hunting was also followed with success in the
 neighbourhood, from which circumstance it probably arises
 that the ancient arms of the city represent a black greyhound
 leaping tied to a tree. . . . The situation of Lindithgow Palace
 is eminently beautiful. It stands on a promontory of some
 elevation, which advances almost into the midst of the lake.
 The form is that of a square court, composed of buildings of
 four stories high, with towers at the angles. The fronts within
 the square, and the windows, are highly ornamented, and the
 size of the rooms, as well as the width and character of the
 staircases, are upon a magnificent scale. One banquet-room
 is ninety-four feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty-three feet
 high, with a gallery for music. The king's wardrobe or dress-
 ing-room, looking to the west, projects over the walls, so as
 to have a delicious prospect on three sides, and is one of the
 most enviable boudoirs we have ever seen.”—SIR WALTER
 SCOTT'S *Myrtles of the Past*, vol. vii. p. 332, &c.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 C.

² See Appendix, Note 3 D.

³ MS.—“In offices as strict as Lent,
 And penances his Junes are spent.”

⁴ MS.—“For now the year brought round again
 The very day that he
 The day that the third James } was slain—
 In Katharine's aisle the Monarch kneels,
 And folded hands
 And hands were clasped } shew what he feels.”

In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,
 With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,
 And eyes with sorrow streaming ;
 Around him in their stalls of state,
 The Thistle's Knight-Companions ate,
 Their banners o'er them beaming.
 I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
 Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,
 Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
 Through the stain'd casement gleaming ;
 But, while I marked what next befell,
 It seem'd as I were dreaming.

Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,
 In azure gown, with cincture white ;
 His forehead bald, his head was bare,
 Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
 Now, mock me not, when good my Lord,
 I pledge to you my knightly word,
 That, when I saw his placid grace,
 His simple majesty of face,
 His solemn bearing, and his pace
 So stately gliding on,—
 Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint
 So just an image of the Saint,
 Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint,—
 The loved Apostle John !

XVII.

"He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,
 And stood with rustic plainness there,
 And little reverence made ;
 Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,
 But on the desk his arm he leant,
 And words like these he said,
 In a low voice, but never tone.¹
 So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone :—
 ' My mother sent me from afar,
 Sir King, to warn thee not to war.
 Woe waits on thine array ;
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
 James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware :
 God keep thee as he may !'—
 The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek
 For answer, and found none ;
 And when he raised his head to speak,
 The monitor was gone.
 The Marshal and myself had cast
 To stop him as he outward pass'd ;
 But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
 He vanish from our eyes,
 Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
 That glances but, and dies."

¹ MS.—"In a low voice—but every tone
 Thrill'd through the listener's vein and bone."

² MS.—"And if to war thou needs wilt fare
 Of wanton wiles and woman's snare"
 Of woman's wiles and wanton

³ MS.—"But events, since I cross'd the Tweed,
 Have undermin'd my sceptic creed."

XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel strange,
 The twilight was so pale,
 He mark'd not Marmion's colour change,
 While listening to the tale ;
 But, after a suspended pause,
 The Baron spoke :—"Of Nature's laws
 So strong I held the force,
 That never superhuman cause
 Could e'er control their course."

And, three days since, had judg'd your sin
 Was but to make your guest your game.
 But I have seen, since past the Tweed,⁴
 What much has chang'd my sceptic creed,
 And made me credit aught."—He staid,
 And seem'd to wish his words unsaid ;
 But, by that strong emotion press'd,
 Which prompts us to unload our breast,
 Even when discovery's pain,
 To Lindesay did at length unfold
 The tale his village host had told,
 At Gifford, to his train.
 Nought of the Palmer says he there,
 And nought of Constance, or of Clare ;
 The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he
 seems
 To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
 My burning limbs, and couch'd my head :
 Fantastic thoughts return'd ;
 And, by their wild dominion led,
 My heart within me burn'd.⁴
 So sore was the delicious goad,
 I took my steed, and forth I rode,
 And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
 Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.
 The southern entrance I pass'd through,
 And halted, and my bugle blew.
 Methought an answer met my ear,
 Yet was the blast so low and drear,
 So hollow, and so faintly blown,
 It might be echo of my own."

XX.

"Thus judging, for a little space
 I listen'd, ere I left the place ;
 But scarce could trust my eye,
 Nor yet can think they served me true,
 When sudden in the ring I view,
 In form distinct of shape and hue,
 A mounted champion rise."

⁴ MS.—"In vain," said he, "to rest I laid
 My burning limbs, and throbbing head :—
 Fantastic thoughts return'd ;

And, by their wild dominion led,
 My heart within me burn'd."

⁵ MS.—"And yet it was so low and drear."

I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,¹
 In single fight, and mix'd affray,
 * And ever, I myself may say,
 Have borne me as a knight;
 But when this unexpected foe
 Seem'd starting from the gulf below,—
 I care not though the truth I show,—
 I trembled with affright;
 And as I placed in rest my spear,
 My hand so shook for very fear,
 I scarce could couch it right.

XXI.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?
 We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
 What could he 'gainst the shock of hell!
 I roll'd upon the plain.
 High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
 The spectre shook his naked brand,—
 Yet did the worst remain:
 My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
 Not opening hell itself could blast
 Their sight, like what I saw!
 Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
 A face could never be mistook!
 I knew the stern vindictive look,
 And held my breath for awe.
 I saw the face of one who, fled²
 To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
 I well believe the last;
 For ne'er, from vizard raised, did stare
 A human warrior, with a glare
 So grimly and so ghast.
 Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
 But when to good Saint George I pray'd,
 (The first time ere I ask'd his aid,)
 He plunged it in the sheath;
 And, on his courser mounting light,
 He seem'd to vanish from my sight:
 The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night
 Sunk down upon the heath.—
 'Twere long to tell what cause I have
 To know his face, that met me there,
 Call'd by his hatred from the grave,
 To cumber upper air:
 Dead or alive, good cause had he
 To be my mortal enemy."

XXII.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount;
 Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount

¹ MS.—"I've been, Lord-Lion, many a day,
 In combat single, or mêlée."
² MS.—"The spectre shook his naked brand,—
 Yet doth the worst remain:
 My reeling eyes I upward cast,—
 But opening hell could never blast
 Their sight, like what I saw."
³ MS.—"I knew the face of one long dead,
 Or who to foreign climes hath fled

Such chance had happ'd of old,
 When once, near Norham, there did fight,
 A spectre fell of fiendish might,
 In likeness of a Scottish knight,
 With Brian Balmer bold,
 And train'd him nigh to disallow
 The aid of his baptismal vow.
 "And such a phantom, too," 'tis said,
 With Highland broadsword, target, and
 plaid,
 And fingers, red with gore,
 Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
 Or where the sable pine-trees shade
 Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnasaid,
 Dromouchty, or Glenmore.⁴
 And yet, whate'er such legends say,
 Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
 On mountain, moor, or plain,
 Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,⁵
 True son of chivalry should hold,
 These midnight terrors vain;
 For seldom have such spirits power
 To harm, save in the evil hour,
 When guilt we meditate within,⁶
 Or harbour unrepented sin."—
 Lord Marmion turn'd him half aside,
 And twice to clear his voice he tried,
 Then press'd Sir David's hand,—
 But nought, at length, in answer said;
 And hero their farther converse staid,
 Each ordering that his band
 Should bowne them with the rising day,
 To Scotland's camp to take their way,⁷
 Such was the King's command.

XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,
 And I could trace each step they trod.
 Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rook, nor stone,
 Lies on the path to me unknown,
 Much might it boast of storied lore;
 But, passing such digression o'er,
 Suffice it that the route was laid
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.
 They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,
 And climb'd the opposing bank, until
 They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.

Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,

I knew the face of one who, fled
 To foreign climes, or long since dead,—
 I well may judge the last."

⁴ See the traditions concerning Balmer, and the spectre
 called *Lhamdary*, or *Bloody-hand*, in a note on canto in
 Appendix Note 2 U.

⁵ MS.—"Of spotless faith, and bosom bold."

⁶ MS.—"When mortals meditate within
 Fresh guilt or unrepented sin."

A truant-boy, I sought the most,
Or listless, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeples jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din.
Now, from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain;
And o'er the landscape as I look,
Nought do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
To me they make a heavy moan,
Of early friendships past and gone.

XXV.

But different far the change has been,¹
Since Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown:
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,²
Upland, and dale, and down:—
A thousand did I say! I ween,³
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequer'd all the heath between
The streamlet and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;⁴
Of giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green:
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Heludes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lochn's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Roase's rocky ledge;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
And charger's shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.

¹ MS.—"But, oh! far different change has been,
Since Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford-hill, upon the scene
Of Scotland's war look'd down."

² See Appendix, Note 3 E.

³ MS.—"A thousand said the verse? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That whitened all the heath between."

⁴ Here ends the stanza in the MS.

⁵ Seven culverins so called, cast by one Borthwick.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of falling smoke declare
To embers now the brands decay'd,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy ear,
By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,¹
And culverins which France had given.
Ill-omen'd gift! the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair;
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pennil, bandrol,² there
O'er the pavilions flew.³
Highest and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,⁴
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
Where'er the western wind unroll'd,
With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.⁵

XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,⁶
He view'd it with a chief's delight,—
Until with him burn'd his heart,
And lightning from his eye did part,
As on the battle-day;
Such glance did falcon never dart,
When stooping on his prey.
"Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy King from warfare to dissuade
Were but a vain essay:
For, by St. George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal nor divine,
Should open to peace my soul inlode,
Till I had digm'd their armour's shine
In glorious battle-fray!"

¹ Each of these fendal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them.

² See Appendix, Note 3 F.

³ MS.—"The standard staff, a mountain pine,
Pitch'd in a huge memorial stone,
That still in monument is shown."

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 G.

⁵ MS.—"Lord Marmion's large dark eye flash'd light
It kindled with a chief's delight,
For glow'd with martial joy his heart,
As upon battle day."

Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood :

"Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,
That kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,
'Tis better to sit still at rest,¹
Than rise, perchance to fall."

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.

When sat'd with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,

The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow

With gloomy splendour red ;

For on the smoke-wreath, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,

The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,

Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,

And all the steep slope down,

Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky.

Piled deep and massy, close and high,

Mine own romantic town !²

But northward far, with purer blaze,

On Ochil mountains fell the rays,

And as each heatly top they kissed.

It gleam'd a purple apethyst.

Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;

Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :

And, broad between them roll'd,

The gallant Frith the eye might note,

Whose islands on its bosom float,

Like emeralds chased in gold.

Fitz-Eustace's heart felt closely pent ;

As if to give his rapture vent,

The spur to his charger lent,

And raised his bridle hand,

And, making demi-volte in air,

Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare

To fight for such a land !"

The Lindesay smiled his joy to see ;³

Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,
Where mingled drum, and clarions loud,

And fife, and kettle-drum,

And sackbut deep, and psaltery,

And war-pipe with discordant cry,

And cymbal clattering to the sky,

Making wild music bold and high,

Did up the mountain come ;

The whilst the bells, with distant chime,

Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,

And thus the Lindesay spoke :⁴

"Thus clamour still the war-notes when

The king to mass his way has ta'en,⁵

Or to St. Katharine's of Sienna,⁶

Or Chapel of Saint Roque.

To you they speak of martial fame ;⁷

But me remind of peaceful game,

When blither was their cheer,

Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,

In signal none hastened should spare,

But strive which foremost should repair

To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII.

"Nor less," he said,—"when looking forth,

I view yon Empress of the North

Sit on her lily throne ;

Her palace's imperial bowers,

Her castle, proof to hostile powers,

Her stately halls and holy towers—⁸

Nor less," he said, "I moan,

To think what woe mischance may bring,

And how these merry bells may ring

The death-durge of our gallant king ;

Or with the larum call

The burghers forth to watch and ward,

Gaunt southern sack and fires to guard

Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall,—

But not for my presaging thought,

Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought !⁹

Lord Marmion, I say nay :

God is the guider of the field,

He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—

But thou thyself shalt say,

When joins yon host in deadly stowre,

That England's dames must weep in bower,

Her yonks the death-mass sing ;¹⁰

For never saw'st thou such a power

Lod on by such a King."¹¹

And now, down winding to the plain,

The barriers of the camp they gain,

And there they made a stay.—

There stays the Minstrel, till he fling

His hand o'er every Border string,

And fit his harp the pomp to sing,

Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,

In the succeeding lay.

¹ MS.—" 'Tis better sitting still at rest,

Than rising but to fall ;

And while these words they did exchange,

They reach'd the camp's extremest range."

The Poet appears to have struck his pen through the two lines in italics, on conceiving the magnificent picture which replaces them in the text.

² MS.—"Dun-Edin's towers and town."

³ MS.—"The Lion smiled his joy to see."

⁴ MS.—"And thus the Lion spoke."

⁵ MS.—"Or to our Lady's of Sienna."

⁶ MS.—"To you they speak of martial fame,

To me of mood more mild and tame—

Blither would be their cheer."

⁷ MS.—"Her stately fairs and holy towers."

⁸ MS.—"Dream of a conquest cheaply bought."

⁹ MS.—"Their monks dead masses sing."

HARMON.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO
GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.¹

Edinburgh.

WHEN dark December gloms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard;
When silvan occupation's doye,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear:
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employ'd no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor;
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemn'd to rest and feed;
When from our snow-encirled home,
Scarce cares the hardest step to roa n,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring;
When wrinkled news-page, thrice count o'er,
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And dorkling politician, cross'd,
Inveighs against the lingering post,
And answering housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-imposed wains;
When such the country cheer, I come,
Well pleased, to seek our city home;
For converse, and for looks, to change
The Forest's melancholy range,
And welcome, with renew'd delight,
The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhime
Lament the ravages of time,
As erst by Newark's riven towers,
And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers.²

True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,³
Since on her dusky summit ranged,
Within its steepy limits pent,
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky shoal,
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
Denying entrance or resort,
Save at each tall embattled port;
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
That long is gone,—but not so long,
Since, early closed, and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gate,
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicket churlishly supplied.
Stern then, and stout-girt was thy brow
Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now,
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfined, and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,⁴
For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower
Thou gleam'st against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the Championess of old,
In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,
She for the charmed spear renown'd,
Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,—
Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,
What time she was Malbecco's guest,⁵
She gave to flow her maiden vest;
When from the corset's grasp relieved,
Free to the sight her bosom heaved;
Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
First hidden by the aventayle;
And down her shoulders graceful roll'd
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
They who whilom, in midnight light,
Had marvel'd at her matchless might,
No less her maiden charms approved,
But looking liked, and liking loved.⁶
The sight could jealous pang beguile,
And charm Malbecco's cares a while,
And he, the wandering Squire of Dumars,
Forgot his Columbella's claims,⁷

¹ "These Introductory Epistles, though excellent in themselves, are in fact only interjections to the fable, and, accordingly, nine readers out of ten have perused them separately, either before, or after the poem. In short, the personal appearance of the Minstrel, who, though the *Last*, is the most charming of all minstrels, is by no means compensated by the idea of an author shorn of his picturesque beard, and writing letters to his intimate friends."—GEORGE ELLIS.

² This accomplished gentleman, the well-known confidant of Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere in the "Antijacobin," and editor of "Specimens of Ancient English Romances," &c., died 10th April 1815, aged 79 years; being succeeded in his estates by his brother, Charles Ellis, Esq., created, in 1837, Lord Seaforth.—K.D.

³ See Introduction to Canto II.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 H.

⁵ Since writing this line, I find I have inadvertently borrowed it almost verbatim, though with somewhat a different meaning, from a chorus in "Caractacus."

"Britain heard the descant bold,
She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
The freight of harmony."

⁶ See "The Fairy Queen," book iii. canto ix.

⁷ "For every one her liked, and every one her loved."

SPENSER, *as above*.

And passion, erst unknown, could gain
The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane;
Nor durst light Paridel advance,
Bold as he was, a looser glance.
She charm'd, at once, and tamed the heart,
Incomparable Britomarte!

So thou, fair City! disarray'd
Of battled wall, and rampart's aid,
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown;
Still, as of yore, Queen of the North!
Still canst thou send thy children forth.
Ne'er readier at alarm-bells call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line;
For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
Thy thousands, train'd to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell
The slightest knoop, or pinnacle.
And if it come,—as come it may,
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,—
Renown'd for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with Heaven may plead,
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deign'd to share;
That claim may wrestle blessings down,
On those who fight for The Good Town,
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty;
Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose,¹
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw.²

True to these thoughts!—for, as they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to change,
For Fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for tradition's dubious light,
That hovers 'twixt the day and night:
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,
Creation of my fantasy,
Than gaze abroad on rocky fen,³
And make of mists invading men.

Who loves not more the night of June
Than dull December's gloomy noon!
The moonlight than the fog of frost?
And can we say, which cheats the most?

But who shall teach my harp to gain
A sound of the romantic strain,
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
Could win the royal Henry's ear,⁴
Famed Beaulere call'd, for that he loved
The minstrel, and his lay approved?
Who shall these lingering notes redeem,
Decaying on Oblivion's stream;
Such notes as from the Breton tongue
Marie translated, Blondel sung!—
O! born, Time's ravage to repair,
And make the dying Muse thy care;
Who, when his scythe her hoary foe
Was poised for the final blow,
The weapon from his hand could wring,
And break his glass, and shear his wing,
And bid, reviving in his strain,
The gentle poet live again;
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
An unpedantic moral gay,
Nor less the dullest theme bid fit
On wings of unexpected wit;
In letters as in life approved,
Example honour'd, and beloved,—
Dear ELLIS! to the bard impart
A lesson of thy magic art,
To win at once the head and heart,—
At once to charm, instruct and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend!⁵

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O!
No more by thy example teach,
—What few can practise, all can preach,—
With even patience to endure
Lingering disease, and painful cure,
And boast affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given*
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

* Come listen, then! for thou hast known,
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,
With wonder heard the northern strain.⁶

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 L.

² In January 1796, the exiled Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X of France, took up his residence in Holyrood where he remained until August 1799. When again driven from his country by the Revolution of July 1830, the same unfortunate Prince, with all the immediate members of his family, sought refuge once more in the ancient palace of the Stuarts, and remained there until 18th September 1832.

³ MS.—“Than gaze out on the foggy fen.”

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 K.

⁵ “Come then, my friend, my genius, come along,
On master of the poet and the song!”

Pope to Balinghro.

⁶ At Bunninghill, Mr. Ellis's seat, near Windsor, part of the first two cantos of *Marmion* were written.

Come listen! bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and plann'd,
But yet so glowing and so grand.—
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

Marmion.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Court.

I.

THE train has left the hills of Braid;
The barrier guard have open made
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade,
That closed the tented ground;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound.
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,
Upon the Southern band to stare,
And envy with their wander rose,
To see such well-appointed foes:
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought;
And little deem'd their force to feel,
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,
When rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.¹

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skillful view
Glance every line and squadron through;
And much he marvel'd one small land
Could marshal forth such various band:
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Paraded their chargers on the plain,²
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,

¹ MS.—“The barrier guard the Lion knew,
Advanced their pikes, and soon withdrew
The slender palisades and few
That closed the tented ground;
And Marmion with his train rode through,
To pass its ample bound.”

² MS.—“So long their shafts, so large their bows.”

Each warlike feat to show,
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And high curvett, that not in vain
The sword sway might descend again
On foeman's casque below.³
He saw the bardy burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,⁴
For vizor they wore none,⁵
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;
But burnished were their corselets bright,
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,
Like very silver shone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight,⁶
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight,⁷
And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd
In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,
With iron quilted well;
Lash at his back (a slender store)
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes tell.
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,⁸
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.
Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,
As loth to leave his cottage dear,
And march to foreign strand;
Or musing, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land.
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie;
More dreadful far his ire,
Than 'heirs, who, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valour like light straw on flame.
A fierce but fading fire.

IV.

Not so the Borderer:—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joy'd to hear it swell.
His peaceful day was slothful ease;
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please
Like the loud slogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light-arm'd priester plied his trade,—
Let nobles fight for fame;
Let vassals follow where they lead,
Burghers to guard their townships bleed,
But war's the Borderer's game.

³ See Appendix, Note 3 L.

⁴ MS.—“There urged their chargers on the plain.”

⁵ See Appendix, Note 3 M.

⁶ Ibid, Note 3 N.

⁷ MS.—“And many did many {wield} of weight;
bear

⁸ See Appendix, Note 3 O.

Their gain, their glory, their delight,
 To sleep the day, and round the night,
 O'er mountain, moss, and moor;
 Joyful to fight they took their way,
 Scarce caring who might win the day,
 Their booty was secure.
 These, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,
 Look'd on at first with careless eye,
 Nor marvell'd aught, well taught to know
 The form and force of English bow.
 But when they saw the Lord array'd
 In splendid arms and rich brocade,
 Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—
 "Hist, Ringan! see'st thou there!
 Canst guess which road they'll homeward
 ride!—
 O! could we but on Border side,
 By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,
 Beset a prize so fair!
 That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
 Might chance to lose his glittering hide;
 Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,
 Could make a kirtle rare."

V.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,
 Of different language, form, and face,
 A various race of man;
 Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd.
 And wild and garish semblance made,
 The chequer'd trews, and belted plaid,
 And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd,
 To every varying clan;
 Wild through their red or sallo hair
 Look'd out their eyes with savage stare.¹
 On Marmion as he pass'd;
 Their legs above the knee were bare;
 Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
 And harden'd to the blast;
 Of taller race, the chiefs they own
 Were by the eagle's plumage known.
 The hunted red-deer's undross'd hide
 Their hairy buskins well supplied;
 The graceful bonnet deck'd their head;
 Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
 A broadsword of unwieldy length,
 A dagger proved for edge and strength,
 A studded targe they wore,
 And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!
 Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
 To that which England bore.
 The Isles-men carried at their backs
 The ancient Danish battle-axe. •

¹ MS.—"Hist, Ringan! see'st thou there!
 Canst guess what homeward road they take—
 By Eusedale glen, or Yetholm lake?
 O! could we but by bush or brake
 Beset a prize so fair!
 The fangless Lion, too, his guide,
 Might chance to lose his glittering hide." •

They raised a wild and wandering cry,
 As with his guide sped Marmion by.
 Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when
 The clanging sea-fowl leaves the den,
 And, with their cries discordant mix'd,
 Grumbled and yell'd the pipes behind.

VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd,
 And reach'd the City gate at last,
 Where all around, a wakeful guard,
 Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.
 Well had they cause of jealous fear,
 When lay oncamp'd, in field so near,
 The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
 As through the bustling streets they go,
 All was alive with martial show:
 At every turn, with dinning clang,
 The armourer's anvil clash'd and rang;
 Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel
 The bar that arms the charger's heel;
 Or axe, or falchion, to the side
 Of jarring grindstone was applied.
 Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
 Through street, and lane, and market-place,
 Bore lance, or casque, or sword:
 While burghers, with important face,
 Described each new-come lord,
 Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,
 His following,² and his warlike fame.
 The Lion led to lodging meet,
 Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street;
 There must the Baron rest,
 Till past the hour of vesper tide,
 And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
 Such was the King's behest. •
 Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
 A banquet rich, and costly wines,
 To Marmion and his train;⁴
 And when the appointed hour succeeds,
 The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
 And following Lindsay as he leads
 The palace-halls they gain.

VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,
 That night, with wassell, mirth, and glee:
 King James within her princely bower,
 Feasted, the Chiefs of Scotland's power,
 Summon'd to spend the parting hour;
 For he had charged, that his array
 Should southward march by break of day.
 Well loved that splendid monarch eye

² MS.—"Wild from their red and swarthy hair
 Look'd through their eyes with savage stare."

³ Following—Feudal retainers.—This word, by the way,
 has been, since the Author of Marmion used it, and thought
 it called for explanation, completely adopted into English,
 and especially into Parliamentary parlance. Ed.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 P.

The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.
This feast-outshone his banquets past,
It was his blithest—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
There ladies touch'd a softer string;
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retail'd his jest;
His magic tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart,
Court'd the ladies of their heart,
Nor court'd them in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious Love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came.

While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know.
Although his courtesy to show,
He doff'd, to Marmion bending low,
His broader'd cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild;
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown.
The thistle brave, of old renown:
His trusty blade, Toledo right,¹
Descended from a baldrick bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size:
For feat of strength, or exercise,

Shaped in proportion fair,
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye,
His short curl'd beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joy'd in banquet bower;
But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.²
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soft as the passing pang was o'er
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Meron's wife held sway:³

To Scotland's Court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cressford's gallant heart had won,
And with the King to make accord.
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,⁴
And march three miles on Southern land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's Queen he dress'd
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus, for both, he madly pawn'd
The ruin of himself and land!

¹ MS.—"Bearing the badge of Scotland's crown."

² MS.—"His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldrick bright,
And dangled at his knee:

While were his buskins: from their heel

His spurs inlaid } of gold and steel
His fretted spurs }

Were jangling merrily."

³ See Appendix, Note 3 Q.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 B.

⁵ Ibid. Note 3 B.

And yet, the sooth to tell;
 Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,¹
 Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
 From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
 His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
 All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
 And weeps the weary day,
 The war against her native soil,
 Her Monarch's risk in battle broil:—
 And ~~an~~ gay Holy-Rood, the while,
 Dame Heron rises with a smile
 Upon the harp to play.
 Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
 The strings her fingers flew;
 And as she touch'd and tuned them all,
 Ever her bosom's rise and fall
 Was plain to given to view;
 For, all for heat, was laid aside
 Her wimple, and her hood untied.²
 And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,
 Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
 And then around the silent ring;
 And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say
 Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,
 She could not, would not, durst not play!
 At length, upon the harp, with glee,
 Mingled with arch simplicity,
 A soft, yet lively, air she rung,
 While thus the wily lady sung:—

XII.

LOCHINVAR.³

Lady Heron's Song.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide border his speed was the best;
 And save his good broadsword his weapons had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of Brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:

¹ MS.—“Nor France's Queen, nor England's fair,
 Were worth one pearl-drop, passing rare,
 From Margaret's eyes that fell.”

² The MS. has only—
 “For, all for heat, was laid aside
 Her wimpled hood and gorget's pride;
 And on the righted harp with glee,
 Mingled with arch simplicity,

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
 “O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar!”

“I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbes like its tide—
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 “Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely his face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
 plume;
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, “'Twere better by far,
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger
 stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 “She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
 scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grahams of the Netherby
 clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
 ran:
 There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
 But the fast bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar!

XIII.

The Monarch o'er the arched hung
 And beat the measure as she sung;
 And, pressing closer, and more near,
 He whisper'd praises in her ear.
 In loud applause the courtiers vied;
 And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.

A soft, yet lively, air she rang,
 While thus her voice attendant sang.”

³ The ballad of Lochinvar is in a very slight degree founded
 on a ballad called “Katharine Janfarie,” which may be
 found in the “Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” vol. iii.

⁴ See the novel of Redgauntlet, for a detailed picture of
 some of the extraordinary phenomena of the spring-tides in
 the Solway Firth.

The witching dame to Marmion threw
 A glance, where seem'd to reign
 The pride that claims applauses due,
 And of her royal conquest too,
 A real or feign'd disdain:
 Familiar was the look, and told,
 Marmion and she were friends of old.
 The King observed their meeting eyes,
 With something like displeased surprise;
 For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
 Even in a word, or smile, or look.
 Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
 Which Marmion's high commission show'd:
 "Our Borders sack'd by many a raid,
 Our peaceful liege-men robb'd," he said:
 "On day of truce our Warden slain,
 Stout Barton kilt'd, his vassals ta'en—
 Unworthy were we here to reign,
 Should these for vengeance cry in vain:
 Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
 Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,
 And with stern eye the pageant view'd:
 I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
 Who coronet of Angus bore,
 And, when his blood and heart were high,
 Did the third James in camp defy,
 And all his minions led to die

On Lauder's dreary flat:
 Princes and favourites long grew tame,
 And trembled at the homely name

Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat;¹
 The same who left the dusky vale
 Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,

Its dungeons, and its towers,
 Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
 And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
 To fix his princely bowers.

Though now, in age, he had laid down
 His armour for the peaceful gown,

And for a staff his brand,
 Yet often would flash forth the fire.
 That could, in youth, a monarch's ire
 And minion's pride withstand;
 And even that day, at council board,
 Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,
 Against the war had Angus stood,
 And chafed his royal lord.²

XV.

His giant-form, like ruin'd tower,
 Though fall'n its muscles brawny vaunt,

Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
 Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower:

His locks and beard in silver grew;
 His eyebrows kept their sable hue.
 Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,
 His bitter speech he thus pursued:

"Lord Marmion, since these letters say
 That in the North you needs must stay,
 While slightest hopes of peace remain,
 Uncourteous speech is woe, and stern,
 To say—Return to Lindisfarne,

Until my herald come again.—
 Then, rest you in Tantallon Hold;³
 Your host shall be the Douglas hold,—
 A chief unlike his sires of old.

He wears their motto on his blade,⁴
 Their blazon o'er his towers display'd;
 Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
 More than to face his country's foes.

And, I bethink me, by St. Stephen,
 But e'en this morn to me was given⁵
 A prize, the first fruits of the war,
 Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,

A bevy of the maids of Heaven.
 Under your guard, these holy maids
 Shall safe return to cloister shades,
 And while they at Tantallon stay,
 Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."
 And, with the slaughter'd favourite's name,
 Across the Monarch's brow there came
 A cloud of ire, remorse and shame.

XVI.

In answer none could Angus speak:
 His proud heart swell'd wellnigh to break:
 He turn'd aside, and down his cheek

A burning tear there stole.
 He, hand the Monarch sudden took,
 That sight his kind heart could not brook:
 "Now, by the Bruce's soul,⁶

Angus, my hasty speech forgive!
 For sure as doth his spirit live,
 As he said of the Douglas old,

I well may say of you,—
 That never king did subject hold,
 In speech more free, in war more bold,
 More tender and more true:⁷

Forgive me, Douglas, once again."
 And, while the King his hand did strain,
 The old man's tears fell down like rain.
 To seize the moment Marmion cried,
 And whisper'd to the King aside:
 "Oh! let such tears unwonted plead
 For respite short from dubious deed!"

¹ MS.—"And, when his blood and heart were high,
 King James's minions led to die,
 On Lauder's dreary flat."

² *Bell the-Cat*, see Appendix, Note 3 T.

³ See Appendix, Note 3 U. ⁴ *Ibid*, Note 3 V.

⁵ See Appendix, Note 3 W.

⁶ MS.—"But yester morn was hither driven."

⁷ The next two lines are not in the original MS.

⁸ "O, Douglas! Douglas!
 Tender and true."

The Houdan.

A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part;¹
A stripling for a woman's heart:
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wet his manly eye!"

XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd
And tamper'd with his changing mood.
"Laugh those that can, weep those that may,"
Thus did the fiery Monarch say,
"Southward I march by break of day;
And if within Tantallon strong,
The good Lord Marmion tarry long,
Perchance our meeting next may fall
At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."—
The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt:
"Much honour'd were my humble home,
If in its halls King James should come;
But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood;
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
On Derby Hills the paths are steep;
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep;
And many a banner will be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent:
Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may!"—
The Monarch lightly turn'd away,
And to his nobles loud did call,
"Lords, to the dance,—a hall! a hall!"²
Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
And led Dame Heron gallantly;
And minstrels, at the royal order,
Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell
What to Saint Hilda's maids befell,
Whose galley, as they sail'd again
To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.
Now at Dun-Rdun did they bide,
Till James should of their fate decide;
And soon, by his command,
Were gently summoned to prepare
To journey under Marmion's care,
As escort honour'd, safe, and fair,
Again to English land.
The Abbess told her chaplet o'er
Nnr knew which saint she should implore;
For, when she thought of Constance, woe
She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood.
And judge what Clara must have felt!
The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,
Had drunk De Wilton's blood.

Unwittingly, King James had given,
As guard to Whitby's shades,
The man most dreaded under Heaven
By these defenceless maids:
Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,
'Mid bustle of a war begun!
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd;
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who warn'd him by a scowl,
She had a secret to reveal,
That much concern'd the Church's woe,
And health of sinner's soul:
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She narp'd a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,
Above the stately street;
To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

XX.

At night, in secret, there they came,
The Palmer and the holy Dame.
The moon among the clouds rose high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owl flap his boding wing
On Gile's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade;
There on their brows the moon-beam
broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements play'd.
And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chieftain of degree,
Who left the royal revelry,
To bowne him for the war.
A solemn scene the Abbess chose;
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

XXI.

"O, holy Palmer!" she began,—
"For sure he must be sainted man,
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found,—

¹ MS. — "A maid to see her love depart."

² The ancient cry to make room for a dance, or pageant.

For His dear Church's sake, my tale
Attend, nor deem of light avail,
Though I must speak of worldly love.—
How vain to those who wed above!—
De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd¹
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood;
(Idle it were of Whitby's dame,
To say of that same blood I came;)
And once, when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion said despitiously,
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart,²
When he came here on Simnel's part;
And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokesfield's plain,—
And down he threw his glove:—the
thing
Was tried, as wont, before the King;
Wherefrankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Guldres he had known;
And that between them then there went
Some scroll of courteous compliment.
For thus he to his castle sent;
But when his messenger return'd,
Judge how de Wilton's fury burn'd!
For in his packet there was laid
Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,
And proved King Henry's cause betray'd.
His fame, thus blighted, in the field
He strove to clear, by spear and shield:—
To clear his fame in vain he strove,
For wondrous are His ways above!
Perchance some form was unobserved;
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved:
Else how could guiltless champion quail.
Or how the blessed ordeal fail!

XXII.

"His squire, who now De Wilton saw
As recreant doom'd to suffer law,
Repentant, own'd in vain,
That, while he had the scrolls in care,
A stranger maiden, passing fair,
Had drench'd him with a beverage rare;
His words no faith could gain.
With Clare alone he credence won,
Who, rather than wed Marmion,
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair.
To give our house her livings fair
And die a vestal votress there.
The impulse from the earth was given,
That bent her to the paths of heaven.
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's shade.
No, not since Saxon Edelfeld;

Only one trace of earthly strain,
That for her lover's loss
She cherishes a sorrow vain,
And murmurs at the cross:—
And then her heritage;—it grew
Along the banks of Tame;
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,
In meadows rich the heifer lows,
The falconer and huntsman knows
Its woodlands for the game.
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
And I, her humble votress here,
Should do a deadly sin,
Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes,
If this false Marmion such a prize
By my consent should win;
Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn
That Clare shall from our house be torn,
And grievous cause have I to fear,
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

"Now, prisoner, helpless, and betray'd
To evil power, I claim thine aid,
By every step that thou hast trod
To holy shrine and grotto dim,
By every martyr's tortured limb,
By angel, saint, and seraphim,
And by the Church of God!
For mark:—When Wilton was betray'd,
And with his squire forged letters laid,
She was, alas! that sinful maid,
By whom the deed was done,—
O! shame and horror to be said!—
She was a perjured nun!
No clerk in all the land, like her,
Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a marvel deem,
That Marmion's paramour
(For such vile thing she was) should scheme
Her lover's nuptial hour;
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
As privy to his honour's stain,
Illimitable power:
For thus she secretly retain'd
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal;
And thus Saint Hilda design'd,
Through sinner's perfidy imparted,
Her house's glory to secure,
And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV.

"Twere long, and needless, here to tell,
How to my hand these papers fell;

¹ "There are passages in which the flatness and tediousness of the narrative is relieved by no sort of beauty nor elegance of diction, and which form an extraordinary contrast with the more animated and finished portions of the poem. We shall not subject our readers to more than one specimen

of this falling off. We select it from the Abbess's explanation to De Wilton:—"De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd, &c. (and twenty-two following lines)"—JEREMY.

² See Appendix, Note 3 X

³ Ibid, Note 3 Y

With me they must not stay.
 Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true!
 Who knows what outrage he might do,
 While journeying by the way!—
 O, blessed Saint, if e'er again
 I venturous leave thy calm domain,
 To travel or by land or main,
 Deep penance may I pay!—
 Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer:
 I give this packet to thy care,
 For thee to stop they will not dare;
 And O! with cautious speed,
 To Walsley's hand the papers bring,
 That he may show them to the King:
 And, for thy well-earn'd meed,
 Thou holy man, at Whithy's shrine
 A weekly mass shall still be thine,
 While priests can sing and read.—
 What ail'st thou?—Speak!"—For as he
 took
 The charge, a strong emotion shook
 His frame; and, ere reply,
 They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,
 Like distant clarion feebly blown,
 That on the breeze did die;
 And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,
 "Saint Withold, save us!—What is here!
 Look at yon City Cross!
 See on its battled tower appear
 Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear.
 And blazon'd banners toss!"—

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,¹
 Rose on a turret octagon;
 (But now is razed that monument,
 Whence royal edict rang,
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent
 In glorious trumpet-clang.
 O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
 Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
 A minstrel's malison² is said.)³—
 Then on its battlements they saw
 A vision, passing Nature's law,
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen;
 Figures that seem'd to rise and die.
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
 While nought confirm'd could ear or eye
 Discern of sound or mien.
 Yet darkly did it seem, as there
 Herald and Pursuivants prepare,
 With trumpet sound and blazon fair,
 A summons to proclaim;

¹ MS.—"Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
 Rose on a turret hexagon:
 (Dust unto dust, lead unto lead,
 On its destroyer's drowy
 Upon its base destroyer's } head!—
 The Minstrel's malison is said.)"

² i. e. Curse.

But indistinct the pageant proud,
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
 When flings the moon upon her shroud
 A wavering tinge of flame;
 It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
 From midmost of the spectro crowd,
 This awful summons came:—

XXVI.

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
 Whose names I now shall call,
 Scottish, or foreigner, give ear;
 Subjects of him who sent me here,
 At his tribunal to appear,
 I summon one and all:
 I cite you by each deadly sin,
 That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within:
 I cite you by each brutal lust,
 That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—
 By wrath, by pride, by fear,⁴
 By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,
 By the dark grave, and dying groan!
 When forty days are pass'd and gone,⁵
 I cite you, at yon Monarch's throne,
 To answer and appear."
 Then thunder'd forth a roll of names:
 The first was thine, unhappy James!
 Then all thy nobles came;
 Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyll,
 Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—
 Why should I tell their separate style;
 Each chief of birth and fame,
 Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
 Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage pile,
 Was cited there by name;
 And Marmion, Lord of Fontenay,
 Of Lutterward, and Scriverlaway;
 De Winton, erst of Aberley,
 The self-same thundering voice did say.—⁷
 But then another spoke:
 "Thy fatal summons I deny,
 And thine infernal Lord defy,
 Appealing me to Him on High,
 Who burst the sinner's yoke."
 At that dread accent, with a scream,
 Parted the pageant like a dream,
 The summoner was gone.
 Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
 And fast, and fast, her beads did tell:
 Her nuns came, startled by the yell,
 And found her there alone.
 She mark'd not, at the scene aghast,
 What time, or how, the Palmer pass'd.

³ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 4 A.

⁵ MS.—"By wrath, by fraud, by fear."

⁶ MS.—"Ere twenty days are pass'd and gone,
 Before the mighty Monarch's throne,
 I cite you to appear."

⁷ MS.—"Is thundering tone the voice did say"

XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move,
 Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,
 Save when, for weal of those they love,
 To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
 The tottering child, the anxious fair,
 The grey-hair'd sire, with pious care,
 To chapels and to shrines repair—
 Where is the Palmer now! and where
 Tho' Abbess, Marmion, and Clare!—
 Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair
 They journey in thy charge:
 Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,
 The Palmer still was with the band;
 Angus, like Lindesay, did command,
 That none should roam at large.
 But in that Palmer's alter'd men
 A wondrous change might now be seen,
 Freely he spoke of war,
 Of marvels wrought by single hand,
 When lifted for a native land;
 And still look'd high, as if he plann'd
 Some desperate deed afar.
 His courser would heaved and stroke,
 And, tucking up his sable frocke,
 Would first his mettle bold provoke,
 Then soothe or quell his pride.
 Old Hubert said, that never on
 He saw, except Lord Marmion,
 A steed so fairly ride.

XXVIII.

Some half hour's march behind, there came.
 By Eustace govern'd fair,
 A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,
 With all her wuns, and Clare.
 No audience had Lord Marmion sought;
 Ever he fear'd to aggravate
 Clara de Clare's suspicious hate;
 And safer 'twas, he thought,
 To wait till, from the nuns removed,
 The influence of kinamen loved,
 And suit by Henry's self approved,
 Her slow consent had wrought.
 His was no flickering flame, that died
 Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,
 And lighted off at lady's eyes;
 He long'd to stretch his wide command
 O'er luckless Clara's ample land:
 Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
 Although the pang of humbled pride
 The place of jealousy supplied,
 Yet conquest by that meanness won
 He almost joath'd to think upon,
 Led him, at times, to hate the cause,
 Which made him burst through honour's laws.

¹ MS.—North Berwick's town, and conic Law."

² The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistercian nuns,

It e'er he lov'd, 'twas her alone,
 Who died within that vault of stone.

XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw
 North Berwick's town, and lofty Law,¹
 Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,
 Before a venerable pile,²
 Whose turrets view'd afar,
 The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,³
 The ocean's peace or war.
 At tolling of a bell, forth came
 The convent's venerable Dame,
 And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest
 With her, a loved and honour'd guest,
 Till Douglas should a bark prepare
 To wait her back to Whitby fair.
 Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
 And thank'd the Scottish Prioress;
 And tedious were to tell, I ween,
 The courteous speech that pass'd between
 O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfreys leave;
 But when fair Clara did intend,
 Like them, from horseback to descend,
 Fitz-Eustace said,—“ I grieve,
 Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
 Such gentle company to part;—
 Think not discourtesy,
 But lords' commands must be obey'd;
 And Marmion and the Douglas said,
 That you must wend with me.
 Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
 Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,
 Commanding, that, beneath his care,
 Without delay, you shall repair
 To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.”

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd;
 But she, at whom the blow was aim'd,
 Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—
 She deem'd she heard her death-doom read.
 “ Cheer thee, my child!” the Abbess said,
 “ They dare not tear thee from my hand,
 To ride alone with armed band.”—
 “ Nay, holy mother, nay,”
 Fitz-Eustace said, “ the lovely Clare
 Will be in Lady Angus' care,
 In Scotland while we stay;
 And, when we move, an easy ride
 Will bring us to the English side,
 Female attendance to provide
 Befitting Glosier's heir:
 For thinks nor dreams my noble lord,
 By slightest look, or act, or word,
 To harass Lady Clare.

near North Berwick, of which there are still some remains.
 It was founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216.

³ MS.—“ The lofty Bass, the Lamb's green isle.”

Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy
That e'en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her, safe and free,
Within her kinsman's halls."
He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace;
His faith was painted on his face,
And Clare's worst-fear relieved.
The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
Entreated, threaten'd, grieved;
To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,
Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,
And call'd the Prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cistercian shook:
"The Douglas, and the King," she said,
"In their commands will be obey'd;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon hall."

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again,—
For much of state she had,—
Composed her vent, and raised her head,
And—"Bid," in solemn voice she said,
"Thy master, bold and bad,
The records of his house turn o'er,
And, when he shall there written see,
That one of his own ancestry
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry,
Bid him his fate explore!
Prancing in pride of earthly trust,
His charger hurl'd him to the dust,
And, by a base plebeian thrust,
He died his hand before.
God judge 'twixt Marmion and me;
He is Chief of high degree,
And I a poor recluse:
Yet oft, in holy writ, we see
Even such weak-minister as me
May the oppressor bruise:
For thus, inspired, did Judith slay
The mighty in his sin,
And Jael thus, and Deborah"—
Here hasty Blount broke in:
"Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band:
St. Anton's fire thee wilt thou stand
All day, with bonnet in thy hand,
To hear the Lady preach!"

By this good light! if thus we stay,
Lord Marmion, for our long delay,
Will sharper acrimon teach.
Come, d'on thy cap, and mount thy horse;
The Dame must patience take perforce."

XXXII.

"Submit we then to force," said Clare,
"But let this barbarous lord despair
His purposed aim to win;
Let him take living, land, and life;
But to be Marmion's wedded wife
In me were deadly sin:
And if it be the King's decree,
That I must find no sanctuary,
In that inviolable dome,
Where even a homicide might seque,
And safely rest his head,
Though at its open portals stood,
Thrusting to pour forth blood for blood,
The kinsmen of the dead;
Yet one asylum is my own
Against the dreaded hour;
A low, a silent, and a long,
Where kings have little power.
One victim is before me there.—
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer
Remember your unhappy Clare!"
Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows
Kind blessings many a one:
Weeping and wailing loud arose,
Round patient Clare, the clamorous words
Of every simple nun.
His eyes the gentle Eustace tried,
And scarce rude Blount the sight could hide.
Then took the squire her reins,
And gently led away her steed,
And, by each courteous word and deed,
To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,
When o'er a height they pass'd,
And, sudden, close before them show'd
His towers, Tantallon vast;
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse

¹ See Appendix, Note 4 B.

² This line, necessary to the rhyme, is now for the first time restored from the MS. It must have been omitted by an oversight in the original printing.—Ed.

³ For the origin of Marmion's visit to Tantallon Castle, in the Poem, see *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 17.

⁴ "During the regency (subsequent to the death of James V.) the Dowager Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, became desirous of putting a French garrison into Tantallon, as she had

into Dunbar and Inchkeith, in order the better to bridle the lords and barons, who inclined to the reformed faith, and to secure by citadels the sea-coast of the Firth of Forth. For this purpose, the Regent, to use the phrase of the time, 'dealed with' the (then) Earl of Angus for his consent to the proposed measure. He occupied himself, while she was speaking, in feeding a falcon which sat upon his wrist, and only replied by addressing the bird, but leaving the Queen to make the application. 'The devil is in this greedy bird—she

By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, an entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square :
Around were lodgings, fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the Warder could descry
The gathering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.

Here did they rest.—The princely care
Of Douglas, why should I declare,
Or say they met reception fair !
Or why the tidings say,
Which, varying, to Tantallon came,
By hurrying posts or fleetest fame,
With ever varying day !
And, first they heard King James had won
Etdall, and Wark, and Ford ; and then,
That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.
At that sore marvell'd Marmion ;—
And Douglas yet the Monarch's hand
Would soon subdue Northumberland :
But whisper'd news there came,
That, while his host inactive lay,
And melted by degrees away,
King James was dallying off the day
With Heron's wily dame.—
Such acts to chronicles I yield ;
Go seek them there, and see :
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their post ;
Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain ;
And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gather'd in the Southern land,
And march'd into Northumberland,
And camp'd at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chafe, and swear :—
“ A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near !
Needs must I see this battle-day :
Death to my foes if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away !
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy :

No longer in his halls I'll stay.”
Then bade his band they should array
For march against the dawning day.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

TO

RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

Mortoun-House, Christmas.

HEAP on more wood !—the wind is chill ;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer :
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Jol more deep the mead did drain ;²
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew ;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall :
They gorged upon the half dress'd steer ;
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone :
Or listen'd aïl, in grim delight,
While scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frozy, would they hie,
While wildly-loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night ;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung :
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stole'd priest the chalice rear.³

will never be fou." But when the Queen, without appearing to notice this hint, continued to press her obnoxious request, Angus replied, in the true spirit of a feudal noble, 'Yes, Madam, the castle is yours: God forbid else. But by the might of God, Madam,' such was his usual oath, 'I must be your Captain and Keeper for you, and I will keep it as well as any

you can place there."—SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. vii. p. 436.

¹ Mortoun-House, the seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, is beautifully situated on the Tweed, about two miles below Dryburgh Abbey.

² See Appendix. Note 4 C.

³ See Appendix. Note 4 D.

The damsel donn'd her kirtle shewn;
The hall was dress'd with holy green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The Lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hand, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrub'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
His old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on
high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the halting of the boar.¹
The wassel round, in good brown bowl,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowl.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din,
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;²
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, O! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;

¹ MS.—"And all the hunting of the boar.
Then round the merry wassel-bowl,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithe did trowl,
And the large sirloin steam'd on high,
Plum-porridge, hare, and savoury pie."

² See Appendix, Note 4 E.

³ "Blood is warmer than water,"—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 4 F.

A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name;
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.⁵
And thus, my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grand sire came of old,
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,⁶
And reverend apostolic air—
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine:
Small thought was his, in after time
E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast,
That he was loyal to his cost;
The banish'd race of kings revered,
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind⁷
Is with fair liberty combined;
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
And flies constraint the magic wand
Of the fair dame that rules the land.⁸
Little we heed the tempest drear,
While music, mirth, and social cheer
Speed on their wings the passing year.
And Mortoun's halls are fair e'en now,
When not a leaf is on the bough.
Tweed loves them well, and turn'd again.
As loath to leave the sweet domain,
And holds his mirror to her face,
And clips her with a close embrace:—
Gladly as he, we seek the dome,
And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time of glee,
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee!
For many a merry hour we've known,
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.⁹
Hence, then, my friend! a moment cease,
And leave these classic tomes in peace!
Of Roman and of Grecian lore,
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.
These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,
"Were pretty fellows in their day;"¹⁰

⁵ MS.—"In these fair halls, with merry cheer,
Is bid farewell the dying year."

⁶ "A lady of noble German descent, born Countess Harriet Brühl of Martinickrohen, married to H. Scott, Esq. of Harden, (now Lord Polwarth), the author's relative and much valued friend almost from infancy."—*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iv. p. 58.

⁷ The MS. adds:—"As boasts old Shallow to Sir John."

⁸ "Hannibal was a pretty fellow, sir—a very pretty fellow in his day."—*Old Bachelor*.

But time and tide o'er all prevail—
 On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—
 Of wonder and of war—"Profane!
 What! leave the lofty Italian strain,
 Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
 To hear the clash of rusty arms:
 In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,
 To jostle conjurer and ghost,
 Goblin and witch!"—Nay, Heber dear,
 Before you touch my charter, hear:
 Though Leyden aids, alas! no more,
 My cause with many-languaged lore,¹
 This may I say:—in realms of death
 Ulysses meets Alcides' wraith;
 Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,
 The ghost of murder'd Polydore;
 For omens, we in Livy cross,
 At every turn, *locutus Hos*.
 As grave and duly speaks that ox,
 As if he told the price of stocks;
 Or held, in Rome republican,
 The place of common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,
 Their legends wild of woe and fear.
 To Cambrinia look—the peasant see,
 Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
 And shun "the spirit's Blasted Tree."²
 The Highlander, whose red claymore
 The battle turn'd on Maida's shore,
 Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
 If ask'd to tell a fairy tale;³
 He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
 Who leaves that day his grassy ring;
 Invisible to human ken,
 He walks among the sons of men.

Did'st e'er, dear Heber, pass along⁴
 Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
 Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
 Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair?
 Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
 A mighty treasure buried lay,
 Amass'd through rapine and through wrong;
 By the last Lord of Franchémont.⁵
 The iron chest is bolted hard,
 A huntsman sits, its constant guard;

Around his neck his horn is hung,
 His hanger in his belt is slung;
 Before his feet his blood-hounds lie;
 An 'twere not for his gloomy eye,
 Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
 As true a huntsman doth he look,
 As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
 Or ever holloo'd to a hound.
 To chase the fiend, and win the prize
 In that same dungeop ever tries
 An aged necromant's priest;
 It is an hundred years at least,
 Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,
 And neither yet has lost nor won.
 And oft the Conjurer's words will make
 The stubborn Demon groan and quake;
 And oft the bands of iron break,
 Or bursts one lock, that still again,
 Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again.
 That magic strife within the tomb
 May last until the day of doom,
 Unless the adept shall learn to tell
 The very word that clench'd the spell,
 When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell.
 An hundred years are pass'd and gone,
 And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
 Excuse for old Pittscottie say;
 Whose gossip history has given
 My song the messenger from Heaven,⁷
 That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,
 Nor less the infernal summoning;⁸
 May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,
 Whose demon fought in Gothic man;
 May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
 Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave.
 But why such instances to you,
 Who, in an instant, can renew
 Your treasured hoards of various lore,
 "And furnish twenty thousand more!
 Hoards, not like thurs whose volumes rest
 Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
 While grapple owners still refuse
 To others what they cannot use;
 Give them the priest's whole century,
 They shall not spell you letters three;

¹ MS.—"With all his many-languaged lore."
 John Leyden, M.D., who had been of great service to Sir
 Walter Scott in the preparation of the *Border Minstrelsy*,
 sailed for India in April 1803, and died at Java in August
 1811, before completing his 36th year.

"Scarcely sung by him who sings no more!
 His brief and bright career is o'er,
 And mute his tuneful strains;
 Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
 That loved the light of song to pour.
 A distant and a deadly shore
 His Leyden's soul remains!"

Lord of the Isles. Canto IV. post.

See a notice of his life in the *Author's Miscellaneous Prose Works*.

² See Appendix, Note 4 G.

³ See Appendix, Note 4 H.

⁴ This paragraph appears interpolated on the blank page of the MS.

⁵ MS.—"Which, high in air, like eagle's nest,
 Hang from the dizzy mountain's breast."

⁶ See Appendix, Note 4 I.

⁷ Ibid. Note 3 B.

⁸ See Appendix, Note 4 A. The four lines which follow are
 not in the MS.

Their pleasure in the books the same
 The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.
 Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
 Delight, amusement, science, art,
 To every ear and eye impart;
 Yet who of all who thus employ them,
 Can like the owner's self enjoy them!—
 But, hark! I hear the distant drum!
 The day of Flodden Field is come.—
 Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,
 And store of literary wealth.

Marmion.

CANTO SIXTH.

The Battle.

I.

WHILE great events were on the gale,
 And each hour brought a varying tale,
 And the demeanour, changed and cold
 Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold.
 And, like the impatient steed of war,
 He snuff'd the battle from afar;
 And hopes were none, that back again
 Herald should come from Terouenne,
 Where England's King in leaguer lay,
 Before decisive battle-day;
 Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare
 Hid in the Dame's devotions share:
 For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd
 To Heaven and Saints, her song to aid,
 And, with short interval, did pass
 From prayer to book, from book to mass,
 And all in high Baronial pride,—
 A life both dull and dignified;—
 Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd
 Upon his intervals of rest,
 Dejected Clara well could bear
 The formal state, the lengthen'd pray,
 Though dearest to her wounded heart
 The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep
 Hung o'er the margin of the deep.
 Many a rude tower and rampart there
 Repell'd the onset of the air,
 Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,
 Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
 Above the rest, a turret square
 Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
 Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;
 The Bloody Heart was in the Field,
 And in the chief three mullets stood,
 The cognizance of Douglas blood.

* MS.—“The tower contain'd a narrow stair,
 And gave an open access where.”

The turret held a narrow stair,
 Which, mounted, gave you access where
 A parapet's embattled row
 Did seaward round the castle go.
 Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
 Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
 Sometimes in platform broad extending,
 Its varying circle did combine
 Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,
 And bastion, tower, and vantage-point;
 Above the booming ocean leant
 The far-projecting battlement;
 The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,
 Upon the precipice below.
 Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
 Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd;
 No need upon the sea-girt side;
 The steepy rock, and frantic tide,
 Approach of human step denied;
 And thus these lines and ramparts rude,
 Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
 Would to these battlements repair,
 And muse upon her sorrows there,
 And list the sea-bird's cry;
 Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide
 Along the dark grey bulwarks' side,
 And ever on the heaving tide
 Look down with weary eye.
 Oft did the cliff and swelling main,
 Recall the thoughts of Whithby's lane—
 A home she ne'er might see again;
 For she had laid adown,
 So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
 And frontle^of the cloister pale,
 And Benedictine gown:
 It were unseemly sight, he said,
 A novice out of convent shade.—
 Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,
 Again adorn'd her brow of snow;
 Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,
 A deep and fretted broidery bound,
 In golden foldings sought the ground;
 Of holy ornament, alone
 Remain'd a cross with ruby stone;
 And often did she look
 On that which in her hand she bore,
 With velvet bound, and brother'd o'er
 Her breviary book.
 In such a place, so lone, so grim,
 At dawning pale, or twilight dim,
 It fearful would have been
 To meet a form so richly dress'd,
 With book in hand, and arms on breast,
 And such a woeful mien.

* MS.—“To meet a form so fair, and dress'd
 In antique robes, with cross on breast.”

Metz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practise on the gull and crow,
Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,
And did by Mary swear,—
Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,
Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen;
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen
A form so witching fair.¹

IV.

Once walking thus, at evening tide,
It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess, there,
Perchance, does to her home repair;
Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,
Walks hand in hand with Clarity;
Where oft Devotion's tranced glow
Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,
That the enraptured sisters see
High vision and deep mystery;
The very form of Hilda fair,
Hovering upon the sunny air,
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.²
O! wherefore, to my duller eye,
Did still the Saint her form deny!
Was it, that, sear'd by sinful scorn,
My heart could neither melt nor burn?
Or lie my warm affections low,
With him, that taught them first to glow?
Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew,
To pay thy kindness grateful due,
And well could brook the mild commend,
That ruled thy simple maiden band.
How different now! condemn'd to bide
My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.—
But Marmion hie to learn, ere long,
That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
Descended to a feeble girl,
From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:
Of such a stem, a sapling weak,³
He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

V.

"But see!—what makes this armour here?"—
For in her path there lay
Target, corslet, helm;—she view'd them near.—
"The breast-plate pierced!—Ay, much I fear,
Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foe-man's spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Walton!—Oh! not corslet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,

Could be thy manly bosom's guard,
On yon disastrous day!"—
She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—
WILTON himself before her stood!
It might have seem'd his passing ghost—
For every youthful grace was lost;
And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—
Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scenes in words:
What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven;
Far less can my weak line declare
Each changing passion's shade;
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope, that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues display'd:
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, bleeding,
Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.
Shortly I tell what then he said,
By any a tender word delay'd,⁴
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply:—

VI.

De Wilton's History.⁵

"Forget we that disastrous day,
When senseless on the lists I lay.
Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot know,
For sense and recollection fled,—
I found me on a pallet low,
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.⁶
Austin,—rememberst thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,
Said we would make a matchless pair?—
Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled
From the degraded traitor's bed,—⁷
He only held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway.
But far more needful was his care,
When sense return'd to wake despair;
For I did tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.

¹ MS.—"A form so sad and fair."

² See Appendix, Note 4 K.

³ MS.—"Of such a stem, or branch, {though} weak,"

He ne'er shall bend me, though he break."

⁴ MS.—"By many a short careless delay'd."

⁵ "When the surprise at meeting a lover rescued from the lead is considered, the above picture will not be thought over-

charged with colouring; and yet the painter is so fatigued with his exertion, that he has finally thrown away the brush, and is contented with merely *chalking out* the intervening adventures of De Wilton, without bestowing on them any colours at all."—*Critical Review*.

⁶ MS.—"Where an old beadsman held my head."

⁷ MS. "The banish'd traitor's {humble} bed."

At length, to calmer reason brought,
 Much by his kind attendance wrought,
 With him I left my native strand,
 And, in a palmer's weeds array'd,
 My hated name and form to shade,
 I journey'd many a land;
 No more a lord of rank and birth,
 But mingled with the dregs of earth.
 Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,
 When I would sit, and deeply brood
 On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
 Or wild mad schemes uprear'd.
 My friend at length fell sick, and said,
 God would remove him soon:
 And, while upon his dying bed,
 He begg'd of me a boon—
 If e'er my deadliest enemy
 Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,
 Even then my mercy should awake,
 And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain,
 To Scotland next my route was ta'en,
 Full well the paths I knew.
 Fame of my fate made various sound,
 That death in pilgrimage I found,
 That I had perish'd of my wound,—
 None cared which tale was true:
 And living eye could never guess
 De Wilton in his Palmer's dress;
 For now that sable slough is shed,
 And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,
 I scarcely know me in the glass.
 A chance most wondrous did provide,
 That I should be that Baron's guide—
 I will not name his name!—
 Vengeance to God alone belongs;
 But, when I think on all my wrongs,
 My blood is liquid flame!
 And ne'er the time shall I forget,
 When, in a Scottish hostel set,
 Dark looks we did exchange:
 What were his thoughts I cannot tell;
 But in my bosom muster'd Hell
 Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

"A word of vulgar augury,
 That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
 Brought on a village tale;
 Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
 And sent him armed forth by night.
 I borrow'd steed and mail,

And weapons, from his sleeping band;
 And, passing from a postern door,
 We met, and counter'd hand to hand,—
 He fell on Gifford moor.
 For the death-stroke my brand I drew,
 (O then my helmed head he knew,
 The Palmer's cowl was gone.)
 Then had three inches of my blade,
 The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—
 My hand the thought of Austin staid;
 I left him there alone.—
 O good old man! even from the grave
 Thy spirit could thy master save:
 If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
 Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
 Given to my hand this packet dear,
 Of power to clear my injured fame,
 And vindicate De Wilton's name.—
 Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
 Of the strange pageantry of Hell!

That broke our secret speech—
 It rose from the infernal shade,
 Or fealty was some juggle play'd,
 A tale of peace to teach
 Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
 When my name came among the rest.

IX.

"Now here, within Tantallon Hold,
 To Douglas late my tale I told,
 To whom my house was known of old.
 Won by my proofs, his falchion bright
 This eve anew shall dub me knight.
 These were the arms that once did turn
 The tide of fight on Otterburne,
 And Harry Hotspur forced to field,
 When the dead Douglas won the field.
 These Angus gave—his armourer's care,
 Ere morn shall every breach repair:
 For nought, he said, was in his halls,
 But ancient armour on the walls,
 And aged chargers in the stalls,
 And women, priests, and grey-hair'd men;
 The rest were all in Twisel glen.
 And now I watch my armour here,
 By law of arms, till midnight's near;
 Then, once again a belted knight,
 Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

X.

"There soon again we meet, my Clare!
 The Baron means to guide thee there:
 Douglas reveres his King's command,
 Else would he take thee from his hand.

* MS.—"But thought of Austin staid my hand,
 And in the sheath I plunged the brand;
 I left him there alone.—
 O good old man! even from the grave,
 Thy spirit could De Wilton save."

* See the ballad of Otterbourne, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i. p. 345.

* Where James encamped before taking post on Flodden
 The MS. has—

"The rest were all on Flodden plain."

And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,
Will give De Wilton justice due.
Now meester far for martial broil,
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
Once more—"O Wilton! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again,
Trust fate of arms once more!
And is there not an humble glen,
Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A shepherd thou, and I to id
Thy task on dale and moor!—
That reddening brow!—too well I know,
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,
While falsehood stains thy name:
Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!
Clare can a warrior's feelings know,
And weep a warrior's shame;
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
And send thee forth to fame!"

XI.

That night, upon the rocks and bay,
The midnight moon-beam slumbering lay,
And pour'd its silver light, and pure,
Through loop-hole, and through embrasure,
Upon Tantallon tower and hall;
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though seam'd with
scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two grey priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze discern
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Chequering the silver moon-shine bright,
A bishop by the altar stood,²
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and roquet white.
Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of *fr.* Dunkeld.
Beside him ancient Angus stood,
O'er his furr'd gown, and sable hood:
O'er his huge form and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;

¹ MS.—"You might not by their shine discern."

² The well-known Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He was author of a Scottish metrical version of the *Æneid*, and of many other

And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.*

He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so hye his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;
And think what next he must have felt,
At buckling of the falchion belt!
And judge how Clara chang'd her hue,
While fastening to her lover's side
A friend, which, though in danger tried,
He once had found untrue!
Then Douglas struck him with his blade:
"Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
For King, for Church, for Lady fair,
See that thou fight!"—
And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said—"Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble;
For He, who honour best bestows,
May give thee double."—
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—
"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother!"—
"Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.
I have two sons in yonder field;
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst;
And foul fall him that blanches first!"

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marston did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand;
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is down."—

poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at this period attained the mitre.

³ See Appendix, Note 4 L.

⁴ "The following (five lines) are a sort of mongrel between the school of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the later one of Mr Wordsworth."—JERRARD.

The train from out the castle drew,¹
 But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu :—
 " Though something I might plain," he said,
 " Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your King's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
 " My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
 Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, how'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.²
 My castles are my King's alone,
 From turret to foundation stone—
 The hand of Douglas is his own ;
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire,
 And—" This to me !" he said,—
 " An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head !
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
 He, who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)
 I tell thee, thou'rt defed !
 And if thou said'st I am not part
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied !"³—
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age :
 Fierce he broke forth,—“ And darest thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall ?
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go !—
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no !
 Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho !
 Let the portcullis fall !”—⁴
 Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
 And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The ponderous grate behind him rung :

To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, raised his plume.

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flew,
 Just as it trembled on the rise ;
 Nor lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim :
 And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
 " Horse ! horse !" the Douglas cried, " and
 chase !"
 But soon he rein'd his fury's pace :
 " A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name.—
 A letter forged ! Saint Jude to speed !
 Did ever knight so foul a deed !⁵
 At first in heart it liked me ill,
 When the King praised his clerly skill.
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,⁶
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.
 So swore I, and I swear it still,
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !
 (Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
 I thought to slay him where he stood,
 'Tis pity of him too," he cried :
 " Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
 I warrant him a warrior tried."
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore ;
 Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
 They cross'd the heights of Stanrig-moor.
 His troop more closely there he scann'd,
 And miss'd the Palmer from the band.—
 " Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
 " He parted at the peep of day ;
 Good sooth, it was in strange array."
 " In what array ?" said Marmion, quick.
 " My Lord, I ill can spell the trick ;
 But all night long, with clink and bang,
 Close to my couch did hammers clang ;
 At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
 And from a loop-hole while I peep,
 Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,
 Wrapp'd in a gown of saffron hair,
 As fearful of the morning air ;
 Beneath, when that was blown aside,
 A rusty shirt of mail I spied,

¹ MS.—“ The train the portal arch pass'd through.”

² MS.—“ Unmeet they be to harbour here.”

³ MS.—“ False Douglas, thou hast lied.”

⁴ See Appendix, Note 4 M.

⁵ See Appendix, Note 4 N.

⁶ MS.—“ Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine
 Could never pen a written line,
 So swore I, and I swear it still,
 Let brother Gawain fret his fill.”

By Archibald won in bloody work,
Against the Saracen and Turk:
Last night it hung not in the hall;
I thought some marvel would befall.
And next I saw them saddled lead
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed;
A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,
The Earl did much the Master¹ pray
To use him on the battle-day;
But he preferr'd"—"Nay, Henry, cease!
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,
What did Blount see at break of day?"—

XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both desried
(For then I stood by Henry's side)
The Palmer most, and outwards ride,
Upon the Earl's own favourite steed:
All sheathed he was in armour bright,
And much resembled that same knight,
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:
Lord Angus wish'd him speed."—
The instant that Fitz-Fustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke:—
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
He mutter'd; "Twas not fay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.—
O dotage blind and gross!
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De-Wilton in the dust,
My path no more to cross.—
How stand we now!—he told his tale
To Douglas; and with some avail;
'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—
Will Surrey dare to entertain,
'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?
Small risk of that, I trow.
Yet Clare's sharp questions must I slay;
Must separate Constance from the Nun—
O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!
A Palmer too!—no wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye:
I might have known there was but one,
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

XVIII.

Strong with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,
Where Lennel's convent² closed their march;
(There now's left but one frail arch,
Yet mourn thou not its cells;

Our time a fair exchange has made;
Hard by, in hospitable shade,
A reverend pilgrim dwells,
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
(That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
(Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train and (late.³
Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamp'd on Flodden edge:
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion look'd—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting files:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watch'd the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening
post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twissel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rear;
Upon the eastern bank you see
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twissel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,

¹ His eldest son, the Master of Angus.

² See Appendix, Note 4 O.

³ "From this period to the conclusion of the poem, Mr Scott's genius, as long overclouded, bursts forth in full lustre,

and even transcends itself. It is impossible to do him justice by making extracts, when all is equally attractive."—*North's Review*.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 4 P.

Ifad then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand.

His host Lord Surrey lead!

What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?

—O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!

Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!

O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourn!—
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
And England's host has gain'd the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,¹
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English dray!²
And see ascending squadrons come

Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon!—hap what hap.

My basnet to a prentice cap,

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—

Yet more! yet more!—how far array'd

They file ~~down~~ out the hawthorn shade,

And sweep so gallant by!³

With all their banners bravely spread,

And all their armour flashing high,

Saint George might waken from the dead,

To see fair England's standards fly!"—

"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'dst best,

And listen to our lord's behest."⁴

With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—

"This instant be our band array'd;

The river must be quickly cross'd,⁵

That we may join Lord Surrey's host.

If fight King James,—as well I trust,

That fight he will, and fight he must,—

¹ MS.—"Ere first they met Lord Marmion's eye."

² MS.—"And all go sweeping by."

³ "The speeches of Squire Blount are a great deal too unpunctuated for a noble youth aspiring to knighthood. On two occasions, to specify no more, he addresses his brother squire in these cacophonous lines,—

"St. Andrew ere thee! wilt thou stand

Alk say with bonnet in thy hand;

and,

The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;

Far less would listen to his prayer,

To leave behind the helpless Clare.

Down to the Tweed his band he drew,

And mutter'd as the flood they view,

"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,

He scarce will yield to please a daw:

Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,

So Clare shall bide with me."

Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,

Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,¹

He ventured desperately:

And not a moment will he bide,

Till squire, or groom, before him ride;

Headmost of all he stems the tide,²

And stems it gallantly.

Eustace held Clare upon her horse,

Old Hubert led her rein,

Stoutly they braved the current's course,

And, though far downward driven per force,

The southern bank they gain;

Behind them straggling, came to shore,

As best they might, the train:

Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,

A caution not in vain;

Deep need that day that every string,

By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.

A moment then Lord Marmion staid,

And breathed his steed, his men array'd,

Then forward moved his band,

Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,

He halted by a Cross of Stone,

That, on a hillock standing lone,

Did all the field command.

XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array

(Of either host, for deadly fray;³

Their marshal'd lines stretch'd east and west,⁴

And fronted north and south,

And distant salutation pass'd

From the loud cannon mouth;

Not in the close successive rattle,

That breathes the voice of modern battle,

But slow and far between.

The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid:

"Here, by this Cross," he gently said,

"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'dst best,

And listen to our lord's behest."

Neither can we be brought to admire the simple dignity of Sir Hugh the Heron, who thus encourageth his nephew,—

"By my fay,

Well hast thou spoke—say forth thy say."—JEFFREY.

¹ MS.—"Where to the Tweed Leat's tributaries creep"

² See Appendix, Note 4 Q.

³ MS.—"Their lines were form'd, stretch'd east and west"

" You well may view the scene.
 Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
 O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—
 Thou wilt not!—well,—no less my care
 Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
 You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
 With ten pick'd archers of my train;
 With England if the day go hard,
 To Berwick speed amain.—
 But if we conquer, cruel maid,
 My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
 When here we meet again."
 He waited not for answer there,
 And would not mark the maid's despair,<¹
 Nor heed the discontented look
 From either squire; but spur'd amain,
 And, dashing through the battle plain,
 His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

" — The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
 Welcome to danger's hour!—
 Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
 Thus have I ranged my power:
 Myself will rule this central host,
 Stout Stanley fronts their right,
 My sons command the vanguard post,
 With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;²
 Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
 Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,
 And succour those that need it most.
 Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
 Would gladly to the vanguard go;
 Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
 With thee their charge will blithely share:
 There fight thine own retainers too,
 Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."³
 " Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
 Nor farther greeting there he paid;
 But, parting like a thunderbolt,
 First in the vanguard made a halt,
 Where such a shout there rose
 Of " Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry,
 Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
 Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
 With Lady Clare upon the hill!
 On which, (for ~~far~~ the day was spent,)
 The western sunbeams now were bent.
 " The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
 Could ~~not~~ ^{not} in their distant comrades view:

Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
 " Unworthy office here to stay!
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
 But see! look up—on Flodden bent
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,⁴
 All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke.

⁵ Volumed and fast, ~~and~~ rolling far,
 The cloud envelop'd Scotland's war.
 As down the hill they broke;
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announced their march; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.—
 Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close.—⁶
 They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust:
 And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air;⁷
 O life and death were in the shout.
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
 And triumph and despair.
 Long look'd the anxious squires; their eyes
 Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast—
 Aside the shroud of battle cast;
 An l. first, the ridge of mingled spear;⁷
 Above the brightening cloud appear;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.⁸
 Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave;
 But nought distinct they see:
 Wide rag'd the battle on the plain;
 Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
 Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,

¹ MS.—" Nor mark'd the lady's deep despair
 Nor heeded discontented look."

² See Appendix, Note 4 R.

³ MS.—" Beneath thy seneschal, Fitz-Hugh."

⁴ " Of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in

our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation,—
 for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect,—with this
 of Mr. Scott's."—JERRARD.

⁵ This couplet is not in the MS.

⁶ The next three lines are not in the MS.

⁷ MS.—" And first the broken ridge of spears."

Still bear them bravely in the fight:

Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,¹
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly; and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer²
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,³

The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale.
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It waver'd 'mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare⁴
May bid your beads, and patter prayer.⁵
I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode again,
Follow'd by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,⁶
It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too:—yet staid
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saffron bloodyed,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;

And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara sent
To mark he would return in haste,⁷
Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate toils.—
The scatter'd van of England wheels;⁸
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there!"—
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill they rode
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load.

A wounded knight they bore,
His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand:
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .⁹
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion!"—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,¹⁰
Around gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,¹¹
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:

¹ In all former editions, *Highlandman Badenoch* is the correction of the Author's interleaved copy of the edition of 1831.

² MS.—"Though there the dauntless mountaineer."

³ MS.—"Fell stainless Tunstall's banner white,
Sir Edmund's lion fell."

⁴ MS.—"Fitz-Eustace, you and Lady Clare
May for its safety join in prayer."

⁵ MS.—"Like pine up-rooted from the ground."

⁶ MS.—"And cried he would return in haste."

⁷ MS.—"Repulsed, the band
The scatter'd wing of England wheels."

⁸ MS.—"Can that be proud brave Lord Marmion?"

⁹ MS.—"And when he felt the fresher air."

¹⁰ MS.—"Yet my last thought's for England—hie,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring.
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie."

Edmund is down :—my life is left ;
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,¹
 Or victory and England's lost.—
 Must I bid twice!—hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die.”
 They parted, and alone he lay;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmur'd,—“Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nurst,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst!”

XXX.

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made:
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the Baron's casque, the mail
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.²
 She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,³
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray.
For the kind soul of Sybil Gray.
Who built this cross and well.
 She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A monk supporting Marmion's head:

¹ MS.—“Full on King James' central host.”

² “The hero of the piece, Marmion, who has been guilty of seducing a nun, and abandoning her to be buried alive, of forgery to ruin a friend, and of perfidy in endeavouring to send her away from him the object of his tenderest affections, fights and dies gloriously, and is indebted to the injured Clara for the last drop of water to cool his dying thirst. This last act of disinterested attention extorts from the author the smoothest, sweetest, and tenderest lines in the whole poem. It is with pleasure that we extract numbers so harmonious from the discords by which they are surrounded.”—*Critical Review*.

³ MS.—“She stoop'd her by the runnel's tide,
 But in abhorrence soon withdrew,

A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
 “Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
 “Or injured Constance, bathes my head!”
 Then, as remembrance rose,—
 “Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
 I must redress her woes.
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare:
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!”—
 “Alas!” she said, “the while,—
 O, think of your immortal woe!
 In vain for Constance is your zeal;
 She——died at Holy Isle.”—
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound;
 Though in the action burst the tide,
 In torrents, from his wounded side.
 “Then it was truth,” he said—“I knew
 That the dark presage must be true.—
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day!
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,⁴
 And priests slain on the altar stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.
 It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on you base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand!
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
 The *Messa*, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear;
 For that she ever sung,

For, oozing from the mountains wide
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn? behold, she marks
 A little vaulted cell,
 Whose water, clear as diamond sparks,
 In a rude basin fell
 Above, some half worn letters say,
 Drink, passing pilgrim, drink, and pray.”

⁴ MS.—“Fire, sacrifice, and dying groan,
 And priests gorged on the altar stone,
 Might bribe him for delay,
 And all by whom the deed was done,
 Should with myself become his own.
 It may not be.”

"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the
dying!"

So the notes rung;—

"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O, look, my son, upon you sign¹
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss!—

By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting scene,
But never aught like this."

The war; that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale.

And—STANLEY! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:²

With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,

And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.³

XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.

Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home?—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
(On Montarban echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come,
When Scotland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,

While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bloods, and dies.

Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,

Near Sybil's⁴ Cross the plunderers stray—
"O, Lady," cried the Monk, "away!"⁵

And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,⁶
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good⁷
Their dark impenetrable wood,

Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the carrier phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight.

As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.

Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;

¹ MS.—"O look, my son, upon this cross,
O, think upon the grace divine,
On saints and heavenly bliss!
By many a sinner's bed I've been,
And many a dismal parting seen,
But never aught like this."

² MS.—"And sparkled in his eye."

³ The Lady of the Lake has nothing so good as the Gentlest
Marmion.—MACINTOSH.

⁴ MS.—"In vain the wish—for far they stray,
And spoil and havoc mark'd their way.
'O, Lady,' cried the Monk, 'away!'"

⁵ MR.—"But still upon the darkening heath."

⁶ MS.—"Ever the stubborn spears made good
Their dark impenetrable wood;
Each Scot stepp'd where his comrade stood,"

The instant that he fell.
Till the last ray of parting light,
Then ceased perforce the dreadful fight,
And sunk the battle's yell.
The skilful Surrey's sage commands
Drew from the strife his shatter'd bands.
Their loss his foemen knew;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Melts from the mountain blue.
By various march their scatter'd bands,
Disorder'd, gain'd the Scottish lands.—
Day dawns on Flodden's dreary side,
And show'd the scene of carnage wide;
There, Scotland, lay thy bravest pride!

To town and tower, to town and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.¹
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side:—
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one:
The sad survivors all are gone.—
View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor t' yon Border castle high,
Look northward, with upbraiding eye;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain:
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Beseech'd the monarch slain.²
But, O! how changed since you blithe might!—
Gladly I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear,
(Now vainly for its sight you look;
'Twas levell'd when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;
But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)³

There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,

His hands to heaven uprais'd;
And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blaz'd.

And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,
The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
From Ettrick wood a peasant swain
Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—
One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as "wede away:"⁴
Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,
And dragg'd him to its foot, and died,
Close by the noble Marmion's side.
The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,
And thus their corpses were mista'en;
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.⁵
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,⁶
But every mark is gone;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,
And broke her font of stone:
But yet from out the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.
Oft haunts the stranger there,
For thence may test his curious eye
The memorials field desery;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,⁷
That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—
When thou shalt find the little hill,⁸
With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong;
If every dubious step, thus trod,
Still led thee farther from the road;

¹ "The powerful poetry of these passages can receive no illustration from any praises or observations of ours. It is superior, in our apprehension, to all that this author has hitherto produced; and, with a few faults of diction, equal to any thing that has ever been written upon similar subjects. From the moment the author gets in sight of Flodden field, indeed, to the end of the poem, there is no tame writing, and no intervention of ordinary passages. He does not once flag or grow tedious; and neither stops to describe dresses and ceremonies, nor to commemorate the harsh names of feudal barons from the Border. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines, in short, in which he never stoops his wing, nor wavers in his course; but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any epic bard that we can at present remember."—JEFFREY.

² "Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,
The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head." &c.

Byron's *Lara*.

³ See Appendix, Note 4 E.

⁴ Ibid, Note 4 T.

⁵ "A corpse is afterwards conveyed, so that of Marmion, to the Cathedral of Lichfield, where a magnificent tomb is erected to his memory, and masses are instituted for the repose of his soul; but, by an admirably-imagined act of poetical justice, we are informed that a peasant's body was placed beneath that costly monument, while the haughty Baron himself was buried like a vulgar corpse, on the spot on which he died."—*Mon. Rev.*

⁶ MS.—"They dug his bed e'en where he lay."

⁷ MS.—"But yet where seek the little hill."

⁸ MS.—"If thou should'st find this little tomb,
Beware to speak a hasty doom."

Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;
"But say, "He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand, for England's right."

XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
Who cannot image to himself,
That all through Flodden's dismal night,
Wilton was foremost in the fight;
That, when brave Surrey's sword was slain,
'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd,
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:
Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,
He was the living soul of all;
That, after fight, his faith made plain;
He won his rank and lands again;
And charged his old paternal shield
With bearings won on Flodden Field.
Nor sing I to that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said,
That King and kinsmen did agree,
To bless fair Clara's constancy;
Who cannot, unless I relate,
Paint to her mind the bridal's state;
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Sands, and Donny, pass'd the joke:
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw;

¹ MS.—"He hardly press'd the Scottish ring."

"'Twas thought that he struck down the King."

² Used generally for *fab*, or *discourse*.

³ "We have dwelt longer on the beauties and defects of this poem, than, we are afraid, will be agreeable either to the partial or the indifferent; not only because we look upon it as a misapplication, in some degree, of very extraordinary talents, out because we cannot help considering it as the foundation of a new school, which may hereafter occasion no little annoyance both to us and to the public. Mr. Scott has hitherto filled the whole stage himself; and the very splendour of his success has probably operated as yet rather to deter than to encourage the herd of rivals and imitators; but if, by the help of the good parts of his poem, he succeeds in suborning the verdict of the public in favour of the bad parts also, and establishes an indiscriminate taste for chivalrous legends and romances in irregular rhyme, he may depend upon having as many copyists as Mrs. Radcliffe or Schiller, and upon becoming the founder of a new schism in the catholic poetical church, for which, in spite of all our exertions, there will probably be no cure, but in the extravagance of the last and lowest of its followers. It is for this reason that we conceive it to be our duty to make one strong effort to bring back the great apostle of the heresy to the wholesome creed of his instructors, and to stop the insurrection before it becomes desperate and senseless, by persuading the leader to return to his duty and allegiance. We admire Mr. Scott's genius as much as any of those who may be misled by its perversion; and, like the curate and the barber in Don Quixote, lament the day when a gentleman of such endowments was corrupted by the wicked tales of knight-errantry and enchantment."—*JEFFREY*.

"We do not flatter ourselves that Mr. Scott will pay to our advice that attention which he has refused to his acute friend Mr. Erskine; but it is possible that his own good sense may in time persuade him not to abandon his loved fairy ground, (a

And afterwards, for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
"Love they like Wilton and like Clara!"

H'Excep.

TO THE READER.

WHY then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Useless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede?¹
To Statesmen grave, if such may deign
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,
Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
And patriotic heart—as PRIT!
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true!
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow to the hoard of age.
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task, and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!²

province over which we wish him a long and prosperous government,) but to combine the charms of *laurel poetry* with those of wild and romantic fiction. "As the first step to this desirable end, we would beg him to reflect that his Gothic models will not bear him out in transferring the loose and shuffling ballad metre to a poem of considerable length, and of complicated interest like the present. It is a very easy thing to write five hundred *ballad verses*, *stans pede in uno*; but Mr. Scott needs not to be told, that five hundred verses written on one foot have a very poor chance for immortality."—*Monthly Review*.

"The story," writes Mr. Southey, "is made of better materials than the Lay, yet they are not so well fitted together. As a whole, it has not pleased me so much—in parts, it has pleased me more. There is nothing so finely conceived in your former poem as the death of Marmion: there is nothing finer in its conception any where. The introductory epistles I did not wish away, because, as poems, they gave me great pleasure; but I wished them at the end of the volume, or at the beginning,—any where except where they were. My taste is perhaps peculiar in disliking all interruptions in narrative poetry. When the poet lets his story sleep, and talks in his own person, it has to me the same sort of unpleasant effect that is produced at the end of an act. You are alive to know what follows, and lo—down comes the curtain, and the fiddlers begin with their abominations. The general opinion, however, is with me, in this particular instance."—*Life of Scott*, vol. iii. pp. 44.

"Thank you," says Mr. Wordsworth, "for Marmion. I think your end has been attained. That it is not the end which I should wish you to propose to yourself, you will be well aware, from what you know of my notions of composition, both as to matter and manner. In the circle of my ac-

quantance, it seems as well liked as the Lay, though I have heard that in the world it is not so. Had the poem been much better than the Lay, it could scarcely have galled the public, which has too much of the monster, the moral monster, in its composition."—*Ibid.*, p. 45.

"My own opinion," says Mr. George Ellis, "is, that both the productions are equally good in their different ways: yet, upon the whole, I had rather be the author of *Marmion* than of the Lay, because I think its species of excellence of much more difficult attainment. What degree of bulk may be essentially necessary to the corporeal part of an Epic poem, I know not; but sure I am that the story of *Marmion* might have furnished twelve books as easily as six—that the masterly character of Constance would not have been less bewitching had it been much more minutely painted—and that *De Wilton* might have been dilated with great ease, and even to considerable advantage;—in short, that had it been your intention merely to exhibit a spirited romantic story, instead of making that story subservient to the delineation of the manners which prevailed at a certain period of our history, the number and variety of your characters would have suited any scale of painting. On the whole, I can sincerely assure you, that had I seen *Marmion* without knowing the author, I should have mistaken it with *Theodore* and *Honorius*,—that is to say, on the very top shelf of English poetry."—*Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 46.

"I shall not, after so much of and about criticism, say any thing more of *Marmion* in this place, than that I have always considered it as, on the whole, the greatest of Scott's poems. There is a certain light, easy, virgin charm about the Lay, which we look for in vain through the subsequent volumes of his verse; but the superior strength, and breadth, and boldness, both of conception and execution, in the *Marmion*, appear to me indisputable. The great plot, the combination of *mean felicity* with so many noble qualities in the character of the hero, was, as the poet says, severely commented on at the time by the most ardent of his early friends, Hayden, but though he admitted the justice of that criticism, he chose 'as the tree' as it had fallen! He was also sensible that

many of the subordinate and connecting parts of the narrative are flat, harsh, and obscure—but would never make any serious attempt to do away with these imperfections; and perhaps they, after all, heighten by contrast the effect of the passages of high-wrought enthusiasm which alone he considered, in after days, with satisfaction. As for the 'epistolary dissertations,' it must, I take it, be allowed that they interfered with the flow of the story, when readers were turning the leaves with the first ardour of curiosity; and they were not, in fact, originally intended to be interwoven in any fashion with the romance of *Marmion*. Though the author himself does not allude to, and had perhaps forgotten the circumstance, when writing the Introductory Essay of 1830—they were announced, by an advertisement early in 1807, as 'Six Epistles from Kitnick Forest,' to be published in a separate volume, similar to that of the *Ballads* and *Lyrical Pieces*, and perhaps it might have been better that this first plan had been adhered to. But however that may be, are there any pages, among all he ever wrote, that one would be more sorry he should not have written? They are among the most delicious portraiture of genius ever painted of itself.—buoyant, virtuous, happy genius—exulting in its own energies, yet possessed and mastered by a clear, calm, modest mind, and happy only in diffusing happiness around it.

"With what gratification those Epistles were read by the friends to whom they were addressed, it would be superfluous to show. He had, in fact, painted them almost as fully as himself; and who might not have been proud to find a place in such a gallery? The tastes and habits of six of those men, in whose intercourse Scott found the greatest pleasure when his fame was approaching its meridian splendour, are thus preserved for posterity, and when I reflect with what avidity we catch at the least hint which seems to afford us a glimpse of the intimate circle of any great poet of former ages, I cannot but believe that posterity would have held this record precious, even had the individuals been in themselves far less remarkable than a Rose, an Ellis, a Heber, a Skene, a Marriott, and an Erskine."—*Lockhart*, vol. iii. p. 55.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

*As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unbured cross.—P. 79*

THE romance of the *Morte Arthur* contains a sort of abridgement of the most celebrated adventures of the Round Table; and, being written in comparatively modern language, gives the general reader an excellent idea of what romances of chivalry actually were. It has also the merit of being written in pure old English; and many of the wild adventures which it contains are told with a simplicity bordering upon the sublime. Several of these are referred to in the text; and I would have illustrated them by more full extracts, but as this curious work is about to be republished, I confine myself to the tale of the Chapel Perilous, and of the quest of Sir Launcelot after the Sangreal.

"Right so Sir Launcelot departed, and when he came to the Chapell Perilous, he alighted downe, and tied his horse to a little gate. And as soon as he was withyn the church-yard, he saw, on the front of the chapell, many fane rich shields turned up-side downe; and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seene knights have before; with that he saw stand in him thurto great knights, more, by a yerd, than any man that ever he had seene, and all thow grinned and gawled at Sir Launcelot. And when he saw then countenance, hee dread them sore, and so put his shield afore him, and tooke his sword in his hand, ready to doo his faile; and they were all armed in black harness, ready, with their shields and swords drawn. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone through them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way, and therewith he waxed all bold, and entered into the chapell, and then hee saw no light but a dimme lampe burning, and then was he ware of a corpe covered with a cloath of silke; then Sir Launcelot stooped downe, and cut a piece of that cloath away, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a litle, whereof he was afraid, and then hee saw a faire sword lye by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand, and bled him out of the chappell. As soon as he was in the chappell-yerd, all the knights spake to him with a grinty voice, and said, 'Knight, Sir Launcelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die.' 'Whether I live or die,' said Sir Launcelot, 'with no great words get yee it againe, therefore fight for it and yee list.' Therewith he passed through them; and, beyond the chappell-yerd, there met him a faire damosell, and said, 'Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it.' 'I will not leave it,' said Sir Launcelot, 'for no threats.' 'No?' said she; 'and ye did leave that sword, Queen Guenever should ye never see.' 'Then yere I a fool and I would leave this sword,' said Sir Launcelot. 'Now, gentle knight,' said the damosell, 'I require thee to know me once.' 'Nay,' said Sir Launcelot, 'that God forhid.' 'Well, sir,' said she, 'and thou haddest kissed me thy life dayen had been done, but

now, alas!' said she, 'I have lost all my labour; for I ordered this chappell for thy sake, and for Sir Gawaine: and once I had Sir Gawaine within it; and at that time he fought with that knight which there lieth dead in yonder chappell, Sir Gilbert the bastard, and at that time hee smote off Sir Gilbert the bastard's left hand. And so, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, that I have loved thee this seven yere; but there may no woman have thy love but Queene Guenever; but sithen I may not rejoyce thee to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have had thy dead body; and I would have balm'd it and served, and so have kept it in my life daies, and daily I should have clipped thee, and kissed thee, in the despite of Queen Guenever.' 'Yee say well,' said Sir Launcelot; 'Jesus preserve me from your subtil craft. And therewith he took his horse, and departed from her.'

NOTE B.

*A sinful man, and ungonfer'd,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
Awel, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not cewe with waging eye.—P. 79.*

One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten, (a precious relic, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sins of the land,) suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evil conversation. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queen Guenever, or Ganore; and in his holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters as that which follows:—

"But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and ondlong in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him; and at the last, he came unto a stone crosse, which departed two wayes, in wast land; and, by the crosse, was a stone that was of marble; but it was so dark, that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he wend to have found people. And so Sir Launcelot tied his horse to a tree, and there he put off his shield, and hung it upon a tree, and then hee went unto the chappell doore, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire Altar, full richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a faire candlestick, which belee six great candles, and the candlestick was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, hee had a great will for to enter into the chappell, but he could find no place where hee might enter. Then was he passing heavie and dismained. Then he returned, and came againe to his horse, and tooke off his saddle and his bridle, and let him

posture, and unlaced his helme, and ungraced his sword, and laid him downe to sleepe upon his shield, before the crosse.

"And so hee fell on sleepe; and, halfe waking and halfe sleeping, he saw come by him two pallfryes, both faire and white, the which beare a litter, therein lying a sicke knight. And when he was nigh the crosse, he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not verily, and hee heard him say, 'O sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessell come by me, where through I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long for little trespass!' And thus a great while complained the knight, and all wailes Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlesticke, with the fire tapers, come before the crosse; but he could see nobody that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessell of the Sangreall, the which Sir Launcelot had seen before that time in King Petchour's house. And therewithall the sicke knight set him upright, and held up both his hands, and said, 'Faile sweete Lord, which is here within the holy vessell, take heede to mee, that I may bee hole of this great malady!' And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that he touched the holy vessell, and kissed it: And anon he was hole, and then he said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this malady.' Soe when the holy vessell had beene there a great while, it went into the chappelle againe, with the candlesticke and the light, so that Sir Launcelot wist not where it became, for he was overtaken with sinne, that hee had no power to arise against the holy vessell: wherefore afterward many men said of him shame. But he tooke repentance afterward. Then the sicke knight dressed him upright, and kissed the crosse. Then anon his squire brought him his armes, and asked his lord how he did. 'Certainly,' said hee, 'I thank God right heartily, for through the holy vessell I am healed.' But I have right great mervaile of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessell hath bene here present.'—'I dare it right well say,' said the squire, 'that this same knight is defouled with some manne of deadly sinne, whereof he has never confessed.'—'By my faith,' said the knight, 'whatsoever he be, he is unhappie; for, as I deeme, hee is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the quest of the Sangreall.'—'Sir,' said the squire, 'here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and, therefore, by mine assent, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword,' and so hee did. And when he was cleane armed, he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

"Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himselfe upright, and he thought him what hee had there seen, and whether it were dreames or not; right so he heard a voice that said, 'Sir Launcelot, more hardy than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and bare than is the leafe of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir Launcelot heard this, he was passing heavy, and wist not what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was borne; for then he deemed never to have had more worship; for the words went unto his heart, till that he knew wherefore that hee was so called."

NOTE C.

*And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again.—T. 79.*

Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is

contained in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the Translation of Juvenal. After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the Book of Daniel, he adds,—

"Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice; (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem;) and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel; which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year, for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event, for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons, (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages in the succession of our Imperial line,)—with these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design, but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me."

NOTE D.

*Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Type aspart, and Bevis bold.—P. 80.*

The "History of Bevis of Hampton" is abridged by my friend Mr. George Ellis, with that felicity which extracts amusement even out of the most rude and unpromising of our old tales of chivalry. Aspart, a most important personage in the romance, is thus described in an extract:—

"This gaunt was mighty and strong,
And full thirty foot was long
He was bristled like a sow;
A foot he had between each brow;
His lips were great, and hung aside;
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide;
Lothly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man.
His staff was a young oak,
And his head heavy was his stroke."

Specimens of Metrical Romances, vol. B. p. 136.

I am happy to say, that the memory of Sir Bevis is still fragrant in his town of Southampton; the gate of which is centinelled by the effigies of that doughty knight-errant and his gigantic associate.

NOTE E.

*Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, &c.—P. 30.*

The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanford) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened, in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained, rendered frequent repairs necessary. In 1164, it was almost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep, or donjon: notwithstanding which, King Henry II., in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the keeping of it to William de Neville. After this period it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the King, and considered as a royal fortress. The Greys of Chillingham Castle were frequently the castellans, or captains of the garrison: Yet, as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the see of Durham till the Reformation. After that period, it passed through various hands. At the union of the crowns, it was in the possession of Sir Robert Carey, (afterwards Earl of Monmouth) for his own life, and that of two of his sons. After King James's accession, Carey sold Norham Castle to George Home, Earl of Dunbar, for £6000. See his curious Memoirs, published by Mr. Constable of Edinburgh.

According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, Cal. B. 6. 216, a curious memoir of the Ducres on the state of Norham Castle in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward, or keep, is represented as impregnable—"The provisions are three great vats of salt cels, forty-four tuns, three hogheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, twelve many cows and four hundred sheep, lying under the castle-wall nightly; but a number of the arrows want ed feathers, and a good Fletcher [i. e. maker of arrows] was required"—*History of Scotland*, vol. ii p. 201, note.

The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, &c. fragments of other edifices, enclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.

NOTE F.

The battled towers, the donjon keep. P. 30.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the *donjon*, in its proper signification, means the strongest part of a feudal castle; a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall, and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word *dungeon*. Ducange (voce *Dunio*) conjectures plausibly, that the name is derived from these keeps being usually built upon a hill, which in Celtic is called *Dun*. Boetius supposes the word came from the darkness of the apartments in these towers, which were thence figuratively called *Dungeons*; thus deriving the ancient word from the modern application of it.

NOTE G.

*Well was he arm'd from head to foot,
In mail and plate of Milan steel.—P. 31.*

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry:—"These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The Duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plates and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight, to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—*Joinville's Froissart*, vol. iv p. 557.

NOTE H.

Who checks at me, to death is right.—P. 31.

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story:—Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London, in 1399, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embrodered falcon, with this rhyme,—

"I hear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Whose pinches at her, his death is right!
In girth!"

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers,—

"I hear a pie picking at a pie,
Whose picks at her, I shall pick at his neck,
In faith!"

This affront could only be expiated by a just with sharp lances. In the combat, Dalzell left his helmet unbound, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice.—In the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottish knight agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the King two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit; which, after much altercation, the King appointed to be

paid to him, saying, he surpassed the English both in wit and valour. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

NOTE I.

*They hail'd Lord Marmion;
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenay,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelby,
Of Tamworth tower and town.—P. 82*

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions, was held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Maudra, his grand-daughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining, namely, on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gaine the King's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrara. I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

It was one of the Marmion family, who, in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth."—The story is thus told by Leland:—

"The Scottes cam yn to the marches of Englaſſe, and destroyed the castles of Werke and Heribot, and overran much of Northumberland marches

"At this tyme, Thomas Gray and his fridays defended Norham from the Scottes.

"It were a wonderful proceſſe to declare, what misefect cam by hungr and assages by the space of 21 yeres in Northumberland; for the Scottes became so proude, after they had got Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

"About this tyme there was a greate feste made yn Lincolnshir, to which came many gentlemen and ladies, and amonge them one lady brought a heaulme for a man of were, with a very rich creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commendement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and ther to let the heaulme be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither, within 4 days of cumming, cam Philip Monbray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottish marches.

"Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham, seynge this, brought his garison afore the barriere of the castel, behynd whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wearing the heaulme, his lady's present.

"Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir Knight, ye be cum hither to fame your helmet: mount up on your horse, and ride lyke a valiant man to your foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or alyve, o I myself wyl dye for it.'

"Whereupon he toke his cūrsere, and rode among the throng of euneynes; the which layed sore stripes on him, and pulled him at the last out of his saddle to the ground.

"Then Thomas Gray, with al the hole garrison, lette prik yn among the Scottes, and so wondid them and their horses, that they were overthrowen; and Marmion, sore beten, was horsid agayn, and, with Gray, persowed the Scottes yn chase. There were taken 50 horse of price; and the women of Norham trought them to the foote men to follow the chase."

NOTE K.

— *Largess, largess.*—P. 82.

This was the cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights. Stewart of Lorn distinguishes a ballad, in which he satirizes the narrowness of James V. and his courtiers, by the ironical burden—

*"Lerges, lerges, lerges, hay,
Lerges of this new-year day.
First lerges of the King, my chief,
Quhilk come als quot as a thief,
And in my hand eld schillings twa,
To put his lerges to the prief,
For lerges of this new-year day."*

The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose coats they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions.

At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of importance, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland. This is alluded to in stanza xxx. p. 84.

NOTE L.

*So Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Tweed, and of Ford,
A Captain of the Hold.—P. 82.*

Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William; for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose siren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII. on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own Castle at Ford.—See Sir RICHARD HERON'S curious *Genealogy of the Heron Family*.

NOTE M.

*The whiles a Northern harper rude
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,—*

"How the fierce Thirwalls, and Riddleys all," &c.—P. 82

This old Northumbrian ballad was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners of Alston-moor, by an agent for the lead mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esquire, of Mansforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years; but, when she was a girl, it used to be sung at the merry-makings "till the roof rung again." To preserve this curious, though rude rhyme, it is here inserted. The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter, marks that wild and disorderly state of society, in which a murder was not merely a casual circumstance, but, in some cases, an exceedingly good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the "Fray of Support,"¹ having the same irregular stanzas and wild chorus.

I
Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
Ha' ye heard how the Riddleys, and Thirwalls, and a
lads set upon Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadmanshaugh?
There was Willmotewick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa',
I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a',
And mony a man that the deil may know.

II.
The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,
Lay away afore the fight was begun;
And he ran, and he run,
And afore they were done,
There was many a Featherston gat sic a stun
As never was seen since the world begun.

III.
I canno' tell a' I canno' tell a',
Some gat a skelp,² and some gat a claw,
But they gart the Featherstons hand their jaw.—
Nicol, and Alick, and a',
Some gat a hurt, and some gat nancy,
Some had harness, and some gat sta'en³

IV.
Ane gat a twist o' the craig⁴
Ane gat a bunch o' the wame;⁵
Smy Hawg⁶ lamed of a leg,
And syne ran wallowing⁷ hame

V.
Hoot, hoot, the old man's slain outright!
Lay him now wi' his face down,—he's a sorrowful aicht

Janet, thou denot,⁸
I'll lay my best bonnet,
Thou gets a new gude-man, afore it be night.

VI.
Goon away, lads, hoo away,
We'll a' be hang'd if we stay.
Tak up the dead man, and lay him abain the liggins.
Here's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle,¹¹
Wi' his great bull's puzzle,
That sup'd up the broo',—and syne—in the piggins.¹²

In explanation of this ancient ditty, Mr. Surtees has furnished me with the following local memorandum:—Willmotewick, the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley, is situated two miles above the confluence of the Alton and Tyne. It was a house of strength, as appears from one oblong tower, still in tolerable preservation.¹³ It has been long in possession of the Blackett family. Hardriding Dick is not an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard Ridley of Hardriding,¹⁴ the seat of another family of that name, which, in the time of Charles I., was sold on account of expenses incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, the immediate ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Wife of the Wa' seems to be William Ridley of Walthow, so called from its situation on the great Roman wall. Thirwall Castle, whence the clan of Thirwalls derived their name, is situated on the small river of Tappel, near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been *thirled*, i.e. pierced, or breached, in its vicinity. Featherston Castle lies south of the Tyne, towards Alston-moor. Albany Featherstonhaugh, the chief of that ancient family, made a figure in the reign of Edward VI. A feud did certainly exist between the Riddleys and Featherstons, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates. 24 Oct. 22do Henrici 8vi. Inquisitio capti apud Hantwischle, sup. rancum Corpus Alexandri Featherston, Cni. apud Grimsthaugh feliquie interfecit, 23 Oct. per Nicolaum Ridley de Unthank, Cni. Hugon Rulle, Nicolaum Rulle, Agulos eisdem nominis. Nor were the Featherstons without their revenge: for 36to Henrici 8vi, we have—Ulogatio Nicolai Featherston, ac Thome Nyxson, &c. &c. pro homicidio Will. Rulle de Hantwischle.

NOTE N.

James back'd the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
That time we razed old Dilton tower.—P. 63.

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, is well known. In 1466, he was received honourably in Scot-

¹ See *Minderley of the Scottish Border*, vol. ii. p. 121.

² Pronounced *Aubony*.

³ *Skelp* signifies slap, or rather is the same word which was originally spelled *schlap*.

⁴ *Hold their jaw*, a vulgar expression still in use.

⁵ Got stolen, or, were plundered; a very likely termination of the fray.

⁶ Neck. ⁷ Funch. ⁸ Belly ⁹ Bellowing.

¹⁰ *Silly slut*. The border bard calls her so, because she was weeping for her slain husband; a loss which he seems to think might be soon repaired.

¹¹ The Bailiff of Haltwhistle seems to have arrived when the fray was over. This supporter of social order is distinguished by characteristic irreverence by the moss-trooping poet.

¹² An iron pot with two ears.

¹³ Willmotewick was, in prior editions, confounded with Ridley Hall, situated two miles lower, on the same side of the Tyne, the hereditary seat of William C. Lowes, Esq.

¹⁴ Ridley, the bishop and martyr, was, according to some authorities, born at Hardriding, where a chair was preserved, called the Bishop's Chair. Others, and particularly his biographer and namesake Dr. Gloucester Ridley, assign the honour of the martyr's birth to Willmotewick.

land; and James I V., after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catharine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated, after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Ayton. Ford, in his Dramatic Chronicle of Perkin Warbeck, makes the most of this inroad:

"SURREY.

"Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,
Hid in the fogs of their distemper'd climate,
Not daring to behold our colours wave
In spite of this infected ayre? Can they
Looke on the strength of Cyndrestine defac't;
The glorie of Heydonhall devasted; that
Of Redington cast downe; the pile of Falden
Orathrowne: And this, the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton Castle, yeelded and demolished,
And yet not peepe abroad? The Scots are bold,
Hardie in battaile, but it seems the cause
They undertake considered, appeares
Unjoynted in the frame on't."

NOTE O.

—I trace,

*Norham can find you guides now;
For here be some have prick'd as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the shanks of St Botkin's ale,
And driven the beups of Lauderdale;
Harried the wines of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hooles.*—P. 84.

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland. Sir Richard Matland of Ledington wrote a poem, called "The Blind Baron's Comfort;" when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was harried by Rowland Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poetical knight of 5000 sheep, 200 mott, &c. horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots, (£13, 6s. 8d.), and every thing else that was portlyble. "This spoil was committed the 16th day of May 1570, (and the said Sir Richard was threescore and fourteen years of age, and grown blind), in time of peace; when none of that country [expected] such a thing."—"The Blind Baron's Comfort" consists in a string of puns on the word *Blythe*, the name of the lands thus despoiled. Like John Littlewit, he had "a conceit left in his misery—a miserable conceit."

The last life of the text contains a phrase, by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning of a house. When the Maxwells, in 1615, burned the Castle of Lochwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnstone "light to see her hood." Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for, in a letter, to which I have mislaid the reference, the Earl of Northumberland writes to the King and Council, that he dressed himself at midnight, at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighbouring villages burned by the Scottish marauders.

NOTE P.

*The priest of Shoreswood—he could read
The oldest war-horae in your train.*—P. 84.

This churchman seems to have been akin to Welsh, the vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish

insurgents in 1549. "This man," says Hollinshed, "had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and mightie compact: He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long bow and also in the crossbow; he handled his hand-gun and peece very well; he was a very good woodman, and a hardie, and such none as would not give his head for the polling, or his beard for the washing. He was a companion in any exercise of activitie, and of a courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good honest parentage, being borne at Peneverin in Cornwall; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch-captain and a principal doer."—*Vol. iv. p. 928, 4to. edit.* This model of clerical talents had the misfortune to be hanged upon the steeple of his own church.¹

NOTE Q.

*That Grot where Olives nod,
H'ere, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God.*—T. 84.

"Santa Rosalia was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family, and, when very young, abhorred so much the vanities of this world, and avoided the converse of mankind, resolving to dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, that she, by divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built; and they affirm she was carried up there by the hands of angels, for that place was not formerly so accessible (as now it is) in the days of the Saint; and even now it is a very bad, and steep, and breakneck way. In this frightful place, this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what she found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping into a narrow and dreadful cleft, in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement as well as prayer; having worn out even the rock with her knees in a certain place, which is now open'd on purpose to show it to those who come here. This chapel is very richly adorn'd; and on the spot where the Saint's dead body was discover'd, which is just beneath the hole in the rock, which is open'd on purpose, as I said, there is a very fine statue of marble, representing her in a dying posture, ruled in all about with fine iron and brass work; and the altar, on which they say mass, is built just over it"—*Travels to Sicily and Malta*, by Mr John Deussen (son to the poet), p. 107.

NOTE R.

*Friar Johng ———
Himself still sleeps before his brethren
Have mark'd ten axes and two crescents.*—P. 85.

Friar John understood the superior virtue of his beads and breviary, as well as his namesake in Babelonia. "But Oargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, 'I never sleep, soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers. Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep.' The conceit pleased Gargantua very well; and beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to *Beati quorum*, they fell asleep, both the one and the other."

¹ The reader needs hardly to be reminded of Ivanhoe.

NOTE S.

The summons'd Palmer came in place.—P. 85.

A *Palmer*, opposed to a *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity: whereas the *Pilgrim* retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The *Palmer*s seem to have been the *Questionarii* of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1296. There is in the *Bannatyne MS.* a burlesque account of two such persons, entitled, "Simmy and his brother." Their accoutrements are thus ludicrously described, (I discard the ancient spelling):—

"Synne shaped them up, to loup on lons,
Two tabards of the tartan;
They counted nought what their clouts were
When sew'd them on, in gartan.
Synne clampt up St. Peter's keys,
Made of an old red gartane;
St. James's shells, on t'other side, shows
As pretty as a partane
Toe.
On Symmye and his brother "

NOTE T.

*To fair St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound.—P. 86.*

St. Regulus (*Scottish*, St. Rule), a monk of Patras, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, A.D. 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St. Andrews in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing; and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St. Andrews, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access, and the rock in which it is hewn is washed by the German Ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On one side is a sort of stone altar; on the other an aperture into an inner den, where the inviolable ascetic, who inhabited this dwelling, probably slept. At full tide, egress and regress are hardly practicable. As Regulus first colonized the metropolis of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the vicinity, he has some reason to complain, that the ancient name of Killrule (*Cella Reguli*) should have been superseded, even in favour of the tutelar saint of Scotland. The reason of the change was, that St. Rule is said to have brought to Scotland the relics of Saint Andrew.

NOTE U.

*Behold Fylian's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzy's dreamational,
And the croak's brain restore.—P. 86.*

St. Fylian was a Scottish saint of some reputation. Although Popery is with us, matter of abomination, yet the common people still retain some of the superstitions connected with it. There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedi-

cated to St. Fylian, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and, in some of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would cure and amuse them before morning.—[See various notes to the *Antiquities of the Scottish Border*.]

NOTE V.

*The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair.—P. 86.*

Etrick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was disparked, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copses soon arise without any planting. When the King hunted there, he often summoned the array of the country to meet and assist his sport. Thus, in 1538 James V. "made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, that they should compare at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the King where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Luddisdale, and other parts of that country; and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased: The which the Earl of Argyll, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Arthole, and so all the rest of the gentlemen of the Highland, did, and brought their hounds with them in like manner, to hunt with the King, as he pleased."

"The second day of June the King past out of Edinburgh to the hunting, with many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland with him, to the number of twelve thousand men; and then past to Meggisdale, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds; that is to say, Crammar, Pappertlaw, St. Mary-laws, Carliavrick, Chapel, Rwhndoroc, and Longhope. I heard say, he slew, in these bounds, eighteen score of harts."

These huntings had, of course, a military character, and attendance upon them was a part of the duty of a vassal. The act for abolishing ward or military tenures in Scotland, enumerates the services of hunting, hosting, watching, and warding, as those which were in future to be illegal.

Taylor, the water-poet, has given an account of the mode in which these huntings were conducted in the Highlands of Scotland, in the seventeenth century, having been present at Breemar upon such an occasion:—

"There did I find the truly noble and right honourable lords, John Erskine, Earl of Mar; James Stewart, Earl of Murray; George Gordon, Earl of Rhyne, son and heir to the Marquis of Huntley; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan; and John Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my last assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, knight of Abercromby, and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers, all and every man, in general, in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality; for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these Highland countries to hunt; where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlandmen, who, for the most part, speak nothing but Irish; and, in former time, were those people which were called the *Red-shanks*. Their habit is—aboco, with but one sole a-piece; stockings (which they

cell short hose,) made of a warm stuff of diverse colours, which they call tartan; as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw; with a plaid about their shoulders; which is a mantle of diverse colours much finer and lighter stuff than their hose; with blue flat caps on their heads; a handkerchief, knitted with two knots, about their necks: and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are—long bowes and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man, of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for, if they do, then they will disdain to hurt, or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting:—

"My good Lord of Marr having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the Castle of Kindroghat. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting-house,) who reigned in Scotland, when Edward the Confessor, Harold, and Norman William, reigned in England. I speak of it, because it was the last house I saw in those parts, for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures,—which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.

"Thus, the first day, we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages, built on purpose to lodge in, which they call Longhards. I thank my good Lord Eskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank; many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and roasting, with great variety of cheer,—as venison baked; sodden, roast, and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, man coots, heath-cocks, superkillies, and termagants; good ale, sack, white and claret, tent (or allegant), with most potent aquavite.

"All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring, or chase in, the deer in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd,) to such or such a place, as the nobleman shall appoint them; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middles, through burns and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinkhell, do bring down the deer; but, as the proverb says of the bad cook, so these tinkhell men do lick their own fingers; for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear, now and then, a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had staid there three hours, or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear (on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood,) which, being followed close by the tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley, on each side, being way-laid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours; fourscore fat deer were slain; which after are disposed of, some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us, to make merry withall, at our rendezvous."

NOTE W.

By lone Saint Mary's silent lake.—P. 38.

This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:—

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

Near the lower extremity of the lake, are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in later days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lhuiss Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweedside," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honour.

NOTE X.

— *in feudal strife, o' fate,
Hath lost Our Lady's chapel tower — P. 38.*

The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes (*arc' lacum*) was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Craustons, but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, belonging with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the tower of Dryhope, mentioned in a preceding note.

NOTE Y.

— *the Wizard's grave;
That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust.—P. 38.*

At one corner of the burial ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Binn-ran's Cairn*, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in "The Monk," and has been made the theme of a ballad, by my friend Mr. James Hogg, more poetically designed the *Ritnick Shepherd*. To his volume, entitled "The Mountain Bard," which contains this, and many other legendary stories and ballads of great merit I refer the curious reader.

NOTE 4.

*Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skerne.*—P. 39.

Loch-skerne is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skerne discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the "Grey Mare's Tail." The "Giant's Grave," afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery, designed to command the pass.

NOTE 2 A.

high Whithy's cluster'd pile—P. 39

The Abbey of Whithy, in the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A.D. 637, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whithy Abbey are very magnificent.

NOTE 2 B.

St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle.—P. 39

Landisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office, but then monks were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bequeathed the name of his "patrimony" upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon, and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massive. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text. Landisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a *semisula*; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant.

NOTE 2 C.

*Then Whithy's monks calling told,
How to their house three barons bold
Must mortal service do.*—P. 39

The popular account of this curious service, which was probably considerably exaggerated, is thus given in "A True Account," printed and circulated at Whithy: "In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., after the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the Lord of Uglebarnaby, then

called William de Bruce; the Lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freeholder called Allatoun, did, on the 18th of October, 1150, appoint to meet and hunt the wild-boar, in a certain wood, or desert place, belonging to the Abbot of Whithy; the place's name was Eskdale-side; and the abbot's name was Sedman. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before mentioned, and there having found a great wild-boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whithy, who was an hermit. The boar, being very sorely pursued, and dead-run, took in at the chapel-door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being just behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door and came forth; and within they found the boar lying dead: for which, the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen, perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough: But at what time the abbot being in very great favour with the King removed them out of the sanctuary; whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged, but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit, being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came; and the hermit, being very sick and weak, said unto them, 'I am sure to die by those wounds you have given me.'—The abbot answered, 'They shall as surely die for the same.'—But the hermit answered, 'Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls.' The gentlemen being present, bade him save their lives. Then said the hermit, 'You and yours shall hold your lands of the Abbot of Whithy, and his successors, in this manner: That, upon Ascension-day, you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of the Stray-heads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sun-rising, and there shall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven stout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some of you, with a knife of one penny price: and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty-one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatoun, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs and carried to the town of Whithy, and to be there before nine of the clock the same day before mentioned. At the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and service shall cease; and if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers; and so stake on each side with your stout stowers, that they may stand three tides without removing by the force thereof. Each of you shall do, make, and execute the said service, at that very hour, every year, except it be full sea at that hour. But when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, *Out on you! Out on you! Out on you!* For this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you or yours, shall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whithy, or his successors. Thus I entreat, and earnestly beg, that you may have lives and goods preserved for this sorrow; and I request of you to promise, by your parts in Heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors, as is aforesaid requested.

and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man."—Then the hermit said, 'My soul length for the Lord: and I do as freely forgive these men my death as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross.' And, in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words: '*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemisti me, Domine veritate. Amen.*'—So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, anno Domini 1153, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

"This service," it is added, "still continues to be performed with the prescribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors in person. Part of the lands charged therewith are now held by a gentleman of the name of Hebert."

NOTE 2 D.

*In their convent cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfleda.—P. 92.*

She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 635, against Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence.

NOTE 2 E.

*Of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of steel,
When holy Hilda pray'd,
They told, how sea-fauna's prisons foul,
As over Whitby's towers they sail.—P. 92.*

These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda. The relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant writers, *Ammonites*.

The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: "It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts: a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from several credible men. But those who are less inclined to heed superstition, attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is betwixt wolves and scyllaroots. For that such hidden tendencies and aversions, as we call sympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident Nature for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident that every body grants it." Mr. Chantrel, in his History of Whitby, points out the true origin of the fable, from the number of sea-gulls that, when flying from a storm, often alight near Whitby; and from the woodcocks, and other birds of passage, who do the same upon their arrival on shore, after a long flight.

NOTE 2 F.

*His holy's resting-place, of old,
How oft their Patron changed, they told.—P. 92.*

St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the

most mutable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. He died A.D. 688, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before.¹ His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 793, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St. Cuthbert. The Saint was, however, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithorn, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tilmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam: It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tilmouth. From Tilmouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-Street, to which the bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes, continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a season; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-Street, that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and his carriage became immovable at a place named Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. Here the Saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it. It is said that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint's sepulture, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged not to be the depositary of so valuable a secret.

[The resting place of the remains of this Saint is not now matter of uncertainty. So recently as 17th May 1827, 1138 years after his death, their discovery and disinterment were effected. Under a blue stone, in the middle of the shrine of St. Cuthbert, at the eastern extremity of the choir of Durham Cathedral, there was then found a walled grave, containing the coffins of the Saint. The first, or outer one, was ascertained to be that of 1541, the second of 1041; the third, or inner one, answering in every particular to the description of that of 698, was found to contain, not indeed, as had been averred then, and even until 1539, the incorruptible body, but the entire skeleton of the Saint, the bottom of the grave being perfectly dry, free from offensive smell, and without the slightest symptom that a human body had ever undergone decomposition within its walls. The skeleton was found swathed in five silk robes of emblematical embroidery, the ornamental parts laced with gold leaf, and these again covered with a robe of linen. Beside the skeleton were also deposited several gold and silver insignia, and other relics of the Saint.

The Roman Catholics now allow that the coffin was that of St. Cuthbert.

The bones of the Saint were again restored to the grave in a new coffin, and the fragments of the former ones. Those portions of the inner coffin which could be preserved, including one of its rings, with the silver altar, golden cross, stole, comb, two maniples, knucklelets, girdle, gold wire of the skeleton, and fragments of the five silk robes, and some of the rings of the outer coffin made in 1541, were deposited in the library of the Dean and Chapter, where they are now preserved.

¹ He resumed the bishopric of Lindisfarne, which, owing to bad health, he again relinquished within less than three months before his death.—*RAINE'S St. Cuthbert.*

For ample details of the life of St. Cuthbert,—his coffin-journeys,—an account of the opening of his tomb, and a description of the silk robes and other relics found in it, the reader interested in such matters is referred to a work entitled "*Saint Cuthbert*, by James Raine, M.A." (4to, Durham, 1890,) where he will find much of antiquarian history, ceremonies, and superstitions, to gratify his curiosity. J.—Ed.

NOTE 2 G.

*From Scotland's dauntless king, and heir, he
Before his standard fled.*—P. 92.

Every one has heard, that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert; to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Cutton-moor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army, among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath Clyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud. See CHALMERS' *Caledonia*, vol. i. p. 622, a most laborious, curious, and interesting publication, from which considerable defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the Scottish antiquary.

NOTE 2 H.

*'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's rebellion on the Dane,
And turn'd the Conqueror back again.*—P. 92.

Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find, in Simeon of Durham, that the Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies; a commission, which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory of Ashdown, rewarded, by a royal offering at the shrine of the Saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1066, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the north; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a pang of terror, that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he died without eating a morsel, (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance), and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Teca.

NOTE 2 I.

*Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-burn beads that bear his name.*—P. 92.

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging these

Amulets, which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the Saint's legend contains some not more probable.

NOTE 2 K.

Old Colwulf.—P. 92.

Colwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his "*Ecclesiastical History*." He abdicated the throne about 736, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance vault does not correspond with his character; for it is recorded among his *memorabilia*, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objection, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended, by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cellar.

These penitential vaults were the *Geisel-grubbe* of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unanctified corpses were then sold, or permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment.

NOTE 2 L.

Tynemouth's haughty Prioress.—P. 93.

That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery; for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin. But, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above-mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the Abbess of Coldingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played to him by an Irish princess, he, after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine.

NOTE 2 M.

*On those the well way to employ,
Alive, within the tomb.*—P. 94.

It is well known, that the religious who broke their vow,

of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *VADS IN PACEM*, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in latter times, this punishment was often resorted to; but, among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun.

[The Edinburgh Reviewer, on st. xxxi. *post*, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is *vade in pacem*—not *part in peace*, but *go into peace*, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mittimus to another world.]

NOTE 2 N.

The village inn.—P. 99.

The accommodations of a Scottish hostlerie, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of "The Friars of Berwick." Simon Lawder, "the gay ostler," seems to have lived very comfortably, and his wife decorated her person with a scallet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bourdeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the legislature; who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted, that in all boroughs and fairs there be hostleries, having stables and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but by another statute, ordained that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge anywhere except in these hostleries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, &c. exorcising such hospitality. But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

NOTE 2 O.

The death of a dear friend.—P. 101.

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the "dead bell," explained by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease. He tells a story to the purpose in the "Mountain Bard," p. 26.

["O lady, 'tis dark, an' I heard the dead-bell!
An' I darena gae yonder for gowd nor fee."

"By the dead-bell is meant a tinkling in the ears, which our peasantry in the country regard as a secret intelligence of some friend's decease. Thus this natural occurrence strikes many with a superstitious awe. This reminds me of a trifling anecdote, which I will here relate as an instance:—Our two servant-girls agreed to go on errand of their own, one night after supper, to a considerable distance, from which I strove to persuade them, but could not prevail. So, after going to the apartment where I slept, I took a drinking-glass, and, coming close to the back of the door, made two or three sweeps round the lips of the glass with my finger, which caused a loud shrill sound. I then overheard the following dialogue:

James I. Parliament I. cap. 34; Parliament III. cap. 50.

—"B. Ah, mercy! the dead-bell went through my head just now with such a knell as I never heard."—"I. I heard it too."—"B. Did you indeed? That is remarkable. I never knew of two hearing it at the same time before."—"I. We will not go to Midgehope to-night."—"B. I would not go for all the world! I shall warrant it is my poor brother Wat; who knows what these wild Irishes may have done to him?"—Hogg's *Mountain Bard*, 31. Edit. p. 31-2.]

NOTE 2 P.

The Goblin-Hall.—P. 102.

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester, (for it bears either name indifferently,) the construction of which has from a very remote period been ascribed to magic. The statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Baro gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment:—"Upon a peninsula, formed by the water of Hopes on the east, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient castle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his Annals, relates, that Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1267, that in his castle there was a capacious cavern, formed by magical art, and called in the country Bo Hall, i. e. Hob goblin Hall." A stair of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is a large and spacious hall, with an arched roof; and though it hath stood for so many centuries, and been exposed to the external air for a period of fifty or sixty years, it is still as firm and entire as if it had only stood a few years. From the floor of this hall, another stair of thirty-six steps leads down to a pit which hath a communication with Hopes-water. A great part of the walls of this large and ancient castle are still standing. There is a tradition, that the castle of Yester was the last fortification. In this country, that surrendered to General Gray, sent into Scotland by Protector Somerset." *Statistical Account*, vol. xiii.—I have only to add, that, in 1737, the Goblin Hall was tenanted by the Marquis of Tweeddale's falconer, as I learn from a poem, by Boyse, entitled "Retirement," written upon visiting Yester. It is now rendered inaccessible by the fall of the stair.

Sir David Dalrymple's authority for the anecdote is in Forlun, whose words are:—"A. D. MCCXLVII. *Fr. go Gifford de Yester moritur; rufus castrum, et saltem caveam, et donglonem, arte demonum antiquae relationis sunt fabricatus nam ibidem I. delus mirabilis specus subterraneus, opere mirifico constructus, magno terrarum spatio prolatus, qui communiter Bo-Hall appellatus est.*" Lib. X. cap. 21.—Sir David conjectures, that Hugh de Gifford must either have been a very wise man, or a great oppressor.

NOTE 2 Q.

*There floated Haco's banner trim
Above Norwegian warriors grim.*—P. 103.

In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Frith of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2d October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many barrows, some of which, having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns.

NOTE 2 R.

* *The wizard habilis strange.*—P. 103.

"Magicians, as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with lappets on each side, and fur within. Their gowns are long, and furled with fox-skins, under which they have a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their girdles are three inches broad, and have many cabalistical names, with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their shoes should be of new russet leather, with a cross cut upon them. Their knives are dagger-fashion; and their swords have neither guard nor scabbard."—See those, and many other particulars, in the Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits, annexed to *MIRIAMAL SCOTT'S Discovery of Witchcraft*, edition 1695.

NOTE 2 S.

Upon his breast a pentacle.—P. 105.

"A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. Thus the magician extends towards the spirits which he invokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic."—See the Discourses, &c. above mentioned. p. 66.

NOTE 2 T.

*As born upon that blessed night,
When yowenng orates and dying oragn
Proclaim'd Hell's empire overthrowen.*—P. 103

It is a popular article of faith, that those who are born on Christmas, or Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the hazy and downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him.

NOTE 2 U.

*'Tis still the knightly spear and shield
The Elfin warrior doth wield
Upon the barren hill's breast.*—P. 101.

The following extract from the Essay upon the Fairy Superstitions, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. ii. will show whence many of the particulars of the combat between Alexander III. and the Goblin Knight are derived.

Gervase of Tilbury *Otia Imperialia* ap. Script. rer. Brunne, (vol. i. p. 797) relates the following popular story concerning a fairy knight: "Osbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandelbury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed, that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moonlight, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient intrenchment. On repeating the challenge, he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his

ghostly opponent sprung up, and darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable colour, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigour. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurned the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood." Gervase adds, that, "as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit." Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight who, traveling by night with a single companion, "came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked forward to break a lance with a champion, who advanced from the ranks apparently in defiance. His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary; and returning to the spot next morning, he found the mangled corpses of the knight and steed."—*Hierarchy of Blessed Angels*, p. 554.

Besides these instances of Elfin chivalry above quoted, many others might be alleged in support of employing fairy machinery in this manner. The forest of Glenmore, in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called *Iham-deag*, in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He insists upon those with whom he meets doing battle with him; and the clergyman, who makes up an account of the district, extant in the Macfarlane MS. in the Advocates' Library, gravely assures us, that, in his time, *Iham-deag* fought with three brothers whom he met in his walk, none of whom long survived the ghostly conflict. Barclay, in his "Euphemon," gives a singular account of an officer, who had ventured, with his servant, rather to intrude upon a haunted house in a town in Flanders, than to put up with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fires, light, and arms, they watched till midnight, when behold! the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling; this was followed by the legs, the other arm, the trunk, and the head of the body, all separately. The members rolled together, united themselves in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed a gigantic warrior, who defied them both to combat. Their blows, although they penetrated the body and amputated the limbs of their strange antagonist, had, as the reader may easily believe, little effect on an enemy who possessed such powers of self-union; nor did his efforts make more effectual impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember, and have not the book by me; but I think the spirit made to the intruders on his mansion the usual proposal, that they should renounce their redemption; which being declined, he was obliged to retract.

The most singular tale of the kind is contained in an extract communicated to me by my friend Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, in the Bishopric, who copied it from a MS. note in a copy of *Purthogge*, "On the Nature of Spirits, &c. 1694," which had been the property of the late Mr. Gill, attorney-general to Fagerton, Bishop of Durham. "It was not," says my obliging correspondent, "in Mr. Gill's own hand, but probably an hundred years older, and was said to be, *Ely's Convent. Dunelm. per T. C. extract.*, whom I believe to have been Thomas Cradocke, Esq. barrister, who held several offices under the See of Durham a hundred years ago. Mr. Gill was possessed of most of his manuscripts." The extract, which, in fact, suggested the introduction of the tale into the present poem, runs thus:—

"Rem miram hujusmodi quæ nostris temporibus evenit, testis viro nobili ac fide dignissimo, enarrare hæud pigebit. Radulphus Bulmer, cum a castris, quæ tunc temporis prope Northam posita erant, oblectationis causâ, exisset, ac in ulteriore Tweeda ripâ prædam cum canibus leporariis insequeretur, forte cum Sæto quodam nobili, ibi antehac, ac videlicet, familiarior

agnita, degressus est; ac, ut fas erat inter infidos, flagrantem bello, brevissima interrogationis mora interposita, alter utrosque biduum tractato cursu infestis armis petiere. Nox, primo nocturno, equo precerrimo hostis impetu labante, in terram aureus pectore et capite laeo, sanguinem, moribus similis, errabat. Quem ut se agere habentem comiter allocutus est alter, pollicellusque, modo auxilium non abnegaret, montisque obtemperans ad omni rerum sacrarum cogitatione abstineret, nec Deo, Despare Virgini, Sanctore ullo, preces aut vota offerret vel inter sese conciperet, ac brevi cum sanxus validamque retributionem esse. Præ angore oblata conditio accepta est; ac velut tor ille nescio quid obcamini murmuris inauscians, prehensam manu, dilato citius in pedes euntem. Cui antea sublevari. Noster autem, maxima præ rei inaudita novitate formidine percussus, Mi Juvu! exclamavit, vel quid simile; ac subito respiciens nec hostem nec ullum alium conspexit, equum solum gravissimo nuper casu afflictum, per sinuam pacem in rivo, rivi pascunt. Ad castra itaque mirabundus revertens, fidei dubius, rem primo occultavit, dein, confecto bello, Confessori suo totam narravit. Devisoris præcui dubio res ista, ac mala veteratoris illius aperitur fraus, quæ hominem Christianum ad vitium tale auxilium petieret. Nomen utrumque illius (nobilitas alias ac clari) retinendum fuit, cum haud dubium sit quin Diabolus, Deo permittente, formam quam sibi vult, immo angelus lucis, sacro oculo Dei teste, posse assumere." The MS. chronicle, from which Mr. Cradocke took this curious extract, cannot now be found in the Chapter Library of Durham, or, at least, has hitherto escaped the researches of my friendly correspondent.

Lindesay is made to allude to this adventure of Ralph Bulmer, as a 'well-known story, in the 4th Canto, Stanza xxii. p. 113.

The northern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for, and delight in, encounters with such military spectres. See a whole chapter on the subject, in BARTHOLOMEUS, *De Causis contemptæ Mortis a Danis*, p. 253.

NOTE 2 V.

*Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the ah, he sought in vain.
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain.*—P. 106.

I cannot help here mentioning that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Asiestiel.

NOTE 2 W.

Forbes.—P. 107.

Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; unequalled, per-

I beg leave to quote a single instance from a very interesting passage. Sir David, recounting his attention to King James V. in his infancy, is made, by the learned editor's punctuation, to say,—

"The first syllable, that thou didst mure,
Was pa, da, lyn, upon the lute;
Then played I twenty springs perquir,
Quibk was great pleasur for to hear."

Vol. I. p. 7. 27.

Mr. Chalmers does not inform us, by note or glossary, what he meant by the King "*singing pa, da, lyn, upon the lute*;" but any old woman in Scotland will bear witness, that *pa, da, lyn* are the first efforts of a child to say, "*Farha's David Lindesay*."

happ, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "*Life of Beattie*," whom he befriended and patronised in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published, before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend, to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

NOTE 2 X.

Friar Rush.—P. 108.

Alia, "*Will o' the Wisp*" This personage is a strolling demon, or *esprit follet*, who, once upon a time, got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow, and Jack o' Lantern. It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks,—

"She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by *Friar's lantern* led."

"The History of Friar Rush" is of extreme rarity, and, for some time, even the existence of such a book was doubted, although it is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scott, in his "*Discovery of Witchcraft*." I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr. Heber; and I observe, from Mr. Boloe's "*Anecdotes of Literature*," that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

NOTE 2 Y.

*Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-of Arms*—P. 109.

The late elaborate edition of Sir David Lindesay's Works, by Mr. George Chalmers, has probably introduced him to many of our readers. It is perhaps to be regretted, that the learned Editor had not bestowed more pains in elucidating his author, even although he should have omitted, or at least reserved, his disquisitions on the origin of the language used by the poet. But, with all its faults, his work is an acceptable present to Scottish antiquaries. Sir David Lindesay was well known for his early efforts in favour of the Reformed doctrines, and, indeed, his play, coarse as it now seems, must have had a powerful effect upon the people of his age. I am uncertain if I abuse poetical licence, by introducing Sir David Lindesay in the character of *Lion-Herald*, sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of the anachronism; for the author of "*Flood-den Field*" despatches *Dallmann*, which can mean nobody but Sir David de la Mont, to France, on the message of de-

say?"² and that the subsequent words begin another sentence—

"Upon the late
Then played I twenty springs perquir," &c.

In another place, "*justing lums*," i. e. *looms*, or implements of tilting, is facetiously interpreted "*playful limbs*." Many such minute errors could be pointed out; but these are only mentioned incidentally, and not as diminishing the real merit of the edition.

² It is suggested by an ingenious correspondent, that *Pa, da, lyn* ought rather to be interpreted, *play, Dary Lyndesay*.

fringe from James IV. to Henry VIII. It was often an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms, to receive foreign ambassadors; and Landseay himself did this honour to Sir Ralph Sadler, in 1539-40. Indeed, the oath of the Lion, in its first article, bears reference to his frequent employment upon royal messages and embassies.

The office of heralds, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the Kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionally solemn. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Landseay, inaugurated in 1542, "was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown;" and, on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the King's table, wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn. So sacred was the herald's office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by Parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King-at-arms, when he reproved him for his follies.¹ Nor was he restored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitation.

NOTE 2 Z.

Crichton Castle—P. 110

A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about ten miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times, and with a very differing regard to splendour and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it, that there is now a large court-yard, surrounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures, bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length, and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twining cordage and rosettes, and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occa-

sion; but the present state of the ruin shows the contrary. In 1483, it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred by seducing his sister Margaret, in revenge, it is said, for the monarch having dishonoured his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earls Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleuch. They were afterwards the property of the Fringes of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Callander, Baronet. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering cattle; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the *Mossy Hole*. The apothet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. It occurs twice in the "*Epistula Inimicis*" of Tullius. "*Carcer subterraneus, sive, ut Mauri appellant, Mazmorra*," p. 147; and again, "*Cogitatur omnes Capitei sub apothet in ergastula subterranea, quæ Turci Algeriam vocant Mazmorras*," p. 243. The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived.²

NOTE 3 A.

Earl Adam Hepburn.—P. 110.

He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he distinguished himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day—

"Then on the Scottish part, right proud,
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast.
And stepping forth, with stomach good,
Into the enemies' throng he threst;
And Bothwell! Bothwell! cried bold,
To cause his souldiers to ensue,
But there he caught a welcome cold,
The Englishmen straight down him threw.
Thus Halburn through his hardy heart
His fatal fine in conflict found," &c.

Flodden Field, a Poem; edited by
H. Weber. Edin. 1806.

Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in the history of Queen Mary.

¹ The record expresses, or rather is said to have expressed, the cause of forfeiture to be,—"*Et quod Leonem, armorum Regem pugnavit dum cum de imperiis suis admolet*." See NISBET'S *Heraldry*, Part IV. chap. xvi.; and *LESSLIE's Historia ad Annum 1515*.

² ["In Scotland, formerly, as still in some parts of Greece, the great chieftains required, as an acknowledgment of their authority, that those who passed through their lands should repair to their castle, to explain the purpose of their journey, and receive the hospitality suited to their rank. To neglect this was held discourtesy in the great, and insolence in the inferior traveller; and so strictly was the etiquette insisted on by some feudal lords, that the Lord Oliphant is said to have planted guns at his castle of Newtyle in Angus, so as to command the high road, and compel all restive passengers to do this act of homage.

"It chanced when such ideas were predominant, that the Lord of Crichton Castle received intelligence that a Southern

chieftain of high rank, some say Scott of Buccleuch, was returning on his return from court. The Lord of Crichton made great preparation to banquet his expected guest, who nevertheless rode past the castle without paying the expected visit. In his first burst of indignation, the Baron pursued the discourteous traveller with a body of horse, made him prisoner, and confined him in the dungeon, while he himself and his vassals feasted upon the good cheer which had been provided. With the morning, however, came reflection, and anxiety for the desperate feud which impended, as the necessary consequence of his rough proceeding. It is said, that, by way of amends honorable, the Baron, upon the second day, placed his compelled guest in his seat of honour in the hall, while he himself retired into his own dungeon, and thus did at once penance for his rashness, satisfied the honour of the stranger chief, and put a stop to the feud which must otherwise have taken place between them."—Sir Walter Scott's *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. vii. pp. 192-3.]—Ed

NOTE 3 B.

*For that a messenger from heaven,
In vain to James had counsel given,
Against the English war.—P. 111*

This story is told by Pittscottie with characteristic simplicity:—"The King, seeing that France could get no support of him for that time, made a proclamation, full haastily, through all the realm of Scotland, both east and west, south and north, as well in the isles as in the firm land, to all manner of men between sixty and sixteen years, that they should be ready, within twenty days, to pass with him, with forty days victual, and to meet at the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where he pleased. His proclamations were haastily obeyed, contrary the Council of Scotland's will; but every man loved his prince so well that they would on no ways disobey him; but every man caused make his proclamation so haastily, conform to the charge of the King's proclamation.

"The King came to Lithgow, where he happened, to be for the time at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God, & send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this meantime there came a man, clad in a blue gown, in at the Kirk door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of brookings¹ on his feet, to the great of his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but syde² red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets³ which ran down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and sperring⁴ for the King, saying, he desired to speak with him. While, at the last, he came where the King was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the King, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaped down groffling on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows: 'Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell⁵ with no woman; nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'

"By this man had spoken thir words unto the King's grace, the evening song⁶ was near done, and the King paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but, in the meantime, before the King's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whiff of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindsay Lyon-herald, and John Ingles the marshal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servants to the King's grace, were standing presently beside the King, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him: But all for naught; they could not touch him, for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen."

Buchanan, in more elegant, though not more impressive language, tells the same story, and quotes the personal information of our Sir David Lindsay: "*In is, (i. e. qd. p. optus astiliterans) fuit David Lindsay, Montanus, homo spectate fidei et probitatis, nec a literarum studiis alienus, et cuius totius vite tenor longissime a mentiendo aberrat: a quo nisi ego hoc ulli tradidi, pro certis acceptissem, ut vulgatum vanis rumoribus fabulum, omisurus eram.*"—Lib. vii. The King's throne, in St. Catherine's aisle, which he had constructed for himself, with twelve stalls for the Knights Companions of the Order of the Thistle, is still shown as the place where the

apparition was seen. I know not by what means St. Andrew got the credit of having been the celebrated monitor of James IV.; for the expression in Lindsay's narrative, "My mother has sent me," could only be used by St. John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. The whole story is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle or an imposture. Mr. Pinkerton plausibly argues, from the caution against incoherence, that the Queen was privy to the scheme of those who had recourse to this expedient to deter King James from his impolitic war.

NOTE 3 C.

The wild-buck bells.—P. 111.

I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *baying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of *bellow*. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wandcliffe Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of "listening to the hart's bell."

NOTE 3 D.

June saw his father's overthrow.—P. 111.

The rebellion against James III. was signalized by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the King saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he had ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water-pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV. after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. See a following Note on stanza ix. of canto v. The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June, 1488.

NOTE 3 E.

The Borough-moor¹ P. 111

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, "a held spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and good oaks." Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare-Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the high-way leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Burntside Linn. The Hare-Stane probably derives its name from the British word *Har*, signifying an army.

¹ Lidskins.

² Lobs.

³ Checks.

⁴ Asking.

⁵ Mendle.

NOTE 3 F.

Positions.—P. 114.

I do not exactly know the Scottish mode of encampment in 1513, but Patten gives a curious description of that which he saw after the battle of Pinkie, in 1547:—"Here now, to say somewhat of the manner of their camp. As they had no pavilions, or round houses, of any commendable compass, so wear there few other tentes with posts, as the used manner of making is; and of these few also, none of above twenty foot length, but most far under, for the most part all very sumptuously beset, (after their fashion,) for the love of France, with fleur-de-lis, some of blue buckram, some of black, and some of some other colours. These white, ridges, as I call them, that, as we stood on Fauxeyde Bray, did make so great muster toward us, which I did take then to be a number of tentes, when we came, we found it a linen diaphery, of the coarser cambray in dudo, for it was all of canvas sheets, and wear the tenticles, or rather cabins and couches of their soldiers; the which (much after the common building of their country beside) had they framed of four sticks, about an ell long a piece, whereof two fastened together at one end aloft, and the two ends beneath stuck in the ground, an ell asunder, standing in fashion like the bowes of a sower yoke; over two such bowes (one, as it were, at their head, the other at their feet,) they stretched a sheet down on both sides, whereby their cabin became roofed like a ridge, but skant shut at both ends, and not very close beneath on the sides unless their sticks were the shorter, or their wives the more liberal to lend them larger napery; howbeit, when they had lined them, and stuff'd them so thick with straw, with the weather as it was not very cold, when they wear ones couched, they were as warm as they had been wrapt in horses dung"—PATTEN'S *Account of Somerset's Expedition*.

NOTE 3 G.

—in proud Scotland's royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.—P. 114.

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boetius and Buchanan, the double tressure round the shield, mentioned, *compter fleur-de-lys en linguet and armed azure*, was first assumed by Echaus, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy, or Achy, little better than a sort of King of Brentford, whom old Grog (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the north-eastern coast of Scotland.

NOTE 3 H.

—Caldonia's Queen is changed.—P. 116

The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valiant friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the "Queen of the North" has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction.

NOTE 3 I.

—Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry much she gave reprieve.—P. 117.

Henry VI., with his Queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Tewkesbury. In this note a doubt was formerly expressed, whether Henry VI. came to Edinburgh, though his Queen certainly did; Mr. Pinkerton inclining to believe that he remained at Kirkcubright. But my noble friend, Lord Napier, has pointed out to me a grant by Henry, of an annuity of forty marks to his Lordship's ancestor, John Napier, subscribed by the King himself, at Edinburgh, the 28th day of August, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, which corresponds to the year of God, 1461. This grant, Douglas, with his usual neglect of accuracy, dates in 1368. But this error being corrected from the copy in Macfarlane's MSS., p. 119, 20, removes all scepticism on the subject of Henry VI. being really at Edinburgh. John Napier was son and heir of Sir Alexander Napier, and about this time was Provost of Edinburgh. The hospitable reception of the distressed monarch and his family, called forth on Scotland the encomium of Molinet, a contemporary poet. The English people, he says,—

"*Un nouveau roy crérent,
Par despitieux vouloir,
Le veul en déboulérent,
Et son légitime heir,
Qui fuytj alla prendre,
D'Escosse le garand,
De tous siècles le mendre,
Et le plus tollerant.*"

—Récollection des Aventures.

NOTE 3 K.

—The romantic strain,
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
Could win the royal Henry's ear.—P. 117

Mr. Ellis, in his valuable Introduction to the "Specimens of Romance," has proved, by the convincing testimony of La Ravalliere, Tressan, but especially the Abbé de la Rue, that the courts of our Anglo-Norman Kings, rather than those of the French monarch, produced the birth of Romance literature. Marie, soon after mentioned, compiled from Armorican originals, and translated into Norman-French, or romance language, the twelve curious Lays, of which Mr. Ellis has given us a *précis* in the Appendix to his Introduction. The story of Blondel, the famous and faithful minstrel of Richard I. needs no comment.

NOTE 3 L.

The North-yard arrows.—P. 118.

This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus, at the battle of Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII., and the Cornish insurgents, in 1496, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, "whose arrows," says Hollinshed, "were in length a full cloth yard." The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts.

NOTE 3 M.

*To pass, to wheel, the troupe to gain,
And high curvet, that not in vain
The sword may might descend again
On foeman's casque below.*—P. 118.

"The most useful air, as the Frenchmen term it, is *terrier*; the *courbette*, *cubriole*, or *un pas et un saut*, being fitter for horses of parade and triumph than for soldiers: yet I cannot deny but a *demivoile* with *courbette*, so that they be not too high, may be useful in a fight or *meslee*: for, as La-brousse hath it, in his Book of Horsemanship, Monsieur de Montmorency having a horse that was excellent in performing the *demivoile*, did, with his sword, strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tourney, where divers of the prime gallants of France did meet; for taking his time, when the horse was in the height of his *courbette*, and discharging a blow then, his sword fell with such weight and force upon the two cavaliers, one after another, that he struck them from their horses to the ground."—Lord Herbert of Cherbury's *Life*, p. 48.

NOTE 3 N.

*He saw the harry burghers there
March arm'd on foot with faces bare.*—P. 118.

The Scottish burghs were, like yeomanry, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £100: their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats*, i. e. bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV. their *weapon-schawings* are appointed to be held four times a-year, under the aldermen or bailiffs.

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NOTE 3 O.

*On foot the yeoman too—
Each at his back (a slender store,
His forty days' provision bore,
His arms were halberd, axe, or spear.*—P. 118.

Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes, spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armour was the plate jack, hauberk, or brigantine, and their missile weapons crossbows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten; and a valuable luminous handkerchief round their neck, "not for cold, but for cutting." The mace also was much used in the Scottish army: The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band—

"Who manfully did meet their foes,
With lenden mauls, and lances long."

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light-cavalry, acted upon foot.

NOTE 3 P.

A banquet rich, and costly wines.—P. 118.

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory proface was necessary, however, well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr. Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on an embassy to Scotland in 1534-40, mentions, with complacency, "the same night came Mothesay (the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wine from the King, both white and red."—*Clifford's Edition*, p. 30.

NOTE 3 Q.

*his iron-belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.*—P. 120.

Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pitcottie founds his belief, that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron-belt to show to any Scottishman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to selfish gality, approaching to license, was, at the same time, tinged with enthusiastic devotion. These propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules of the order of Franciscans, and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself. There is a very singular poem by Dunbar, seemingly addressed to James IV., on one of these occasions of monastic seclusion. It is a most daring and protean parody on the services of the Church of Rome entitled,—

*"Dunbar's Dirige to the King,
Hyding owder lang in Stirling."*

*Ne that are here, in heaven's glory,
To us that are in Purgatory,
Commend us on our hearty woe;
I mean we folke in Paradise,
In Edinburgh, with all merriess,
To you in Stirling, with distress,
Where neither pleasure nor delight is,
For pity this epistle writis," &c.*

See the whole in *Sublet's Collection*, vol. i. p. 234.

NOTE 3 R.

Sir Hugh the Heron's wife.—P. 120.

It has been already noticed, [see note to stanza xlii. of canto i.] that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the King's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of "The Genealogy of the Heron Family" endeavours, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal. that she came and went, however, between the armies of

James and Surrey, is certain. See PINKERTON'S *History*, and the authorities he refers to, vol. ii. p. 39. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother the bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband.

NOTE 3 S.

*The fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance.—P. 120.*

"Also the Queen of France wrote a love letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, showing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for the defending of his honour. She believed surely that he would recompense her, again with some of his kingly support in her necessity, that is to say, that he would raise her an army and come three foot of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses." PITCHCOTTE, p. 110.—A turquoise ring, probably this fatal gift is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London.

NOTE 3 T.

Archibald Bell-the-Cat.—P. 122

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon the following remarkable occasion:—James the Third, of whom Pitchcotie complains, that he delighted more in music, and "polices of building," than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised, as to make favourites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize in the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochrane, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and, seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution, that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. "I understand the moral," said Angus, "and, that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *Bell-the-cat*." The rest of the strange scene is thus told by Pitchcotie.—

"By this was advised and spoken by thir lords foresaid, Cochrane, the Earl of Mar, came from the King to the council, (which council was holden in the kirk of Lauder for the tyme,) who was well accompanied with a band of men of war, to the

number of three hundred light axes, all clad in white livery, and black bends thereon, that they might be known for Cochrane the Earl of Mar's men. Himself was clad in a riding pie of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck, to the value of five hundred crowns, and four blowing horns, with both the ends of gold and silk, set with a precious stone, called a berryll, hanging in the midst. This Cochrane had his heumont borne before him, overgilt with gold, and so were all the rest of his horns, and all his pallions were of fine canvas of silk, and the cords thereof fine twined silk, and the chains upon his pallions were double overgilt with gold.

"This Cochrane was so proud in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be marrows to him, therefore he rushed rudely at the kirk-door. The council inquired who it was that perturbed them at that time. Sir Robert Douglas, Laird of Lochleven, was keeper of the kirk-door at that time, who inquired who that was that knocked so rudely? and Cochrane answered, 'This is I, the Earl of Mar.' The which news pleased well the lords, because they were ready boun to cause take him, as is before rehearsed. Then the Earl of Angus passed hastily to the door, and with him Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, there to receive in the Earl of Mar, and so many of his complices who were there, as they thought good. And the Earl of Angus met with the Earl of Mar, as he came in at the door, and pulled the golden chain from his craig, and said to him, a tow! would set him better. Sir Robert Douglas then pulled the blowing horn from him in like manner, and said, 'He had been the hunter of mischief over long.' This Cochrane asked, 'My lords, is it yows, or earnest?' They answered, and said, 'It is good earnest, and so thou shalt find; for thou and thy complices have abused our prince this long time; of whom thou shalt have no more credence, but shalt have thy reward according to thy good service, as thou hast deserved in times bypast; right so the rest of thy followers.'

"Notwithstanding, the lords held them quiet till they caused certain armed men to pass into the King's pallion, and two or three wise men to pass with them, and give the King fair pleasant words, till they laid hands on all the King's servants, and took them and hanged them before his eyes over the bridge of Lawder. Incontinent they brought forth Cochrane, and his hands bound with a tow, who desired them to take one of his own pallion tows and bind his hands, for he thought shame to have his hands bound with such tow of hemp, like a thief. The lords answered, he was a traitor, he deserved no better; and, for despatch, they took a hair tether, and hanged him over the bridge of Lawder, above the rest of his complices.—PITCHCOTTE, p. 78, folio edit.

NOTE 3 U.

*Against the war had Angus stood,
And charged his royal Lord.—P. 122.*

Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the King said to him, with scorn and indignation, "if he was afraid he might go home." The Earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly leaving his sons George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenberrie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden.

NOTE 3 V

Tantallon hold.—P. 122

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The King went in person against it, and for its reduction, borrowed from the Castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as *Piscottie informs* us with laudable minuteness, were "Thrawn-mouth'd Meg and her Marrow;" also, "two great bottrails, and two moyn, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons," for the safe guiding and re-delivery of which, three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Patenango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI. He says, that though this place was poorly furnished, it was of such strength as might warrant him against the malice of his enemies, and that he now thought himself out of danger.¹

There is a military tradition, that the old Scottish March was meant to express the words

Dung down Tantallon
Make a brig to the Bass

Tantallon was at length "dung down" and ruined by the Covenanters; its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favourer of the royal cause. The castle and barony were sold in the beginning of the eighteenth century to President Dalrymple of North Berwick, by the then Marquis of Douglas.

NOTE 3 W.

Thou mellow on his blade—P. 121

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the Good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land. The following lines (the first couplet of which is quoted by Godscroft as a popular saying in his time) are inscribed around the emblem:

"So many guld as of ye Douglas belege,
Of ane surmame was ne'er in Scotland seene.

I will ye charge, efter yat I depart,
To holy grawe, and thair bury my hart,
Let it remane ever ROTHER TYME AND HOWE,
To ye last day I see my Saviour.

¹ The very curious State Papers of this able negotiator were, in 1810, published by Mr. Clifford, with some notes by the Author of *Marmion*.

I do protest in tyme of al my rage,
Ye lyk subject had never ony keing."

This curious and valuable relic was nearly lost during the civil war of 1745-6, being carried away from Douglas Castle by some of those in arms for Prince Charles. But great interest having been made by the Duke of Douglas among the chief partisans of the Stuart, it was at length restored. It resembles a Highland claymore, of the usual size, is of an excellent temper, and admirably poised.

NOTE 3 X.

Martin Swart—P. 124.

A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart moor.—There were songs about him long current in England.—See Dissertation prefixed to *Ritson's Ancient Songs*, 1792, p. 181.

NOTE 3 Y.

*Perchance some form was unobscured.**Perchance in prayer, or faith, he served.*—P. 124.

It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment here enunciated in the trial by duel, to find salves for the strange and obviously precarious chances of the combat. Various curious evasive shifts, used by those who took up an unrighteous quarrel, were supposed sufficient to convert it into a just one. Thus, in the romance of "Amys and Amelure," the one brother-in-arms, fighting for the other, disguised in his armour, swears that he did not commit the crime of which the Steward, his antagonist, truly, though maliciously, accused him whom he represented. Biontome tells a story of an Italian, who entered the lists upon an unjust quarrel, but, to make his cause good, died from his enemy at the first onset. "Turn, coward!" exclaimed his antagonist. "Thou hast," said the Italian, "coward am I none; and in this quarrel will I fight to the death, but my just cause of combat was unjust, and I abandon it." "*Je vous laisse a penser*," adds Biontome, "*s'il n'y a pas de l'abus là*." Elsewhere he says, very sensibly, upon the confidence which those who had a righteous cause entertained of victory: "*Un autre abus y avoit, que ceux qui avoient un juste sujet de querelle, et qui en les faisoit jurer avant d'entrer au camp, pensoient estre aussitost vainqueurs, et se s'en assureroient-t-ils du tout, mesmes que leurs confesseurs parraient et confiantes leurs en respondoient tout-à-fait, comme si Dieu leur en eut donné une patente, et ne regardent point a d'autres fautes passées, et que Dieu en garde la punition a ce coup la pour plus grande, despitouse, et exemplaire*."—Discours sur les Duels.

NOTE 3 Z.

The Cross—P. 125.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at

each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session (*prohibitor*!) destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the street, while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and offensive Cross.

From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by a dail, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.

NOTE 4 A.

This awful summons came—P. 125.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV. The following account from Pitscottie is characteristically minute, and furnishes, besides, some curious particulars of the equipment of the army of James IV. I need only add to it, that Plotcock, or Plutock, is no other than Pluto. The Christians of the middle ages by no means misbelieved in the existence of the heathen deities, they only considered them as devils, and Plotcock, so far from implying any thing fabulous, was a synonyme of the great enemy of mankind. "Yet all their warnings, and uncouth tidings, nor no good counsel, might stop the King, at this present, from his vain purpose, and wicked enterprize, but hastened him fast to Edinburgh, and there to make his provision and furnishing, in having forth his army against the day appointed, that they should meet in the Burrow muir of Edinburgh. That is to say, seven cannons that he had forth of the Castle of Edinburgh, which were called the Seven Sisters; canon by Robert Borthwick, the master gunner, with other small artillery, bullet, powder, and all manner of ordnance, as the master-gunner could devise.

"In this meantime, when they were taking forth their artillery, and the King being in the Abbey for the time, there was a cry heard at the Market cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of midnight, proclaiming as it had been a summons, which was named and called by the proclaimer thereof, The Summons of Plotcock, which desired all men to compare, both Earl, and Lord, and Baron, and all honest gentlemen within the town, (every man specified by his own name,) to compare, within the space of forty days, before his master, where it should happen him to appoint, and be for the time, under the pain of disobedience. But whether this summons was proclaimed by vain persons, night-walkers, or drunken men, for their pastime, or if it was a spirit, I cannot tell truly, but it was shewn to me, that an indweller of the town, Mr. Richard Lawson, being evil-disposed, ganging in his gallery-stair foranent the Cross, hearing this voice proclaiming this summons, thought marvel what it should be, cried on his servant to bring him his purse; and when he had brought him it, he took out a crown, and cast over the stair, saying, 'I appeal from that summons, judgment, and sentence thereof, and take me all

whole in the mercy of God, and Christ Jesus his son.' Verily, the author of this, that caused me write the manner of this summons, was a landed gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town the time of the said summons; and thereafter, when the field was stricken, he swore to me, there was no man that escaped that was called in this summons, but that one man alone which made his protestation, and appealed from the said summons; but all the lave were perished in the field with the king."

NOTE 4 B.

*One of his own ancestry,
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.*—P. 127.

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero: "*Homo bellivox, furvus, et astutus, fere nullo suo tempore impar.*" This Baron, having expelled the Monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the Divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, terped his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers, the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succour. The whole story is told by William of Newbury.

NOTE 4 C.

*the savage Dene
At lol more deep the quid did drain.*—P. 126.

The lol of the heathen Dances (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemnized with great festivity. The humour of the Dances at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones, and Torfeus tells a long and curious story, in the History of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottas, an inmate of the Court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable intrincement, against those who continued the raillery. The dances of the northern warriors round the great fires of pine-trees, are commemorated by Olaus Magnus, who says, they danced with such fury holding each other by the hands, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly plucked out, and obliged to quaff off a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for "spoiling the King's fire."

NOTE 4 D.

On Christmas eve.—P. 128.

The Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, except on Christmas eve. Each of the frolics with which that holiday used to be celebrated, might admit of a long and curious note, but I shall content myself with the following de-

1 See, on this curious subject, the Essay on Fairies, in the 'Border Minstrelsy,' vol. II. under the fourth head; also Jackson on Unbelief, p. 175. Chaucer calls Pluto the "King of Faerie;" and Dunbar names him, "Pluto, that elrich incubus." If he was not actually the devil, he must be consi-

dered as the "prince of the power of the air." The most remarkable instances of these surviving classical superstitions, is that of the Germans, concerning the Hill of Venus, into which she attempts to entice all gallant knights, and detains them there in a sort of enchanted Paradise.

description of Christmas, and his attributes, as personified in one of Ben Jonson's Masques for the Court.

"Enter CHRISTMAS, with two or three of the Guard. He is attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him.—The names of his children, with their attires: *Miss Rule*, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller; his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket;—*Caroll*, a long tawny coat, with a red cap and a flute at his girdle; his torch-bearer carrying a song-book open;—*Mine'd-pie*, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons;—*Gambol*, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer arm'd with cole-staff, and blinding cloth;—*Prent and Fan*, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat, his garment all done over with pinks and pinks; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters;—*New-year's Gift*, in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of gingerbread, his torch-bearer carrying a march-pain, with a bottle of wine on either arm;—*Mumming*, in a masquing pied suit, with a vicer, his torch-bearers trying the box, and ringing it;—*Howell*, like a neat sempster and banger; her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribbands, and rosemary, before her;—*Offering*, in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand, a wyth borne before him, and a bason, by his torch-bearer;—*Babu Cocke*, arm'd like a boy, in a fine long coat, beggar, bib, muckender, and a little dagger; his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease."

NOTE 4 E.

*Who lists may in their mummery see
Traces of ancient mystery*—P. 129.

It seems certain, that the *Mummers* of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare, and the *Guards* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland, (see *esp. note*), we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first of the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of our neighbours plumb-cake was deposited. One played a champion, and recited some traditional rhymes; another was

... "Alexander, King of Macedon,
Who conquer'd all the world but Scotland grew old
When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,
To see a little nation courageous and bold."

These, and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote, and unconnectedly. There was also, occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited. It were much to be wished that the Chester Mysteries were published from the MS. in the Museum, with the annotations which a diligent investigator of popular antiquities might still supply. The late acute and valuable antiquary, Mr. Ritson, showed me several memoranda towards such a task, which are probably now dispersed or lost. See, however, his *Remarks on Shakespeare*, 1783, p. 36.

¹ Now Lord Polwarth.

² The old gentleman was an intimate of this celebrated

Since the first edition of *Marmion* appeared, this subject has received much elucidation from the learned and extensive labours of Mr. Douce; and the Chester Mysteries [edited by J. H. Markland, Esq.] have been printed in a style of great elegance and accuracy, (in 1818,) by Bensley and Sons, London, for the Roxburghe Club. 1830.

NOTE 4 F.

*It here my great-grav'sire came of old,
With amber beard and flaxen hair*—P. 129.

Mr. Scott of Harden,¹ my kind and affectionate friend, and distant relation, has the original of a poetical invitation, addressed from his grandfather to my relative, from which a few lines in the text are imitated. They are dated, as the epistle in the text, from Mertoun-house, the seat of the Harden family.

"With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
Free of anxiety and care,
Come hither, Christmas-day, and dine;
We'll mix sobriety with wine,
And easy mirth with thoughts divine
We Christians think it holiday.
(On it no sm to feast or play;
Others, in spite, may fast and pray.
No superstition in the use
Our ancestors made of a goose;
Why may not we as well as they,
Be innocently blithe that day,
On goose or pie, on wine or ale,
And scorn enthusiastic zeal?—
Pray come, and welcome, or plague not
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott
Mr. Walter Scott, Leasden."

The venerable old gentleman, to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger brother of William Scott of Harden. Being the cadet of a cadet of the Harden family, he had very little to lose; yet he contrived to lose the small property he had, by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the house of Stuart. His veneration for the exiled family was so great, that he swore he would not shave his beard till they were restored: a mark of attachment, which, I suppose, had been common during Cromwell's usurpation; for, in Cowley's "Cutter off, off man Street," one drunken cavalier upbraids another, that, when he was not able to afford to pay a barber, he affected to "wear a beard for the King." I sincerely hope this was not absolutely the original reason of my ancestor's beard; which, as appears from a portrait in the possession of Sir Henry Hay Maedongal, Bart., and another painted for the famous Dr. Pitcairn,² was a beard of a most dignified and venerable appearance.

NOTE 4 G.

The Spirit's Blasted Tree.—P. 130.

I am permitted to illustrate this passage, by inserting "*Cewren yr Elydd*, or The Spirit's Blasted Tree," a legendary tale, by the Reverend George Warrington:—

genius. By the favour of the late Earl of Kellie, descended on the maternal side from Dr. Pitcairn, my father became possessed of the portrait in question.

The event, on which this tale is founded, is preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughans of Hengwrt; nor is it entirely lost, even among the common people, who still point out this oak to the passenger. The enmity between the two Welsh chieftains, Howel Sele, and Owen Glendwr, was extreme, and marked by vile treachery in the one, and ferocious cruelty in the other. The story is somewhat changed and softened, as more favourable to the character of the two chiefs, and as better answering the purpose of poetry, by admitting the passion of pity, and a greater degree of sentiment in the description. Some trace of Howel Sele's mansion was to be seen a few years ago, and may perhaps be still visible, in the park of Nannau, now belonging to Sir Robert Vaughan, Baronet, in the wild and romantic tracts of Merionethshire. The abbey mentioned passes under two names, Vener and Cymmer. The former is retained, as more generally used.

THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.

Centum yr Ellyll.

"Through Nannau's Chase, as Howel pass'd,
A chief esteem'd both brave and kind,
Far distant borne, the stag-hounds' cry
Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

"Starting, he bent an eager ear,—
How should the sounds return again?
His hounds lay wearied from the chase,
And all at home his hunter train.

"Then sudden anger flashed his eye,
And deep revenge he vow'd to take,
On that bold man who dared to force
His red-deer from the forest brake.

"Unhappy Chief! would nought avail,
No signs impress thy heart with fear,
Thy lady's dark mysterious dream,
Thy warning from the hoary seer."

"Three ravens gave the note of death,
As thorough mid air they wing'd their way.
Then o'er his head, in rapid flight,
They croak,—they scent their destined prey.

"Ill-omen'd bird! as legends say,
Who hast the wondrous power to know,
While health fills high the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow.

"Blinded by rage, alone he pass'd,
Nor sought his ready vassals' aid;
But what his fate long unknown,
For many an anxious year delay'd.

"A peasant mark'd his angry eye,
He saw him reach the lake's dark bourn;
He saw him near a Blasted Oak,
But never from that hour return.

"Three days pass'd o'er, no tidings came,—
Where should the Chief his steps delay?
With wild alarm the servants ran,
Yet knew not where to point their way.

"His vassals ranged the mountain's height,
The covert close, the wide-spread plain;
But all in vain their eager search,
They ne'er must see their lord again.

¹ The history of their feud may be found in Pennant's Tour in Wales.

"Yet Fancy, in a thousand shapes,
Bore to his home the Chief's name more:
Some saw him on high Moel's top,
Some saw him on the winding shore.

"With wonder fraught the tale went round,
Amazement chain'd the hearer's tongue:
Each peasant felt his own sad loss,
Yet fondly o'er the story hung.

"Oft by the moon's pale shadowy light,
His aged nurse and steward grey
Would lean to catch the storied sounds,
Or mark the fitting spirit stray.

"Pale lights on Cader's rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan;
'Twas even and the Blasted Oak,
Convulsive, heaved a hollow groan:

"And to this day the peasant still,
With cautious fear, avoids the ground:
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound."

"Ten annual suns had held their course,
In summer's smile, or winter storm;
The lady shed the widow'd tear,
As oft she traced his manly form.

"Yet still to hope her heart would cling,
As o'er the mind illusion's play,—
Of travel fond, perhaps her lord,
To distant lands had steer'd his way.

"'Twas now November's cheerless hour,
Which drenching rain and clouds deface,
Dreary bleak Robell's tract appear'd,
Add dull and dark each valley's space.

"Loud o'er the weir the hoarse flood fell,
And dash'd the foaming spray on high;
The west wind bent the forest tops,
And angry, brown'd the evening sky.

"A stranger pass'd Llanelltid's bourn,
His dark-grey steed with sweat besprinkled,
Which, wearied with the lengthen'd way,
Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

"The portal reach'd,—the iron bell
Loud sounded round the outward wall;
Quick spring the warder to the gate,
To know what meant the clam'rous call.

"O' lead me to your lady soon;
Say,—it is my dead lot to tell,
To clear the fate of that brave knight,
She long has proved she lov'd so well."

"Then, as he cross'd the spacious hall,
The menials look surprise and fear;
Still o'er his harp old Modred hung,
And touch'd the notes for grief's voice ear.

"The lady sat amidst her train;
A mellow'd sorrow mark'd her look:
Then, asking what his mission meant,
The graceful stranger sigh'd and spoke:—

"O could I spread one ray of hope,
One moment raise thy soul from woe,

Gladly my tongue would tell its tale,
My words at ease unletter'd flow!

"Now, lady, give attention due,
The story claims thy full belief:
F'ien in the worst events of life,
Suspense removed is some relief.

"Though worn by care, see Madoc here,
Great Glyndwr's friend, thy kindred's foe
Ah, let his name no anger raise,
For now that mighty Chief lies low.

"E'en from the day, when, chain'd by fate,
By wizard's dream, or potent spell,
Lingering from sad Salopia's field,
'Reft of his aid the Percy fell,—

"E'en from that day misfortune still,
As if for violated faith,
Pursued him with unweary'd step.
Vindictive still for Hotspur's death

"Varghisi'd at length, the Glyndwr fled,
Where winds the Wye her devious flood;
To find a casual shelter there,
In some lone cot, or desert wood.

"Clothed in a shepherd's humble garb,
He gain'd by toil his scanty bread,
He who had Caxibria's sceptre borne,
And her brave sons to glory led!

"To penury extreme, and grief,
The Chieftain felt a lingering prey;
I heard his last few faltering words,
Such as with pain I now convey

"To Gled's sad widow bear the tale,
Nor let our horrid secret rest,
Give but his corpse to sacred earth,
Then may my parting soul be blest,—

"Dim wax'd the eye that fiercely shone,
And faint the tongue that proudly spoke,
And weak that arm, still raised to life,
Which oft had dealt the mortal stroke

"How could I then his mandate bear?
Or how his last behest obey?
A rebel deem'd, with him I fled;
With him I shunn'd the light of day

"Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,
My country lost, despoil'd my land,
Desperate, I fled my native soil,
And fought on Syria's distant strand

"Oh, had thy long-lamented lord
The holy cross and banner view'd,
Died in the sacred cause! who fell
Sad victim of a private feud!

"Led by the ardour of the chase,
Far distant from his own domain,
From where Garthmaelan spreads her shades,
The Glyndwr sought the opening plain

"With head aloft and anthers wide,
A red buck roused then crowd'd in view
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

"With bitter taunt and keen reproach,
He, all impetuous, pour'd his rage;
Reviled the Chief, as weak in arms,
And bade him load the battle wage.

"Glyndwr for once restrain'd his sword,
And, still averse, the fight delays;
But soften'd words, like oil to fire,
Made anger more intensely blaze.

"They fought; and doubtful long the day
The Glyndwr gage the fatal wound!
Still mournful must my tale proceed,
And its last act all dreadful sound.

"How could we hope for wish'd retreat,
His eager vassals ranging wide,
His bloodhounds' keen sagacious scent,
O'er many a trackless mountain tried.

"I mark'd a broad and blasted Oak,
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare;
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivell'd arms were bare.

"Be this, I cried, his proper grave!—
(The thought in me was deadly sad.)
Aloft we raised the hapless Chief,
And dropp'd his bleeding corpse with a

"A shriek from all the daisies burst,
That pierced the vaulted roofs below,
While horror-struck the lady stood,
A living form of sculptured woe.

"With stupid stare and vacant gaze,
Hail on his face her eyes were cast,
Absorb'd—she lost her present grief,
And faintly thought of things long past.

"Like wild-fire o'er a mossy heath,
The rumour through the hamlet fah,
The peasants crowd at morning dawn,
To hear the tale—behold the man.

"He led them near the Blasted Oak,
Then, conscious, from the scene withdrew,
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the whiten'd bones to view!—

"Back they recall'd!—the right hand still,
Contracted, grasp'd a rusty sword;
Which erst in many a battle gleam'd,
And proudly deck'd their slaughter'd lord.

"They bore the corpse to Vener's shrine,
With holy rites and prayers address'd;
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang,
And gave the quarry spirit rest."

NOTE 4 H.

The Highlander—
H.W. on a Friday morn, look pale,
If ask'd to tell a fairy tale.—P. 130.

The *Heavenly shir*, or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish High-landers, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Dwergar* than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are,

not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is especially to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the popular superstitions of the Highlanders may be found in Dr. Graham's *Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire*.

NOTE 4 I.

The towers of Franchement—P. 130.

The journal of the friend to whom the Fourth Canto of the Poem is inscribed, furnished me with the following account of a striking superstition.

"Passed the pretty little village of Franchement (near Spaw), with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the Counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitious legends. It is firmly believed by the neighbouring peasantry, that the last Baron of Franchement deposited, in one of the vaults of the castle, a ponderous chest, containing an immense treasure in gold and silver, which, by some magic spell, was intrusted to the care of the Devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the shape of a Lutanian. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion, a priest of noted piety was brought to the vault. He used all the arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain, the huntsman remained immovable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the Devil. Yet if any body can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly decamp. I had many stories of a similar nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the Devil in the shape of a great cat."

NOTE 4 K.

*The very form of Hilda, fair,
Hovers upon the sunny air,
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.*—P. 132

"I shall only produce one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion that she reappeared, and still renders herself visible, on some occasions, in the Abbey of Streanshall or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year (viz. in the summer months), at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sunbeams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whitby churchyard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey pass the north end of Whitby church, imagine they perceive, in one

of the highest windows, there, the resemblance of a woman arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflection caused by the splendour of the sunbeams, yet fame reports it, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to be an appearance of Lady Hilda in her shroud, or rather in a glorified state; before which, I make no doubt, the Papists, even in these our days, offer up their prayers with as much zeal and devotion as before any other image of their most glorified saint."—*CHARLTON'S History of Whitby*, p. 33

NOTE 4 L.

*—the huge and sweeping brand
Which went of yore, in battle fray,
His foe's man's limbs to shred away,
A wood-knife tops the sapling spray.*—P. 134

The Earl of Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilpindie, a favourite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and, compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thighbone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James's pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle of Hermitage, in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow was presented by his descendant James, Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindsey of the Bures, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill. See Introduction to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

NOTE 4 M.

*And hoped they hence unscathed to go?
No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drauchbridge, groans!—What, Wardor, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.*—P. 135

This exhibition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its example in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity, with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Maclellan, Tutor of Bomabay, who, having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thieve, on the borders of Kirkcudbrightshire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the Tutor of Bomabay, and obtained from the King a "sweet letter of supplication," praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honour due to a favourite servant of the King's household; but while he was at dinner, the Earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the King's letter to the Earl, who received it with great affection of reverence; "and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and showed him the manner, and said, 'Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head: take his body, and do with it what you will.'—Sir Patrick answered again, with a sore heart, and said, 'My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispose upon the

body as ye please; and with that called for his horse, and, cuped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the Earl on this manner, 'My lord, if I live you shall be rewarded for your labours that you have used at this time, according to your elements.'

"At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse: Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him; and had it not been his led horse was so tried and good, he had been taken."—*PITSCOTTIE'S History*, p. 39.

NOTE 4 N.

*A letter forged!—Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever thought so foul a deed.*—P. 135.

Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda, which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward VI. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

NOTE 4 O.

Lenno's convent—P. 136.

This was a Cistercian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Lenno's house is now the residence of my venerable friend, Patrick Brydson, Esquire, so well known in the literary world. It is situated near Coldstream, almost opposite to Cornhill, and consequently very near to Flodden Field.

NOTE 4 P.

Twisel bridge.—P. 136.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head quarters were at Barnmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, wended between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth

of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attached to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie puts in his mouth, "that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing beneath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture, as now rebuilt by Sir Francis Blake, Bart., whose extensive plantations have so much improved the country around. The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on each side, covered with copse, particularly with hawthorn. Beneath a tall rock, near the bridge is a plentiful fountain, called St. Helen's Well.

NOTE 4 Q.

*Hence might they see the full array,
Of their host, for deadly fray.*—P. 136.

The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden, but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful countermarch, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, when according to the old poem of "Flodden Field,"

"The English line stretch'd east and west,
And southward were their faces set;
The Scottish northward proudly met,
And manfully their foes they met."

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other, but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person, the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacre, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence. The Earl of Huntley and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and their leaders branded

1 First Edition.—Mr. Brydson has been many years dead. 1826.

2 "Lesquels Escossois descendirent la montagne en bonne

ordre, en la maniere que marchent les Allemands sans parler, ni faire aucun bruit."—*Gazette of the battle, PINKERTON'S History, Appendix*, vol. ii. p. 456.

by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntley, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the Admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces, for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps from eight to ten thousand men, but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden, and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note.—See the only distinct detail of the Field of Flodden in *PINKERTON'S HISTORY*, Book vi; all former accounts being full of blunders and inconsistency.

The spot from which Clara views the battle must be supposed to have been, on a hillock commanding the rear of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in which conflict Marmion is supposed to have fallen.

NOTE 4 R.

—Brian Tunstall, *gallant knight* —P. 138.

Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undeified, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I may safely refer my readers, as an edition, with full explanatory notes, has been published by my friend, Mr. Henry Weber. Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epithet of *undeified* from his white armour and banner, the latter bearing a white cock, about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle.

1 "In 1810, as Sir Carnaby Hagerstone's workmen were digging in Flodden Field, they came to a pit filled with human bones, and which seemed of great extent; but, alarmed at the sight, they immediately filled up the excavation, and proceeded no farther.

"In 1817, Mr. Gray of Millfield Hill found, near the traces of an ancient encampment, a short distance from Flodden Hill, a tumulus, which, on removing, exhibited a very singular sepulchre. In the centre, a large urn was found, but in a

NOTE 4 S.

*Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain;
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Witness'd the monarch slain.*—P. 142.

There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious *French Gazette*, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance that testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused, by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the King, but even of having carried him out of the field, and murdered him. And this tale was revived in my remembrance, by an unauthenticated story of a skeleton, wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home, (Castle); for which, on inquiry, I could never find any better authority than the sexton of the parish having said, that, if the well were cleaned out, he would not be surprised at such a discovery. Home was the chamberlain of the King, and his prime favourite; he had much to lose (in fact did lose all) in consequence of James's death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event; but the retreat, or inactivity of the left wing, which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoils from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the King's fate, and averred that James, weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father, and the breach of his oath of amity to Henry. In particular, it was objected to the English, that they could never show the token of the iron belt, which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of battle, as encumbering his personal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. Stowe has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch were treated in his time. An unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone.

NOTE 4 T.

The fair cathedral storm'd and took.—P. 142.

This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had beenarrisoned on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailant, was shot with a musket ball through the visor of his helmet. The royalist remarked, that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's Day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this, and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers.

thousand pieces. It had either been broken to pieces by the stones falling upon it when digging, or had gone to pieces on the admission of the air. This urn was surrounded by a number of cells formed of flat stones, in the shape of graves, but too small to hold the body in its natural state. These sepulchral recesses contained nothing except ashes, or dust of the same kind as that in the urn.—*Sykes' Local Records*, (2 vols. 8vo, 1833, vol. ii. pp. 60 and 100.

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE
ROKEBY, & DON RODERICK

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

AUTHOR'S EDITION



FITZ JAMES AND THE LADY OF THE LAKE

The stranger viewed the shore around : 'Twas all so close, with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare : That human foot frequented there.

LADY, Canto i, Stanza xxv.

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1869

The Lady of the Lake:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

AFTER the success of "Marmion," I felt inclined to exclaim with Ulysses in the "Odyssey"—

Οὐτος μὲν δὴ αἰχλὺς ἀάκτος ἐκτετίλισται.

Nūn αὐτὴ σκοπὸν ἄλλον. Odys. χ. l. 5.

"One venturous game my hand has won to-day—
Another, gallants, yet remains to play."

The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds, and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere rational prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

I had also read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the re-

¹ "These Highland rymes were repeated, almost every summer for several successive years, and perhaps even the first of them was in some degree connected with his professional business. At all events it was to his allotted task of enforcing the execution of a legal instrument against some MacLarens, refractory tenants of Stewart of Appin, brother-in-law to Invernahyle, that Scott owed his introduction to the scenery of the Lady of the Lake. 'An escort of a sergeant and six men,' he says, 'was obtained from a Highland regiment lying in Stirling; and the author, then a writer's apprentice, equivalent to the honourable situation of an attorney's clerk, was invested with the superintendence of the expedition, with directions to see that the messenger discharged his duty fully, and that the gallant sergeant did not exceed his part by committing violence or plunder. And thus it hap-

pened, oddly enough, that the author first entered the romantic scenery of Loch Katrine, of which he may perhaps say he has somewhat extended the reputation, riding in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear guard, and loaded arms."—*Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 193.

I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me, what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition.) At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. "Do not be so rash," she said, "my dearest cousin." You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other personal friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity." I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

² "The lady with whom Sir Walter Scott held this conversation was, no doubt, his aunt, Miss Christian Rutherford; there was no other female relation dead when this Introduction was written, whom I can suppose him to have consulted on literary questions. Lady Capulet, on seeing the corpse of Tybalt, exclaims,—

"Tybalt, my cousin! oh my brother's child!"

LOCKHART, vol. iii. p. 251.

³ Lines in praise of woman.—Wishart's *Memories of Montrose*, p. 497.

"If I fail," I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

'Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, and the feather, and a'!' "

Afterward, I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconciled her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and unbiassed friendship. Nor was I much comforted by her retraction of the unfavourable judgment, when I recollected how likely a natural partiality was to effect that change of opinion. In such cases, affection rises like a light on the canvas, improves any favourable tints which it formerly exhibited, and throws its defects into the shade.

I remember that about the same time a friend started in to "heeze up my hope," like the "sportsman with his cutty gun," in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field-sports, which we often pursued together.

As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashestiel one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake," in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was but too favourable a representative of readers at large. It is, of course, to be supposed that I determined rather to guide my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say. His reception of my recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have

been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverie which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale. Another of his remarks gave me less pleasure. He detected the identity of the King with the wandering knight, Fitz-James, when he winds his bugle to summon his attendants. He was probably thinking of the lively, but somewhat licentious, old ballad, in which the denouement of a royal intrigue takes place as follows:

"He took a bugle free his side,
He blew both loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights
Came skipping ower the hill;
Then he took out a little knife,
Let a' his duddies fa',
And he was the bravest gentleman
That was among them a'.
And we'll go no more a-roving," &c.

This discovery, as Mr. Pepys says of the rent in his camelot cloak, was but a trifle, yet it troubled me; and I was at a good deal of pains to efface any marks by which I thought my secret could be traced before the conclusion, when I relied on it with the same hope of producing effect, with which the Irish post-boy said to reserve a "trot for the avenue."¹

I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollected, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Wannachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the Poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable.

After a considerable delay, "The Lady of the Lake" appeared in May 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual who had so boldly courted her favours for three successive times, had not as yet been shaken.² I had attained, perhaps, that degree of public reputation at which prudence, or certainly timidity, would have made a halt, and

¹ The Jolly Beggar, attributed to King James V.—*HERD'S Collection*, 1776.

² "I believe the shrewd critic here introduced was the poet's excellent cousin, Charles Scott, now laird of Knowe south The story of the Irish postillion's trot he owed to Mr. Moore."—*Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 253.

³ "Mr Robert Cadell, who was then a young man in training for his profession in Edinburgh, retains a strong impression of the interest which the Lady of the Lake excited there for two or three months before it was on the counter. 'James Ballantyne,' he says, 'read the cantos from time to time to select coteries, as they advanced at press. Common fame was loud in their favour; a great poem was on all hands anticipated. I do not recollect that any of all the author's works was ever looked for with more intense anxiety, or that any one of them excited a more extraordinary sensation when it did appear. The whole country rang with the praises of the

poet—crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well ascertained fact, that from the date of the publication of the Lady of the Lake, the post-horne duty in Scotland rose in an extraordinary degree; and indeed it continued to do so regularly for a number of years, the author's succeeding works keeping up the enthusiasm for our scenery which he had thus originally created!

"I owe to the same correspondent the following details:—The quarto edition of 2050 copies disappeared instantly, and was followed, in the course of the same year, by four editions in octavo, viz. one of 3000, a second of 3250, and a third and a fourth each of 6000 copies; thus, in the space of a few months, the extraordinary number of 20,000 copies were disposed of. In the next year (1811) there was another edition of 3000

discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than to increase it. But, as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite, so I can, with honest truth, exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million. It must not be supposed, that I was either so ungrateful, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me, which I could not have claimed from merit; and I endeavoured to deserve the partiality, by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.

It may be that I did not, in this continued course of scribbling, consult either the interest of the public or my own. But the former had effectual means of defending themselves, and could, by their coldness, sufficiently check any approach to intrusion; and for myself, I had now for several years dedicated my hours so much to literary labour, that I should have felt difficulty in employing myself otherwise; and so, like Dogberry, I generously bestowed all my tediousness on the public, comforting myself with the reflection, that if posterity should think me undeserving of the favour with which I was regarded by my contemporaries, "they could not but say I *had* the crown," and had enjoyed for a time that popularity which is so much coveted.

I conceived, however, that I held the distinguished situation I had obtained, however unworthily, rather like the champion of pugilism,¹ on the condition of being always ready to show proofs of my skill, than in the manner of the champion of chivalry, who performs his duties only on rare and solemn occasions. I was in any case conscious that I could not long hold

a situation which the caprice, rather than the judgment, of the public, had bestowed upon me, and preferred being deprived of my precedence by some more worthy rival, to sinking into contempt for my indolence, and losing my reputation by what Scottish lawyers call the *negative proscription*. Accordingly, those who choose to look at the Introduction to *Rokeby*, in the present edition, will be able to trace the steps by which I declined as a poet to figure as a novelist; as the ballad says, Queen Eleanor sunk at Charing-Cross to rise again at Queenhithe.

It only remains for me to say, that, during my short pre-eminence of popularity, I faithfully observed the rules of moderation which I had resolved to follow before I began my course as a man of letters. If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village, must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know, that in stretching to flog the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall; nor is an attempt to chastise a malignant critic attended with less danger to the author. On this principle, I let parody, burlesque, and squibs, find their own level; and while the latter hissed most fiercely, I was cautious never to catch them up, as school-boys do, to throw them back against the naughty boy who fired them off, wisely remembering that they are, in such cases, apt to explode in the handling. Let me add, that my reign² (since Byron has so called it) was marked by some instances of good-nature as well as patience. I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power: and I had the advantage, rather an uncommon one with our irritable race, to enjoy general favour, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries.

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, April 1830.

there was one of 2000 in 1814, another of 2000 in 1815; one of 2000 again in 1819; and two, making between them 2500, appeared in 1825. Since which time the *Lady of the Lake*, in collective editions of his poetry, and in separate issues, must have circulated to the extent of at least 20,000 copies more. So that, down to the month of July 1830, the legitimate sale in Great Britain has been not less than 50,000 copies." — *Life of Scott*, vol. iii p. 243

¹ "In twice five years the 'greatest living poet,'

Like to the champion in the fusty ring,
Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,
Although 'tis an imaginary thing." &c.

Don Juan, canto xi. st. 55.

² "Sir Walter reign'd before me," &c.

Don Juan, canto xi. st. 57

The Lady of the Lake:

TO THE
MOST NOBLE

JOHN JAMES MARQUIS OF ABERCORN,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

ARGUMENT.

The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the Vicinity of Loch-Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each Day occupy a Canto.²

¹ Published by John Ballantyne & Co. in 4to. with engraved frontispiece of Saxon's Portrait of Scott, £2, 2s. May 1810.

² "Never, we think, has the analogy between poetry and painting been more strikingly exemplified than in the writings of Mr. Scott. He sees everything with a painter's eye. Whatever he represents has a character of individuality, and is drawn with an accuracy and minuteness of discrimination, which we are not accustomed to expect from verbal description. Much of this, no doubt, is the result of genius: for there is a quick and comprehensive power of discernment, an intensity and keenness of observation, an almost intuitive glance, which nature alone can give, and by means of which her favourites are enabled to discover characteristic differences, where the eye of dulness sees nothing but uniformity; but something also must be referred to discipline and exercise. The liveliest fancy can only call forth those images which are already stored up in the memory; and all that invention can do is to unite these into new combinations, which must appear confused and ill-defined, if the impressions originally received by the senses were deficient in strength and distinctness. It is because Mr. Scott usually delineates those objects with which he is perfectly familiar, that his touch is so easy, correct, and animated. The rocks, the ravines, and the torrents, which he exhibits, are not the imperfect sketches of a hurried traveller, but the finished studies of a resident artist, deliberately drawn from different points of view; each has its true shape and position; it is a portrait; it has its name by which the spectator is invited to examine the exactness of the resemblance. The figures which are combined with the landscape are painted with the same fidelity. Like those of Salvator Rosa, they are perfectly appropriate to the spot on which they stand. The boldness of feature, the lightness and compactness of form, the wildness of air, and the careless ease of attitude of these mountaineers, are as congenial to their native Highlands, as the birch and the pine which darken their glens, the sedge which fringes their lakes

or the heath which waves over their moors"—*Quarterly Review*, May 1810.

"It is honourable to Mr. Scott's genius that he has been able to interest the public so deeply with this third presentment of the same chivalrous scenes; but we cannot help thinking, that both his glory and our gratification would have been greater, if he had changed his hand more completely, and actually given us a true Celtic story, with all its drapery and accompaniments in a corresponding style of decoration. Such a subject, we are persuaded, has very great capabilities, and only wants to be introduced to public notice by such a hand as Mr. Scott's, to make a still more powerful impression than he has already effected by the resurrection of the tales of romance. There are few persons, we believe, of any degree of poetical susceptibility, who have wandered among the secluded valleys of the Highlands, and contemplated the singular people by whom they are still tenanted—with their love of music and of song—their hardy and irregular life, so unlike the unvarying toils of the Saxon mechanic—their devotion to their chiefs—their wild and lofty traditions—their national enthusiasm—the melancholy grandeur of the scenes they inhabit—and the multiplied superstitions which still linger among them—without feeling that there is no existing people so well adapted for the purposes of poetry, or so capable of furnishing the occasions of new and striking inventions.

"We are persuaded, that if Mr. Scott's powerful and creative genius were to be turned in good earnest to such a subject, something might be produced still more impressive and original than even this age has yet witnessed."—*Jessy, Edinburgh Review*, No. xvi. for 1810.

"The subject of *The Lady* is a common Highland irruption, but at a point where the neighbourhood of the Lowlands affords the best contrast of manners—where the scenery affords the noblest subject of description—and where the wild clan is so near to the Court, that their robberies can be connected with the romantic adventures of a disguised

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO FIRST.

The Chase.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hang
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And do in the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,¹
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep!
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep.

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud²
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard-note has not been touch'd in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

C. I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,

king, an exiled lord, a high-born 'cauty. The whole narrative is very fine. There are not so many splendid passages for quotation as in the two former poems. This may indeed silence the objections of the critics, but I doubt whether it will promote the popularity of the poem. It has nothing so good as the Address to Scotland, or the Death of Marston."—MACKINTOSH, in his *Diary*, 1811, see his *Life*, v. l. ii. p. 32.

"The Lay, if I may venture to state the creed now established, is, I should say, generally considered as the most natural and original, Marston as the most powerful and splendid, the Lady of the Lake as the most interesting, romantic, picturesque, and graceful of his great poems."—LOCKHART, vol. iii. p. 226.

And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvenrich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky ways,³
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices join'd the shout;
With hark! whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvenrich's echoes knew.⁴
Far from the tumult fled the foe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint and more faint, its falling din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,

¹ MS.—"And on the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy, with her verdant ring,
Mantled and muffled each melodious string,—
O Wizard Harp, still must thine accents sleep!"

² MS.—"At each according pause thou spok'st aloud
Thine ardent sympathy."

³ MS.—"The bloodhound's notes of heavy bay
'Resounded hoarsely up the pass."

⁴ Benvenrich, a mountain comprehended in the cluster of the Gramplans, at the head of the valley of the Garry, a river which springs from its base. It rises to an elevation of 3330 feet above the level of the sea.

And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;¹
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarcely half the lessening pack was near;
So slowly on the mountainside
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V.

The noblest was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,

And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard² or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood grey,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue . .
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,³
With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
Held westward with unweary'd race,
And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;⁴
What reins were tighten'd in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;⁵
Who flagg'd upon Bòchastle's heath,
(Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,⁶
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Vennachar;⁷
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,⁸
The headmost horseman rode alone.

¹ See Appendix, Note A.

² "About a mile to the westward of the inn of Aberfoyle, Lochard opens to the view. A few hundred yards to the east of it, the Avendew, which had just issued from the lake, tumbles its waters over a rugged precipice of more than thirty feet in height, forming, in the wintery season, several very magnificent cataracts.

³ "The first opening of the lower lake, from the east, is uncommonly picturesque. Directing the eye nearly westward, Benlomond raises its pyramidal mass in the background. In nearer prospect, you have gentle eminences, covered with oak and birch to the very summit; the bare rock sometimes peeping through amongst the clumps. Immediately under the eye, the lower lake, stretching out from narrow beginnings to a breadth of about half a mile, is seen in full prospect. On the right, the banks are skirted with extensive oak woods which cover the mountain more than half way up.

⁴ "Advancing to the westward, the view of the lake is lost for about a mile. The upper lake, which is by far the most extensive, is separated from the lower by a stream of about 200 yards in length. The most advantageous view of the upper lake presents itself from a rising ground near its lower extremity, where a footpath strikes off to the south, into the wood that overhangs this connecting stream. Looking westward, Benlomond is seen in the background, rising, at the distance of six miles, in the form of a regular cone, its sides presenting a gentle slope to the N.W. and S.E. On the right is the lofty mountain of Bennechie, running west towards the deep vale in which Lochcon lies concealed from the eye. In the foreground, Lochard stretches out to the west in the fairest prospect; its length three miles, and its breadth a mile and a half. On the right, it is skirted with woods; the northern and western extremity of the lake is diversified with meadows, and corn-fields, and farm-houses. On the left, few marks of cultivation are to be seen.

⁵ "Farther on, the traveller passes along the verge of the lake under a ledge of rock, from thirty to fifty feet high; and, standing immediately under this rock, towards its western extremity, he has a double echo, of uncommon distinctness. Upon pronouncing, with a firm voice, a line of ten syllables,

it is returned, first from the opposite side of the lake; and when the echo is finished, it is repeated with equal distinctness from the wood on the east. The day must be perfectly calm, and the lake as smooth as glass, for otherwise no human voice can be returned from a distance of at least a quarter of a mile."
—GRAHAM'S *Sketches of Perthshire*, 2d edit. p. 182, &c.

⁶ MS.—"Fresh vigour with the thought return'd,
With flying hoof the heath he spurn'd."

⁷ *Cambus-more*, within about two miles of Callender, on the wooded banks of the Keithe, a tributary of the Teith, is the seat of a family of the name of Buchanan, whom the Poet frequently visited in his younger days.

⁸ Benledi is a magnificent mountain, 3000 feet in height, which bounds the horizon on the north-west from Callender. The name, according to Celtic etymologists, signifies the *Mountain of God*.

⁹ Two mountain streams—the one flowing from Loch Voil, by the pass of Leny; the other from Loch Katrine, by Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, unite at Callender; and the river thus formed thenceforth takes the name of Teith. Hence the designation of the territory of *Menteith*.

⁷ "Loch Vennachar, a beautiful expanse of water, of about five miles in length, by a mile and a-half in breadth."—GRAHAM.

⁸ "About a mile above Loch Vennachar, the approach (from the east) to the *Brigg*, or *Bridge of Turk* (the scene of the death of a wild-beast famous in Celtic tradition), leads to the summit of an eminence, where there bursts upon the traveller's eye a sudden, and wide prospect of the windings of the river that issues from Loch Achray, with that sweet lake itself in front; the gently rolling river pursues its serpentine course through an extensive meadow; at the west end of the lake, on the side of Aberfoyle, is situated the delightful farm of Achray, the *level field*, a denomination justly due to it, when considered in contrast with the rugged rocks and mountains which surround it. From this eminence are to be seen also, on the right hand, the entrance to Glenfalias, and in the distance Benvenue."—GRAHAM.

VII.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring stag strain'd full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,¹
Fast on his flying track came
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;²
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,³
And turn'd him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trossach's⁴ wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couch'd, the thicket
shed
Cold dew and wild-flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

IX.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanish'd game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain⁵
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs to rise no more;
Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.

"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slack'd upon the banks of Eglis,
That Highland eagle o'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my radiant grey!"

X.

Then through the dell his horns reboiled,
From vain pursuit to call the hound.
Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they press'd,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingie's hollow throat
Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answer'd with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were sent,
Till echo seem'd an answering blast;
And on the hunter bled his way,⁶
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

XI.

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;
Round mass'd an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,⁷
Huge as the tower which buldags vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.⁸
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,⁹
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops shewn,¹⁰
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

¹ See Appendix, Note B.

² Ibid. Note C.

³ "The term Trossachs signifies the rough or bristled territory."—GRANAM.

⁴ MS.—"And on the hunter bled his pace,
To meet some comrades of the chase."

⁵ MS.—"The mimic castles of the pass."

⁶ The Tower of Babel.—Genesi, ch. 11.

⁷ MS.—"Nor were these mighty bulwarks bare."

⁸ MS.—"In light glittering with the dewdrops shewn."

XII.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
 Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
 The primrose pale and violet flower,
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
 Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Group'd their dark hues with every stain
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,¹
 Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim,²
 As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
 But broader when again appearing,
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
 Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
 And farther as the hunter stray'd,
 Still broader sweep its channels made.
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
 Emerging from entangled wood,³
 But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
 Like castle girdled with its moat;
 Yet broader floods extending still
 Divide them from their parent fill,
 Till each, retiring, claims to be
 An islet in an inland sea.

¹ MS.—"His *scathed* trunk, and frequent flung.
 Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
 His *rugged arms* athwart the sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced.
 Where *twinkling* streamers waved and danced."

² MS.—"Affording scarce such breadth of flood,
 As served to float the wild-duck's brood."

³ MS.—"Emerging dry-shod from the wood."

⁴ See Appendix; Note D.

⁵ Loch-Ketturin is the Celtic pronunciation. In his Notes to The Fair Maid of Perth, the author has signified his belief that the lake was named after the *Catterins*, or wild robbers, who haunted its shores.

⁶ *Benvenne*—is literally the little mountain—i. e. as contrasted with Benledi and Beulemond.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,
 A far projecting precipice.⁴
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
 The hazel saplings lent their aid;
 And thus an airy point he won,
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
 Lo! Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,⁵
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue⁶
 Down on the lake in masses threw
 Crags, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
 The fragments of an earlier world;
 A wildering forest feather'd o'er
 His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,⁷
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Ben-an⁸ heaved high his forehead bare.⁹

XV.

From the steep promontory gazed¹⁰
 The stranger, raptured and amazed.
 And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
 "For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister grey;
 How blithely might the bugle-horn
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
 How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the grèves were still and mute!
 And, when the midnight moon should lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matins' distant hum,
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,

⁷ MS.—"His ruin'd sides and *fragments* bear,
 While on the north, *the middle* ay."

⁸ According to Graham, Ben-an, or Bannan, is a more diminutive of Ben-Mountain.

⁹ "Perhaps the art of landscape painting in poetry, has never been displayed in higher perfection than in these stanzas, to which rigid criticism might possibly object that the picture is somewhat too minute, and that the contemplation of it detains the traveller somewhat too long from the main purpose of his pilgrimage, but which it would be an act of the greatest injustice to break into fragments, and piecemeal by piecemeal. Not so the magnificent scene which bursts upon the bewildered hunter as he emerges at length from the dell, and commands at one view the beautiful expanse of Loch Katrine."—*Critical Review*, August 1830.

¹⁰ MS.—"From the high promontory gazed
 The stranger, *once struck* and amazed."

A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewilder'd stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.¹

XVI.

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now,—heshrew you nimble deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.²
Yet pass we that; the war and chase
Gave little choice of resting-place;—
A summer night, in greenwood spent,
Were but to-morrow's merriment:
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better miss'd than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—³
I am alone;—my bugle-strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried."

XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,⁴
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel glider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,⁵
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twigs to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And looks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

¹ MS.—"To hospitable feast and hall."

² MS.—"And hollow trunk of some old tree,
My chamber for the night must be."

³ See Appendix, Note E.

⁴ MS.—"The bugle shrill again he wound,
And lo! forth starting at the sound."

⁵ MS.—"A little skiff shot to the bay.
The Hunter left his airy stand ;

XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chief trace⁶
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with golden tresses,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with
brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the
dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech were hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,⁷
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
Her satin snood,⁸ her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unreveal'd,
With maiden pride the rapid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
Need I tell that passion's name!

And when the boat had touch'd the sand,
Conceal'd he stood amid the brake
To view this Lady of the Lake."

⁶ MS.—"A finer form, a fairer face,
Had never marble Nymph or Grace,
That boasts the Grecian chief's trace."

⁷ MS.—"The accents of a stranger tongue."

⁸ See Note on Canto III. stanza E.

XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne :—
" Father ! " she cried ; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came,—
" Malcolm, was thine the blast ? " the name
Less resolutely utter'd fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
" A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gain'd between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen ;
(So forth the startled swan would sing,¹
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

XXI.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage
Yet had not quench'd the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth ;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold ;
And though in peaceful garb array'd,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a Baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armour trode the shore.
Slighting the petty need he show'd,
He told of his benighted road ;
His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy ;
Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command.

XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still²
To wilder'd wanderers of the hill.

¹ MS.—" A space she paused, no answer came,—
' *Alpine*, was thine the blast ? ' the name
Less resolutely utter'd fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
' Nor foe nor friend,' the stranger said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The startled maid, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore."

" Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home ;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pull'd for you ;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer."—
" Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has err'd," he said ;
" No, right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,⁴
I found a fay in fairy land !"—

XXIII.

" I well believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approach'd the side,—
" I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore ;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—
A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent
Was on the vision'd future bent.⁵
He saw your steed, a dappled grey,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way ;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron's plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be,
To grace a guest of fair degree ;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deem'd it was my father's horn,
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

XXIV.

The stranger smiled :—" Since to your home
A destined errant-knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Boon'd, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll lightly front each high emprise,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me, first, the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."

² MS.—" So o'er the lake the swan would spring,
Then turn to prune its ruffled wing."

³ MS.—" Her father's hall was open still."

⁴ MS.—" Till on this lake's enchanting strand."

⁵ MS.—" Is often on the future bent."—See Appendix.
N(ot) F.

The maid, with smile suppress'd and aly,
The toil unwonted saw him try;
For seldom sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasp'd an oar:¹
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The dark'ning mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach

XXV.

The stranger view'd the shore around,
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden show'd
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And open'd on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.²

XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Dropp'd off their boughs, their hoar trifles bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, over-head,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And wither'd heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fringing to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favour'd flower,
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she staid,
And gaily to the stranger said,

"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"³

XXVII.

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee."
He cross'd the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant ring.
To his bold brow his spirit flush'd,
But soon for vain alarm he blush'd,
When on the floor he saw display'd,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropp'd from the sheath, that careless hung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,⁴
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the blood's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,
That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the silvan hall.

XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round him gaz'd,
And next the fallen weapon rais'd:
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length,
And as the brand he poised and away'd,
"I never knew but one," he said,
"Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field."
She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word:
"You see the guardian champion's sword:
As light it trembles in the hand,
As in my grasp a hazel wand;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart;⁵
But in the abject giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old."

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court;

¹ MS.—"This gentle hand had grasp'd an oar:
Yet with main strength the oars he drew."

² See Appendix, Note G.

³ MS.—"Here grins the wolf as when he died,
There hangs the wild-cat's brindled hide,"

Above the elk's branch'd brow and skull,
And frontlet of the finest bull."

⁴ See Appendix, Note H.

To whom, though more than kindred know,
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due.¹
 Meest welcome to her guest she made,
 And every courteous rite was paid,
 That hospitality could claim,
 Though all unask'd his birth and name.²
 Such then the reverence to a guest,
 That fellest foe might join the feast,
 And from his deadliest foeman's door
 Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.
 At length his rank the stranger names,
 "The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James;
 Lord of a barren heritage,
 Which his brave sires, from age to age,
 By their good swords had held with toil;
 His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
 And he, God wot, was forced to stand
 Oft for his right with blade in hand.
 This morning, with Lord Moray's train,
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
 Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,
 Lost his good steed, and wander'd here."

XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.
 Well show'd the elder lady's mien,³
 That courts and cities she had seen;
 Ellen, though more her looks display'd⁴
 The simple grace of silvan maid,
 In speech and gesture, form and face,
 Show'd she was come of gentle race.
 'Twere strange, in rider rank to find,
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdown gave,
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,
 Turn'd all inquiry right away:—
 "Weird women we! by dale and down
 We dwell, afar from tower and town.
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
 On wandering knights our spells we cast;
 While viewless minstrels touch the string,
 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
 She sung, and still a harp unseen
 Fill'd up the symphony between.⁵

XXXI.

Song.

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;

Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more:
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,⁶
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill note may come
 At the day-break from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drifa.
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no-war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping."

XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay:⁷
 To grace the stranger of the day.
 Her mellow notes awhile prolong
 The cadence of the flowing song,
 Till to her lips in measured frame
 The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

Song continued.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,⁸
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillé."

XXXIII.

The hall was clear'd—the stranger's bed
 Was thero of mountain heather spread,
 Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
 And dream'd their forest sports again.⁹

Each anxious hint the stranger gave,
 The mother heard with silence grave.¹⁰

¹ See Appendix, Note K.

² MS.—"Noon of hunger, night of waking."

³ MS.—"No rude sound shall rouse thine ear."

⁴ MS.—"She paused—but waked again the lay."

⁵ MS.—"Slumber sweet our spells shall deal ye,

⁶ MS.—"Let our slumbrous spells avail ye,

⁷ MS.—"And dream'd their mountain chase again."

¹ MS.—"To whom, though more remote her claim,
 Young Ellen gave a mother's name."

² See Appendix, Note L.

³ MS.—"Well show'd the mother's easy mien."

⁴ MS.—"Ellen, though more her looks betray'd
 The simple heart of mountain maid,
 In speech and gesture, form and grace,
 Show'd she was come of gentle race;
 'Twas strange, in birth so rude, to find
 Such face, such manners, and such mind."

But vainly did the heath-flower shed
 Its moorland fragrance round his head;
 Not Ellen's spell had lull'd to rest
 The fever of his troubled breast.
 In broken dreams the image rose
 Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
 His steed now flounders in the brake,
 Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
 Now leader of a broken host,
 His standard falls, his honour's lost.
 Then,—from my couch may heavenly might
 Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
 Again return'd the scenes of youth,
 Of confident undoubting truth;
 Again his soul he interchanged
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
 They come, in dim procession led,
 The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
 As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
 As if they parted yesterday.
 And doubt distracts him at the view,
 O were his senses false or true!
 Dream'd he of death, or broken vow,
 Or is it all a vision now!¹

XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove
 He seem'd to walk, and speak of love;
 She listen'd with a blush and sigh,
 His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
 He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
 And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
 The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
 Upon its head a helmet shone;
 Slowly enlarged to giant size,
 With darken'd cheek and threatening eyes,
 The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
 To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
 He woke, and panting with affright,
 Recall'd the vision of the night.²
 The hearth's decaying brands were red,
 And deep and dusky lustre shed,
 Half showing, half concealing, all
 The uncouth trophies of the hall.
 Mid those the stranger fix'd his eye,
 Where that hugo falchion hung on high,

¹ "Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
 From these soul demons shield the midnight gloom.
 Angels of fancy and of love, be near."
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
 Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
 And let their virtue with a look impart;
 But chief, awhile, O! lend us from the tomb
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
 And fill with pious awe and joy-pixt woe the heart.

"Or are you sportive?—bid the morn of youth
 Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
 Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
 To caros estranged, and manhood's thorny ways.
 What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
 Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied:"

And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
 Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along,
 Unal, the giddy whirl to cure,
 He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom,³
 Wasted around their rich perfume:
 The birch-trees wept in fragrant balms;
 The aspens slept beneath the calm;
 The silver light, with quivering glance,
 Play'd on the water's still expanse,—
 Wild were the heart whose passions' sway
 Could rage beneath the sober ray!
 He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
 While thus he communed with his breast:—
 "Why is it, at each turn I trace
 Some memory of that exiled race?
 Can I not mountain-maiden spy,
 But she must bear the Douglas eye?
 Can I not view a Highland brand,
 But it must match the Douglas hand?
 Can I not frame a fever'd dream,
 But still the Douglas is the theme?
 I'll dream no more—by manly mind
 Not even in sleep is will reign'd.
 My midnight orisons said o'er,
 I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."
 His midnight orisons he told,
 A prayer with every bead of gold,
 Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes,
 And sunk in undisturb'd repose;
 Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
 And morning dawn'd on Benvenue.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO SECOND.

The Island.

I.

At morn the black-cock tains his jetty wing,
 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
 All Nature's children feel the matin spring
 Of life reviving, with reviving day;

The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
 Of the wild brooks!—"Castle of Involence, Canto I.

² "Such a strange and romantic dream as may be naturally expected to flow from the extraordinary events of the past day. It might, perhaps, be quoted as one of Mr. Scott's most successful efforts in descriptive poetry. Some few lines of it are indeed unrivalled for delicacy and melancholy tenderness"—*Critical Review*.

³ MS.—"Play'd on the bosom of the lake,
 Loch Katrine's still expanse;
 The birch, the wild-rose, and the broom,
 Wasted around their rich perfume . . .
 The birch-trees wept in balmy dew,
 The aspen slept on Benvenue;
 Wild were the heart whose passions' power
 Defied the influence of the hour."

And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd Allan-
bane!¹

II.

Sung.

"Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger, go! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

"High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battle line,
Good hawk and hound for silvan sport,
Where beauty sees the brave resort,²
The honour'd meed be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And lost in love and friendship's smile
Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

Sung continued.

"But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his highland home:
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap ere while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

"Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallop reach'd the mainland side,
And ere his onward way he took,
The stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The Harper on the islet beach,

Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, grey, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seem'd watching the awakening fire;
So still he sate, as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still, as life itself were fled,
In the last sound his harp had sped.

V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.—
Smiled she to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
While her vex'd spaniel, from the beach,
Bay'd at the prize beyond his reach;
Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,
Why deepen'd on her cheek the rose!—
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!
Perchance the maiden smiled to see
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
And stop and turn to wave anew;
And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
Show me the fair would scorn to spy,
And prize such conquest of her eye!

VI.

While yet he loiter'd on the spot,
It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him not;
But when he turn'd him to the glade,
One courteous parting sign she made;
And after, oft the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was quaff'd him by the brightest fair,
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell,
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
He parts—the maid, unconscious still,
Watch'd him wind slowly round the hill;
But when his stately form was hid,
The guardian in her bosom chid—
"Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!"
'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,—
"Not so had Malcolm idly hung
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue;
Not so had Malcolm strain'd his eye,
Another step than thine to spy."
Wake, Allan-Bane," aloud she cried,
To the old Minstrel by her side,—

¹ See Appendix, Note L.² MS.—"At *tourneys* where the brave resort."³ MS.—"The loveliest Lowland fair to spy."

"Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I'll give thy harp heroic themes,
And warm thee with a noble name;
Forth the glory of the Grange!"
Scarce from her lip the word had rush'd,
When deep the conscious maiden blush'd;
For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Graeme was held the flower.

VII.

The Minstrel waked his harp—three times
Arose the well-known martial strains,
And thrice their high heroic pride
In melancholy murmurs died.
"Vainly thou bid'st, O noble maid,"
Clasping his wither'd hands, he said,
"Vainly thou bid'st me wake the strain,
Though all unwonted bid in vain.
Alas! than mine a mightier hand
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spann'd!
I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe;
And the proud march, which victors tread,
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
O well for me, if mine alone
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
If, as my tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which erst Saint Modan sway'd,
Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII.

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sigh'd
The eve thy haunted mother died;
And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And, disobedient to my call,
Wail'd loud through Bothwell's banner'd hall,
Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,¹
Were exiled from their native heaven.—
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,²
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!"

IX.

Soothing she answer'd him, "Assuage
Mine honour'd friend, the fears of age;

All melodies to thee are known,
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,
In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,
At times, unbidden notes should rise,
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song;
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest as here.
My sire, in native virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resign'd,
Than yonder oak might give the wind;
The graceful foliage storms may leave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.
For me,"—she stoop'd, and, looking round,
Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the ground,
"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,³
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose,⁴
That in the king's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreath'd in her dark locks, and smiled.

X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wiled the old harper's mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw,
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrill'd to a tear, then thus replied:
"Lovelest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honour, thou hast lost!⁵
O might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland a court, thy birth-right place,
To see my favourite's step advance,⁶
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!"⁷

XI.

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden
cried,
(Light was her accent, yet she sigh'd);
"Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;⁷
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,

¹ See Appendix, Note M.

² See Appendix, Note N.

³ See Appendix, Note O.

⁴ MS.—"No blither dew-drop cheers the rose"

⁵ This couplet is not in the MS.

⁶ The well-known cognizance of the Douglas family.

⁷ MS.—"This mossy rock, my friend, to me
Is worth gay chair and canopy"

Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,—
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day.”—

XII.

The ancient bard his glee repress'd:
“I'll hast thou chosen theme for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled!
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;¹
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;²
And since, though outlaw'd, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dared give—ah! woe the day,³
That I such hated truth should say—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Dismown'd by every noble peer,⁴
Even the rude refuge we have here!
Alas, this wild marauding Chief
Alone might hazard our relief,
And now thy maiden charms expand,
Looks for his guerdan in thy hand;
Full soon may dispensation sought,
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
Then, though an exile on the hill,
Thy father, as the Douglas, still
Be held in reverence and fear:
And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear,
That thou might'st guide with silken thread,
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread;
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
Thy hand is on a lion's mane.”—

XIII.

“Minstrel,” the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
“My debts to Roderick's house I know:
All that a mother could bestow,
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrow'd o'er her sister's child;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;
And, could I pay it with my blood,

Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life,—but not my hand.
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell;⁵
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.”

XIV.

“Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses grey,—
That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own!—I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave;⁶
And generous—save vindictive mood,
Or jealous transport, chaf'd his blood:
I grant him true to friendly band,
As his claymore is to his hand;
But O! that very blade of steel
More mercy for a foe would feel:
I grant him liberal, to fling
Among his clan the wealth they bring,
When back by lake and glen they wind,
And in the Lowland leave behind,
Where once some pleasant hamlet stood
A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
The hand that for my father fought,
I honour, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red,
From peasants slaughter'd in their shed
No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
They make his passions darker seem
And flash along his spirit high,
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
While yet a child,—and children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,—
I shudder'd at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His haughty mien and lordly air:
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if o'er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
To change such odious theme were best,—
What think'st thou of our stranger guest!”—

XV.

“What think I of him?—woe the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle!
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
For FINE-man forged by fairy lore,⁷

¹ See Appendix, Note P.

² MS.—“Courtiers give place with heartless stride
Of the retiring homicide.”

³ MS.—“Who else dared own the kindred claim
That bound him to thy mother's name?
Who else dared give,” &c.

⁴ See Appendix, Note Q. ⁵ See Appendix, Note R.

⁶ “Ellen is most exquisitely drawn, and could not have been improved by contrast. She is beautiful, frank, affectionate, rational, and playful, combining the innocence of a child with the elevated sentiments and courage of a heroine.”
—*Quarterly Review*.

⁷ See Appendix, Note S.

⁸ See Appendix, Note T.

What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
Did, self-unsabbar'ded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.¹
If courtly spy hath harbour'd here,
What may we for the Douglas fear!
What for this island, deem'd of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say!
—Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,
Bethink thee of the discord dread.
That kindled, when at Beltane game
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme;
Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,
Smaoulders in Roderick's breast the feud;
Beware!—But hark, what sounds are these!²
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
Still is the canna's³ hoary beard,
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar.”

XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four mann'd and masted barges grew,
And, hearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steer'd full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brianchol they pass'd,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the fith they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd Pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spear, pikes, and axes flash'd in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave:
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters⁴ down, and sweep
The furrow'd bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake again,
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.
At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellow'd along the waters came,

And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wail'd every harsher note away;
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear;
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.⁵
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And, hurrying at the signal dread,
The batter'd earth returns their tread.
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Express'd their merry marching on,
Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broad sword upon target jarr'd;
And groaning pause, ere yet again,
Condensed, the battle yell'd amain;
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout.
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.
Nor ended thus the strain; but slow,
Sank in a moan prolong'd and low,
And chang'd the conquering clarion swell,
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill
Were busy with their echoes still;
And, when they slept, a vocal strain
Made their hoarse chorus wake again,
While loud a hundred oarsmen raise
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
Each boatman, bonding to his oar,
With measure sweep the burden bore,
In such wild cadence, as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees.
The chorus first could Allan know,
“Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! fro!”
And near, and nearer as they row'd,
Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

XIX.

Boat Song.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
“Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ferse!”⁶

¹ See Appendix, Note U.

² “The moving picture—the effect of the sounds—and the wild character and strong peculiar nationality of the whole

procession, are given with inimitable spirit and power of expression.”—JEFFREY.

³ Cotton-grass.

⁴ See Appendix, Note V.

⁵ The pipe of the bagpipe.

⁶ See Appendix, Note W.

Ours is no sapping, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the
 mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
 With and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ierree!"

XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Lament our raid,
 Think of Glen-Alpine with fear and with woe;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ierree!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oaks, for the ever-green Pine!
 O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from the deepmost glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ierree!"

XXI.

With all her joyful female band,
 Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
 Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
 And high their snowy arms they threw,
 As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
 And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;
 While, prompt to please, with mother's art,
 The darling passion of his heart,
 The Dame call'd Ellen to the strand,
 To greet her kinsman ere he land!
 "Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
 And shun to wreath a victor's brow?"—
 Reluctantly and slow, the maid
 The unwelcome summoning obey'd,
 And, when a distant bugle rung,
 In the mid-path aside she sprung:—

¹ See Appendix, Note X.

² "However we may dislike the geographical song and chorus, half English and half Erse, which is sung in praise of the warrior, we must allow that, in other respects, the hero of a poem has seldom, if ever, been introduced with finer effect, or in a manner better calculated to excite the expectations of the reader, than on the present occasion."—*Critical Review*.

"List, Allan-bane! From mainland east,
 I hear my father's signal blast.
 Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,
 And wait him from the mountain side."
 Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright
 She darted to her shallop light,
 And, eagerly while Roderick scan'd,
 For her dear form, his mother's hand,
 The islet far behind her lay,
 And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
 With less of earth in them than heaven;
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head!
 And as the Douglas to his breast
 His darling Ellen closely press'd,
 Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,
 Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.
 Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
 Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
 Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof)
 Still held a graceful youth aloof;
 No! not till Douglas named his name,
 Although the youth was Malcolm Grame.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
 Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle;
 His master piteously he eyed,
 Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride.
 Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away
 From his dimm'd eye the gathering spray;
 And Douglas, as his hand he laid
 On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,
 "Canst thou, young friend, no moaning
 spy

In my poor follower's glistening eye?
 I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day,
 When in my praise he led the lay
 O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,
 While many a minstrel answer'd loud,
 When Percy's Norman pennon, won
 In bloody field, before me shone,
 And twice ten knights, the least a name
 As mighty as yon Chief may claim,
 Gracing my pomp, behind me came.

³ MS.—"The chorus to the chieftain's name."

⁴ MS.—"Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
 Her filial greetings eager hung,
 Mark'd not that awe (affection's proof)
 Still held yon gentle youth aloof;
 No! not till Douglas named his name,
 Although the youth was Malcolm Grame.
 Then with flush'd cheek and downcast eye,
 Their greeting was confused and slow."

Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,
Though the waned crescent own'd my might,
And in my train troop'd lord and knight,
Though Biantyre hymn'd her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true,
Than aught my better fortitude knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,
O! it out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV.

Delightful praise!—Like summer rose;
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful-maiden's cheek appear'd,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took her favourite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye,
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.
And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled Goddess of the wood,
That if a father's partial thought
O'erweigh'd her worth and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV.

Of stature tall, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Grame.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
His flaxen hair of sunny hue,
Curl'd closely round his bonnet blue.
Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy:
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though wing'd with fear,
Outstripp'd in speed the mountaineer:
Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind;
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame;
It danced as lightsome in his breast,
As play'd the feather on his crest.

MS.—"The doe with whimpering notes repaid"

Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth
His scorn of wrong, his soul for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,
Said, were that youth to manhood grown
Not long should Roderick Elph's renown
Be foremost voted by mountain folk;
But quail to that of Malcolm Grame."

XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way
And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say,
"Why urge thy chase so far astray?
And why so late return'd! And why?"—
The rest was in her speaking eye.
"My child, the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime left
Were all of Douglas I have left.
I met young Malcolm as I stray'd,
Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,
Nor stray'd I safe; for, all around,
Hunters and horsemen scour'd the ground.
This youth, though still a royal ward,
Risk'd life and land to be my guard,
And through the passes of the wood,
Guided my steps, not unpursued;
And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
Nor peril sought for me again."

XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Grame,
Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
Fail'd aught in hospitality.
In talk and sport they whiled away,
The morning of that summer day;
But at high noon a courier light
Held secret parley with the knight,
Whose moody aspect soon declared,
That evil were the news he heard.
Deep thought seem'd toiling in his
head;
Yet was the evening banquet made,
Ere he assembled round the flame,
His mother, Douglas, and the Grame,
And Ellen, too; then cast around
His eyes, then fix'd them on the ground,
As studying phrase that might avail
Best to convey unpleasant tale.
Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd,
Then raised his haughty brow, and said:

XXVIII.

"Short be my speech—nor time affords,
Nor my plain temper, glozing words."

MS.—"Like fabled huntress of the wood."

Kinsman and father,—it such name
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;
 Mine honour'd mother;—Ellen—why,
 My cousin, turn away thine eye!—
 And Græme; in whom I hope to know
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,
 When age shall give thee thy command,
 And leading in thy native land,—
 List all!—The King's vindictive pride
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,¹
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
 To share their monarch's silvan game,
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared;
 And when the banquet they prepared,
 And wide their loyal portals flung,
 O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
 Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
 From Yarrow brags, and banks of Tweed,
 Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
 And from the silver Teviot's side;
 The dales, where martial clans did ride,²
 Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
 This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
 So faithless and so richly known,
 Now hither comes; his end the same,
 The same pretext of silvan game.
 What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye,
 By fate of Border chivalry³
 Yet more; amid Glenfithlas' green,
 Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
 This by espial sure I know;
 Your counsel in the stright I show."

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
 Sought comfort each other's eye,
 Then turn'd their ghastly look; each one,
 This to her sire—that to her son.
 The hasty colour went and came
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme;
 But from his glance it well appear'd,
 'Twas but for Ellen that he fear'd;
 While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,
 The Douglas thus his counsel said:—
 "Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
 It may but thunder and pass o'er;
 Nor will I here remain an hour,
 To draw the lightning on thy tower;
 For well thou know'st, at this grey head
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
 For thee, who, at thy King's command,
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,
 Submission, homage, humbled pride,
 Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
 Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
 Ellen and I will seek, apart,

The refuge of some forest cell,
 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
 Till on the mountain and the moor,
 The storn pursuit be pass'd and o'er."

XXX.

"No, by mine honour," Roderick said,
 "So help me, heaven, and my good blade!
 No, never! Blasted be you Pine,
 My fathers' ancient crest and mine,
 If from its shade in danger part
 The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
 Hear my blunt speech: Grant me this
 maid
 To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
 To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
 Will friends and allies flock enow;
 Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
 Will bind to us each Western Chief.
 When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
 The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
 The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
 And, when I light the nuptial torch,
 A thousand villages in flames,⁴
 Shall scare the slumbers of King James!
 —Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
 And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
 I want not all my heart might say.—
 Small need of inroad, or of fight,
 When the sage Douglas may unite
 Each mountain clan in friendly band,
 To guard the passes of their land;
 Till the foil'd king, from pathless glen,⁴
 Shall bootless turn him home agen."

XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour,
 In slumber scaled a ~~clow~~ tower,
 And, on the verge that beetled o'er
 The ocean-tide's incessant roar,
 Dream'd calmly out their dangerous dream,⁵
 Till waken'd by the morning beam;
 When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
 Such startler cast his glance below,
 And saw unmeasured depth around,
 And heard unintermitted sound,
 And thought the battled fence so frail,
 It waved like cobweb in the gale;—
 Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
 Did he not desperate impulse feel,
 Headlong to plunge himself below,
 And meet the worst his fears foreshew?—
 Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
 As sudden ruin yawn'd around,
 By crossing terrors wildly toss'd,
 Still for the Douglas fearing most,

See Appendix, Note Y.

¹ MS.—"The dales where clans were wont to bide."

² See Appendix, Note Z.

⁴ MS.—"Till the foil'd king, from hill and glen."

⁵ MS.—"Dream'd calmly out their desperate dream."

Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak—but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas mark'd the hectic strife,
Where death seem'd combating with life;
Far to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rush'd the throbbing blood,
Then obbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wan as clay.
"Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried,
"My daughter cannot be thy bride;
Not that the blush to wooer dear,
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
It may not be—forgive her, Chief,
Nor hazard aught for our relief.
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
Will level a rebellious spear.
'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
To rein a steed and wield a brand;
I see him yet, the princely boy!
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
I love him still, despite my wrongs,
By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.
O seek the grace you well may find,
Without a cause to mine combined."

XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain stride;
The waving of his tartan broad,
And darken'd brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy light,
Like the ill Demon of the night,
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest its venom'd smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes, that mock'd at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o'er.
The death-fangs of long-cherish'd hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its chequer'd shroud,
While every sob—so mute were all—
Was heard distinctly through the hall.

The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wroaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So the deep anguish of despair¹
Byrnt, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm's breast and halted plaid:
"Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said,
"Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at
naught
The lesson I so lately taught!
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delay'd.
Eager as greyhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme."
"Perish my name, if aught afford
Its Chieftain safety save his sword!"
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand²
Griped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been—but Douglas rose,
And thrust between the struggling foes
His giant strength:—"Chieftains, forego!
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.—
Madmoes forbear your frantic jar!
What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
His daughter's hand a doom'd the spoil
Of such dishonourable broil!"
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
As, falter'd through terrific dream.
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
And veil'd his wrath in scornful word.
"Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!"
Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan,
The pageant pomp of earthly man.

¹ MS.—"The deep-toned anguish of despair
Flash'd, in fierce jealousy, to air."

² "There is something foppish and out of character in Malcolm's rising to lead out Ellen from her own parlour; and the sort of wrestling match that takes place between the rival chieftains on the occasion, is humiliating and indecorous."—JEFFREY.

³ MS.—"Thus as they strove, each better hand
Grasp'd for the dagger or the brand."

⁴ The Author has to apologize for the inadvertent appropriation of a whole line from the tragedy of Douglas.

"I hold the first who strikes, my foe."
—Note to the second edition

⁵ MS.—"Sullen and slow the rivals bold
Loosed, at his host, their desperate hold,
But either still on other glared," &c.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 A.

More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
 Thou canst our strength and passes show,—
 Malise, what ho!"—his henchman came;¹
 "Give our safe-conduct to the Græme."
 Young Malcolm answer'd, calm and bold,
 "Fear nothing for thy favourite hold;
 The spot, an angel deigned to grace,
 Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place.
 Thy courteous courtesy for those
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
 As safe to me the mountain way
 At midnight as in blaze of day,
 Though with his boldest at his back
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—
 Brave Douglas,—lovely Eken,—nay,
 Nought here of parting will I say.
 Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,
 So secret, but we meet again.—
 Chieftain! we too shall find an hour."—
 He said, and left the silvan bower.

XXXVI.

Old Allan follow'd to the strand,
 (Such was the Douglas's command.)
 And anxious told, how, on the morn,
 The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
 The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
 Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.
 Much were the peril to the Græme,
 From those who to the signal came;
 Far up the lake 'twere safest land,
 Himself would row him to the strand.
 He gave his counsel to the wind,
 While Malcolm d-d, unheeding, blind,
 Round dirk and pouch and broadsword roll'd,
 His ample plaid in tighen'd fold,
 And stripp'd his limbs to such array,
 As best might suit the watery way,—

XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee.
 Pattern of old fidelity!"
 The Minstrel's hand he kindly press'd,—
 "O! could I point a place of rest!
 My sovereign holds in ward my land,
 My uncle leads my vassal hand;
 To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
 Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
 Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,
 Who loves the Chieftain of his name,
 Not long shall honour'd Douglas dwell,
 Like hunted stag in mountain cell;
 Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber dare,—
 I may not give the rest to air!
 Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,
 Not the poor service of a boat,

To waft me to you mountain-side."
 Then plunged he in the flashing tide,²
 Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
 And stoutly steer'd him from the shore;
 And Allan strain'd his anxious eye,
 Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.
 Darkening across each puny wave,
 To which the moon her silver gave,
 Fast as the cormorant could skim.
 The swimmer plied each active limb;
 Then landing in the moonlight dell,
 Loud shouted of his weal to tell.
 The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
 And joyful from the shore withdrew.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO THIRD.

The Gathering.

I.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,³
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
 'Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be!
 How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning noarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his cease-
 less course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
 How, wren a mountain chief his bugle blew,
 Both field and forest, dim, delf, and dell,
 And solitary heath, the signal knew;
 And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
 What time the warning note was keenly wound,
 What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
 While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering
 sound,
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor,
 round.⁴

II.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
 Mildly and soft the western breeze
 Just kiss'd the Lake, just stirr'd the trees,
 And the pleas'd lake, like maiden coy,
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
 The mountain-shadows on her breast
 Were neither broken nor at rest;

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 B.² MS.—"He spoke, and plunged into the tide."³ "There are no separate introductions to the cantos of this poem; but each of them begins with one or two stanzas in the measure of Spenser, usually containing some reflections

connected with the subject about to be entered on; and written, for the most part, with great tenderness and beauty. The following, we think, is among the most striking."—JES. PREY.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 C.

In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The grey must left the mountain side,
The torrent show'd its glistering pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer coo'd the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
For such Antiquity had taught
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking band stood off aghast
At the impatient glance he cast;—
Such glance the mountain eagle threw.
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven, reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

A heap of wither'd boughs was piled,
Of juniper and Rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.

1 MS.—“The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemm'd with dewdrops, led her fawn,
Invisible in fleecy cloud,
The lark sent down her matins loud,
The light must left,” &c.

2 “The Green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass.”—*Childe Harold*

3 MS.—“Hard by, his vassals' early care
The mystic ritual prepare.”

4 See Appendix, Note 2 D.

5 MS.—“While the bless'd creed gave only worse.”

6 MS.—“He pray'd, and many a cross between,
And terror took devotion's mien.”

7 See Appendix, Note 2 E.

8 “There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whatever be the slant in which death may lower;”

His grined beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, steam'd o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benbarrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,
But Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose harp'd heart and eye might brook
Of human sacrifice to look;
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mix'd in the charms he mutter'd o'er.
The hallow'd creed gave only worse,
And deadlier emphasis of curse;
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunn'd with care,
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase call'd off his hound;
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He pray'd, and sign'd the cross between,
While terror took devotion's mien.

V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told,
His mother watch'd a midnight fold,
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scatter'd lay the bones of men,
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleach'd by drifting wind and rain.
It might have tamed a warrior's heart,
To view such mockery of his art!
The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand,
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-fare framed her lowly nest;
There the slow blind-worm left his shine
On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time;
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wreathed with chaplet, flush'd and full,

For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds!
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there,
All regarding man as their prey,
Rejoicing in his decay.”—*Byron—Siege of Corinth*

9 “Remove you skull from out the scattered heaps.
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell
Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;
Yet this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul,
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom, and of wit.”

For heath-bell with her purple bloom,
 Supplied the bonnet and the plume.¹
 All night, in this sad glen, the maid
 Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade:
 —She said, no shepherd sought her
 side,
 No hunter's hand her snood untied,
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
 The snood did Alice wear;²
 Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
 Her maiden girdle all too short,
 Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
 Or holy church or blessed rite,
 But lock'd her secret in her breast,
 And died in travail, unconfess'd.

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,
 Was Brian from his infant years;
 A moody and heart-broken boy,
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,
 Bearing such taunt which careless tongue
 On his mysterious lineage flung,
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
 To wood and stream his hap to wail,
 Till, frantic, he at truth received³
 What of his birth the crowd believed,
 And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
 To meet and know his Father's Sire!
 In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,
 The cloister oped her pitying gate;
 In vain, the learning of the age
 Unclasp'd the sable-letter'd page;
 Even in its treasures he could find
 Food for the fever of his mind.
 Eager he read whatever tells
 Of magic, cabala, and spells,
 And every dark pursuit allied
 To curious and presumptuous pride;
 Till with fired brain and nerves o'er-
 strung,
 And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
 Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
 And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,
 Such as might suit the spectro's child.⁴
 Where with black cliffs the torrents to l,
 He watch'd the whirling eddies boil,
 Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
 Beheld the River Demon rise;

And passion's host, that never brook'd control.
 Can a' admit, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 Peep! this lonely tower, this tenement refit?"

Childe Harold.

1 "These reflections on an ancient field of battle afford the most remarkable instance of false taste in all Mr. Scott's writings. Yet the brevity and variety of the images serve well to show, that even in his errors there are traces of a powerful genius."—JEREMY.

The mountain mist took form and limb,
 Of noontide hag, or goblin grim;
 The midnight wind came wild and dread,
 Swell'd with the voices of the dead;
 Far on the future battle-heath
 His eye beheld the ranks of death:
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd,
 Shaped forth a disembodied world.
 One lingering sympathy of mind
 Still bound him to the mortal kind;
 The only parent he could claim
 Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
 The fatal Ben-Shic's boding scream;⁵
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
 Of charging steeds, careering fast
 Along Benharrow's slungy side,
 Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;⁶
 The thunderbolt had split the pine,—
 All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.
 He girt his loins, and came to show
 The signals of impending woe,
 And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
 As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared;—and from the rock,
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
 Before the kindling pile was laid,
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
 Patient the sickening victim eyed
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
 Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limbs,
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
 The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
 A slender crosslet form'd with care,
 A cubit's length in measure due;
 The shaft and limbs with rods of yew,
 Whose parents in Inch-Caillach wave⁷
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
 Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
 The Cross, thus form'd, he held on high,
 With wasted hand, and hag,ard eye,
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,
 While his anathema he spoke.

IX.

"Woe to the clansman who shall view
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,
 Forgetful that its branches grew
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew

² See Appendix, Note 2 F.

³ MS.—"Till, driven to frenzy, he believed
 The legend of his birth received."

⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 G.

⁵ MS.—"The fatal Ben-Shic's dismal scream;
 And seen her wrinkled form, the sign
 Of woe and death to Alpine's line."

—See Appendix, Note 2 H.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 I.

⁷ Ibid. Note 2 K.

On Alpine's dwelling tow!

Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just¹

Shall doom him wrath and woe."

He paused;—the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook;

And first in murmur low²

Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his muster'd force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,

"Woe to the traitor, woe!"

Ben-an's grey scalp, the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle scream'd afar,—
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X.

The shout was hush'd on lake and fell,
The monk resumed his mutter'd spell:
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reach'd the air,
Although the holiest name was there,³
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd

Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—

"Woe to the wretch who fails to rear

At this dread sign the ready spear!

For, as the flames this symbol sear,

His home, the refuge of his fear,

A kindred fate shall know;

Far o'er its roof the voluted flame

(Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,

While maids and matrons on his name

Shall call down wretchedness and shame,

And infamy and woe."

Then rose the cry of females, shrill

As goshawk's whistle on the hill,

Denouncing misery and ill,

Mingled with childhood's babbling trill

Of curses stammer'd slow;

Answering, with imprecation dread,

"Sunk be his home in embers red!

And cursed be the meanest shed

That e'er shall hide the houseless head,

We doom to want and woe!"

A sharp and shrieking echo gave:

Coir-Urriagun, thy goblin cave!

And the grey pass where birches wave,

On Beala-nam-bo.

XI.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his labouring breath he drew,
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,
And eyes that glow'd like fiery brand,
He meditated curses more dread,
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,
Who, summon'd to his Chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobey'd.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,
He quench'd among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he rear'd,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
"When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Pained the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth!
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark,
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!"
He ceased: no echo gave again
The murmur of the deep Amen.⁴

XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took:
"Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
"The muster-place be Lanrick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!"
Like heath-lark, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch Katrine flew;
High stood the henchman on the prow;
So rapidly the barge-men row,
The bubbles, where they launch'd the boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had near'd the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleetest foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never traced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;

¹ MS.—"Our warriors, on his worthless bust,
Shall speak disgrace and woe."

² MS.—"Their clattering targets hardly strook;
And first they mutter'd low."

³ MS.—"Although the holy name was there."

⁴ MS.—"The slowly mutter'd deep Amen."

⁵ MS.—"Murlagan is the spot decreed."

⁶ See Appendix. Note 2 L.

With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like queening hound;
The orag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Perch'd are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,¹
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough;
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In-arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They pour'd each hardy tenant down.
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace;
He show'd the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamour and surprise behind.²
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe;
The heron without a keeper stray'd,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falconer toss'd his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lag's blithe carol, from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.³

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed! the lako is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,

¹ MS.—“Dread messenger of fate and fear,
Herald of danger, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
Thou track'st not now the stricken doe,
Nor maiden coy through greenwood bough.”

² “The description of the starting of the ‘fiery cross’ bears more marks of labour than most of Mr. Scott’s poetry, and borders, perhaps, upon straining and exaggeration; yet it shows great power.”—JEFFERY.

³ MS.—“Seems all too lively and too loud.”

⁴ MS.—“‘Tis woman’s scream, ‘tis childhood’s wail.”

⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 M.

⁶ Or *corrie*. The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half lidden in the copse so green;
There mayest thou rest, thy labour done,
Their Lord shall speed the signal on.—
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way.
—What woeful accents load the gale!
The funeral yell, the female wail!⁴
A gallant hunter’s sport is o’er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick’s side shall fill his place!—
Within the hall, where torches’ ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o’er him streams his widow’s tear.
His strpling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.⁵

XVI.

Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary.
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are nearest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,⁶
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,⁶
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

⁷ Mr. Scott is such a master of versification, that the most complicated metre does not, for an instant, arrest the progress of his imagination; its difficulties usually operate as a salutary excitement to his attention, and not unfrequently suggest to him new and unexpected graces of expression. If a careless rhyme, or an ill constructed phrase occasionally escape him amidst the irregular torrent of his stanza, the blemish is often imperceptible by the hurried eye of the reader, but when the short lines are yoked in pairs, any dissonance in the jingle, or interruption of the construction, cannot fail to give offence. We learn from Horace, that in the course of a long work, a poet may legitimately indulge in a momentary slumber; but we do not wish to hear him more.”—*Quarterly Review*.

XVII.

See Stumah,¹ who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stumah ! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast :—unheeding all.
The henchman bursts into the hall ;
Before the dead man's bier he stood ;
Held forth the Cross besmear'd with blood ;
" The muster-place is Lanriek mead ;
Speed forth the signal ! clansmen, speed ! "

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,²
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
In haste the stripling to his side
His father's dirk and broadsword tied ;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony,
Back to her open'd arms he flew,
Press'd on her lips a fond adieu—
" Alas ! " she sobb'd,—" and yet, he gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son ! "
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the very Cross.
Suspended was the widow's tear,
While yet his footsteps she could hear ;
And when she mark'd the henchman's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
" Kinsman," she said, " his race is run,
That should have sped thine errand on ;
The oak has fall'n,—the sapling bough
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
Yet trust I well, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son.—
And you, in many a danger true,
At Duncan's behest your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head !
Let babes and women wail the dead."
Then weapon-blank, and martial call,
Resounded through the funeral hall,
While from the walls the attendant band
Snatch'd sword and targe, with hurried hand ;

And short and flitting energy
(Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear,
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier
But faded soon that borrow'd force ;
Grief claim'd his right, and tears their
course.

XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.³
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew ;
The tear that gather'd in his eye
He left the mountain breeze to dry ;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,⁴
That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of St. Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge ;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reel'd his sympathetic eye,
He dash'd amid the torrent's roar :
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice, the foam splash'd high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by ;
And had he fall'n,—for ever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir !
But still, as if in parting life,
Fiercer he grasp'd the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gain'd,
And up the chapel pathway strain'd.

XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,
Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.⁵
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave.
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonneted sire and coil-clad dame ;
And plauded youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear ;
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step, and bashful hand,
She held the kerchief's snowy band ;

¹ Faithful The name of a dog.

² MS.—" Angus, the first of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign,
And then upon his kinsman's bier
Fell Malise's suspended tear.

In haste the stripling to his side
His father's targe and falchion tied."

³ See Appendix, Note 2 N.

⁴ MS.—" And where a steep and wooded knoll
Graced the dark strath with emerald green."

The gallant bridegroom by her side,
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate?
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soil'd he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"
And must he change so soon the hand,¹
Just link'd to his by holy band,
For the fell cross of blood and brand?
And must the slay, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
—O fatal doom!—it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch to the race—away! away!

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the feith.
—What in the racer's bosom stirr'd?
The sickening pang of hope deferr'd,
And memory, with a torturing train²
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The manly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,
And hope, from well-fought field returning,
With war's red honours on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

¹ MS.—"And must he then exchange the hand."

² MS.—"And memory brought the torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain;
But mingled with impatience came
The manly love of martial fame."

³ Broken—Fern.

MS.—"I may not, dare not, imagine now."

XXIII.

Song.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken² curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!
I may not, dare not, fancy now⁴
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clack-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must bedlike bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.⁵
And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

XXIV.

Not faster, o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight breeze,
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the wave of war.⁷
The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
Waked still, Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turn'd its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
From the grey sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequester'd glen,
Muster'd its little horde of men,
That met as torquants from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite,

⁵ MS—"A time will come for love and faith,
For should thy bridegroom yield his breath,
'Twill cheer him in the happy death.
The boasted right to thee, Mary."

⁶ See Appendix. Note 20.

⁷ "The eager fidelity with which this fatal signal is hurried on and obeyed, is represented with great spirit and felicity."
—LAFREY.

Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood ;
Each train'd to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.¹

XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue,
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
To view the frontiers of Mintoith.
All backward came with news of truce ;
Still lay each martial Grame and Bruce,
In Rednoch courts po horsemen wait,
No banner waved on Cardross gate,
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
Nor scared the herons from Loch Con ;
All seem'd at peace.—Now, wot ye why
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scan'd with care ?—
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left ;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequester'd dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a hand, in Celtic tongue,
Has Cour-nan-Uriskin been sung ;²
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And call'd the grot the Goblin-cave.

XXVI.

It was a wild and strange retreat,
As o'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's breast ;
Its trench had staid full many a rock,
Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's grey summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frown'd incumbent o'er the spot,
And form'd the rugged silvan grot.³
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.

No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill ;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern grey,
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild-cat leaves her young ;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Grey Superstition's whisper dread
Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread ;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs⁴ hold their silvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repass'd the heights of Benvenue.
Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo :⁵
The prompt retainers sped before,
To launch the shallops from the shore,
For cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen on array.
Yet lags the chief in pensive mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord :⁶
The rest their way through thickets break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighbouring height,
By the low-levell'd sunbeams light !
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII.

The Chief, with step reluctant, still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 P.

² See Appendix, Note 2 Q.

³ "After landing on the skirts of Benvenue, we reach the cove (of more proper name *the grot*) of the goblins, by a steep and narrow defile of a few hundred yards in length. It is a deep circular amphitheatre of at least 600 yards of extent in its upper diameter, gradually narrowing towards the base, hemmed in all round by steep and towering rocks, and rendered impenetrable to the rays of the sun by a close covert of luxu-

rian trees. On the south and west it is bounded by the precipitous shoulder of Benvenue, to the height of at least 500 feet, towards the east, the rock appears to have tumbled down, strewing the whole course of its fall with immense fragments, which now serve only to give shelter to foxes, wild-cats, and badgers."—DR. GRAHAM.

⁴ The *Urisk*, or Highland satyr. See Note on the previous Canto.

⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 M.

⁶ *Ibid*, Note 2 R.

Hard by where turn'd apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode.
It was but with that dawning morn,
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar,¹
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems a stream with sand,
After ~~the~~ ^{the} flame with flaxen hand,
Has yet a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love!
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost;
For though his haughty heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear,
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees.
But hark! What mingles in the strain?
It is the harp of Allan-bane,
That wakes its measure slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX.

Hymn to the Virgin.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear thought from the wild,
Thou canst save anguish and despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undivided!
The flinty couch we now must share²
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air³
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

¹ MS.—"To drown his grief in war's wild roar,
Nor think of love and Ellen more."
² MS.—"The flinty couch my ~~own~~ must share."
³ P.S.—"The murky grotto's muzzled air."

XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn—
Unmoved in attitude and limb,
As list'ning still, Clan-Alpine's lord
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,
Until the page, with humble sign,
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then while his plaid he round him cast,
"It is the last time—'tis the last,"
He muttered thrice—"the last time e'er
That angel voice shall Roderick hear!"
It was a goading thought—his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;
Sullen he flung him in the boat,
And instant 'cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Laurick height,
Where muster'd, in the vale below,
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made,
Some sat, some stood, some slowly stray'd;
But most with mantles folded round,
Were couch'd to rest upon the ground,
Scarcely to be known by curious eye,
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was match'd the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and bracken green;
Unless where, here and there, a blade,
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.
But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell⁴
Three times return'd the martial yell;
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claim'd her evening reign.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Prophecy.

I.

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears."

⁴ MS.—"Where broad extending far below,
Muster'd Clan-Alpine's martial show."

⁵ MS.—"And rapture dearest when obscured by fears."

O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years !”
Thus spake young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
All while he stripp'd the wild-rose spray,
His axe and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,
A wakeful sentinel he stood.
Hark ! on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.
“Stand, or thou diest !—What, Malise ?—soon
Art thou return'd from Braes of Doune.
By thy keen step and glance I know,
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe.”—
(For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
On distant scout had Malise gone.)
“Where sleeps the Chief !” the chieftain said.—
“Apart, in yonder misty glade ;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide.”—
Then call'd a slumberer by his side,
And stirr'd him with his slacken'd bow—
“Up, up, Glentarkin ! rouse thee, ho !
We seek the Chieftain ; on the track,
Keep eagle watch till I come back.”

III.

Together up the pass they sped :
“What of the foemen ?” Norman said.—
“Varying reports from near and far ;
This certain,—that a band of war
Has for two days been ready bounce,
At prompt command, to march from Doune ;
King James, the white, with princely powers,
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
Inured to bide such bitter bout,
The warrior's plaid may bear it out ;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride ?”—
“What ! know ye not that Roderick's care
To the lone isle hath caused repair
Each maid and matron of the clan,
And every child and aged man
Unfit for arms ; and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
Upon these lakes shall float at large,
But all beside the islet moor,
That such dear pledge may rest secure ?”—

IV.

“Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan !
Bespeaks the father of his clan.

But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick I know
Apart from all his followers true !”—
“It is, because last evening-tide
Brian an augury hath tried,
Of that dread kind which must not be
Unless in dread extremity,
The Taghairm call'd ; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.
Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slay.”

MALISE.

“Ah ! well the gallant brute I knew !
The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.
His lude was snow, his horns were dark,
His red eye glow'd like fiery spark ;
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest kernes in awe
Even at the pass of Beal 'mha.
But steep and flinty was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikemen's goad,
And when we came to Dinnan's Row,
A child might scatheless stroke his brow.”—

V.

NORMAN.

“That bull was slain ; his reeking hide
They stretch'd the catanet beside,
Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.
Couch'd on a shelf beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Mudst groan of rock, and roar of stream.
The wizard waits prophetic dream.
Nor distant rests the Chief ;—but hush !
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host ?
O raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morag claims with sullen croak ?”—

MALISE.

—“Peace ! peace ! to other than to me,
Thy words were evil augury ;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, glean'd from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,
Together they descend the brow.”

¹ MS.—“Tis well advised—a prudent plan,
Worthy the father of his clan.”

² See Appendix, Note 2 T.
³ Ibid, Note 2 V.

⁴ Ibid, Note 2 U.
⁵ Ibid, Note 2 W.

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word:—
"Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
For man endow'd with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eyes can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,—
'Tis hard for such to view, unfur'd,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim,
My soul with harrowing anguish torn,—
'Tis for my Chieftain have I borne!—
The shapes that sought my tearful couch,
An human tongue may ne'er avouch;
No mortal man,—save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law,—
Had ~~er~~ ^{er} arrived to say he saw.
At length the fatal answer came,
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and brand'd on my soul;—
WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S BLOOD,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE!"

VII.

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~thy~~ ^{thy} ~~angury~~ ^{angury}, and fair.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle good,
But first our broadswords tasted blood.
A surer victim still I know,
Self-offer'd to the auspicious blow:
A spy has sought my land this morn,—
No eve shall witness his return!
My followers guard each pass's mouth,
To east, to westward, and to south;
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
Has charge to lead his steps aside,
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
He light on those shall bring him down!
—But see, who comes his news to show!
Malise! what tidings of the foe?"

VIII.

"At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive
Two Barons proud their banners wave.

I saw the Moray's silver star,
And mark'd the sable pale of Mar."—
"By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes.
When move they on?"—"To-morrow's noon
Will see them here for battle boun."—
"Then shall it see a meeting stern!—
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn?
Strengthen'd by them, we well might bide
The battle on Benledi's side.
Thou couldst not!—Well! Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trossach's shaggy glen;
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
And in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child, and son for sire,—
Lover for maid beloved!—But why—
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?
Or dost thou come, ill-omen'd tear!
A messenger of doubt or fear?
No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.—
Each to his post!—all know their charge."
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.
—I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Cour-Urishin once more.

IX.

Where is the Douglas!—he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the grey stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;
While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are pour'd on her unheeding ear!—
"He will return—Dear lady, trust!—
With joy return;—he will—he must.
Well was it time to seek, afar,
Some refuge from impending war,
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swain
Are cowl'd by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats, with many a light,
Floating the live-long yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth"
By the red streamers of the north;

¹ MS.—"Which foremost spills a freeman's life."

² See Appendix, Note 2X.

³ MS.—"The clansman, vainly deem'd his guide."

⁴ MS.—"He light on those shall stab him down."

⁵ MS.—"When move they on? { 'This sun
'To-day } at noon
'Tis said will see them march from Doune."

'To-morrow then { makes } meeting stern."

⁶ For battle boun—ready for battle.

⁷ MS.—"Tis stubborn as his *Highland* targe."

⁸ MS.—"Thick as the flashes darted forth
By morrice-dancers of the north,
And saw at morn their barges ride,
A little fleet,
Close moor'd by the loch's side,
Since this rule race dare not abide
Upon their native mountain side,
'Tis fit that Douglas should provide
For his dear child some safe abode,
And soon he comes to point the road."

I mark'd at morn how close they ride,
Thick moor'd by the lone islet's side,
Like wild-ducks couching in the fen,
Whon stoops the hawk upon the glen.
Since this rude race dare not abide
The peril on the mainland side,
Shall not thy noble father's care
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"—

X.

ELLEN.

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind¹
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender tone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave,
The tear that glisten'd in his eye
Drown'd not his purpose fix'd on high.
My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,²
Reflects the invulnerable rock.
He hears report of battle rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife.
I saw him redden, when the theme
Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream,
Of Malcolm Greme, in fetters bound,
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen aught?
Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought
For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—
(Let me be just) that friend so true;
In danger both, and in our cause!
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
Why else that solemn warning given,
'If not on earth, we meet in heaven?'
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
If e'er return him not again,
Am I to lie, and make me known?
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friend's safety with his own;—
He goes to do—what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"—

XI.

"Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named yon holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Greme—
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—
My vision'd sight may yet prove true,
Nor bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile?
Think of the stranger at the isle,

And think upon the harpings slow,
That presaged this approaching woe!
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
Of such a wondrous tale I know—
Dear lady, change that look of woe.
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."

ELLEN.

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear."
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII.

Ballad.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis⁴ and merle⁵ are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by woe and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother hold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must sheer from the slaughter'd deer,
To keep the cold away."

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance."

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey,
As gay the forest-green.

¹ MS.—"No, Allan, no! His words so kind
Were but a pretext to my fears to blind.
When in such solemn tone, and grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave."

² MS.—"I myself disturb'd by slightest shock,
Reflects the adamant rock."

⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 Y.

⁵ Thrush.

⁵ Blackbird.

⁶ MS.—"'Twas but a midnight chance;
For blindfold was the battle plied,
And fortune held the lance."

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he has Alice Brand."

XIII.

Ballad continued.

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe and lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who won'd within the hall,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on hush and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who cometh here to chase the deer,
Belov'd of our Elfin Queen?
Or who maky dare on wold to wear
The fairest fatal green!"

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal lie,
For thou wert christen'd man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter'd word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the wither'd hear,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wail and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.

XIV.

Ballad continued.

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green wood,
Though the bir is haw still'd their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he cross'd and bless'd him at,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman, void of fear,—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here!"

XV.

Ballad continued.

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

"And gaily shines the Fairy land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd away
To the joyless Elfin bower."

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once—the cross'd him twice—
That lady was so brave;
The fogler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scotch soil,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,
When all the bells were ringing.

XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
A stranger climb'd the steepy glade:

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.

² MS.—"Our fairy singlet's screen."

³ See Appendix, Note 3 A.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 B.

⁷ See Appendix,

⁵ See Appendix, Note 3 C.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 3 D.

His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
’Tis Snowdon’s Knight, ’tis James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppress’d a scream :
“ O stranger ! in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here ? ”—
“ An evil hap how can it be,
That bids me look again on thee !
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshall’d, over bank and bourne,
The happy path of my return.”—
“ The happy path !—what ! said he nought
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass ! ”—“ No, by my faith !
Nor saw I aught could augur aught.”—
“ O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
—Yonder his tartans I discern ;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure !—
What prompted thee, unhappy man !
The meanest serf in Roderick’s clan
Had not been bribed by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here.”—

XVII.

“ Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee ;
Yet life I hold but idle breath,
When love or honour’s weigh’d with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to hear thee from a wild,
Where ne’er before such blossom smiled,
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.
Near Bochester my horses wait ;¹
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I’ll place thee in a lovely bower,
I’ll guard thee like a tender flower.”—
“ O ! hush, Sir Knight ! ’twere female art,
To say I do not read thy heart ;
Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.²
That fatal but hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o’er dangerous track,
And how, O how, can I atone
The wreck my vanity brought on !—
One way remains—I’ll tell him all—
Yes ! struggling bosom, forth it shall !
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame !
But first—my father is a man
Outlaw’d and exiled, under ban ;

¹ MS.—“ By Cambusmore, my horses wait.”

² MS.—“ Was idly fond thy praise to hear.”

³ MS.—“ This ring of gold the monarch gave.”

The price of blood is on his head,
With me ’twere infamy to wed.—
Still wouldst thou speak !—then hear the truth !

Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—
If yet he is !—exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity—
Thou hast the secret of my heart :
Forgive, be generous, and depart !”

XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady’s fickle heart to gain ;
But here he knew and felt them vain.
There shot no glance from Ellen’s eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie ;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blush,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had seal’d her Malcolm’s doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
Hope vanish’d from Fitz-James’s eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffer’d to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.—
“ O ! little know’st thou Roderick’s heart !
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan learn,
If thou may’st trust yon wily kern.”
With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind he shade,
A parting step or two he made ;
Then, as some thought had cross’d his brain,
He paused, and turn’d, and came again.

XIX.

“ Hear, lady, yet, a parting word !—
It chanced in fight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland’s lord.
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,¹
And bade, when I had boon to crave,
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword,
Whose castle is his helm and shield,
His lordship the unbattled field.
What from a prince can I demand,
Who neither reck of state nor land !
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine ;²
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the king without delay ;³
This signet shall secure thy way ;
And claim thy suit, whatever it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me.”

¹ MS.—“ Permit this hand—the ring is thine.”

² MS.—“ Seek thou the King, and on thy knee
Put forth thy suit, whatever it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me ;

He placed the golden circlet on,
 Paused—kiss'd her hand—and then was gone.
 The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
 So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
 He join'd his guide, and wending down
 The ridges of the mountain brown,
 Across the stream they took their way,
 That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX.

All in the Trosach's glen was still,
 Nought was sleeping on the hill:
 Sudden his guide whoop'd loud and high—
 "Murdoch! was that a signal cry!"—
 He stammer'd forth,—"I shout to scare!
 Yon raven from his dainty fare."
 He look'd—he knew the raven's pray,
 His own brave steed:—"Ah! gallant grey!
 For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well
 We ne'er had seen the Trosach's dell.—
 "Murdoch, move first—but silently;
 Whisk—whoop, and thou shalt die!"
 Jealous and sullen on they fared,
 Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
 Around a precipice's edge,
 When lo! a wasted female form,
 Dighted by wrath of sun and storm,
 In tatter'd weeds and wild array,
 Stood on a cliff beside the way,
 And glancing round her restless eye,
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
 Seem'd nought to mark, yet all to spy.
 Her brow was wreath'd with gaudy broom;
 With gesture wild she waved a plume
 Of feathers, which the eagles fling
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
 Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.
 The tartan plaid she first descried,
 And shriek'd till all the rocks replied:
 As loud she laugh'd when near they drew,
 For then the Lowland garb she knew;
 And then her hands she wildly wrung,
 And then she wept, and then she sung—
 She sung!—the voice, in better time,
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
 And now, though strain'd and roughen'd, still
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

My name and this shall make thy way.
 He put the little signet on."

* MS.—"He stammer'd forth confused reply:
 'Saxon,
 'Sir Knight, } I shouted but to scare
 Yon raven from his dainty fare."

† MS.—"Wrapp'd in a tatter'd mantle grey."

‡ The *Allan* and *Devan* are two beautiful streams, the latter

XXII.

Song.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
 They say my brain is warp'd and wrung—
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
 But were I now where Allan^a glides,
 Or heard my native Devan's tides,
 So sweetly would I rest, and pray
 That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
 They made me to the church repair;
 It was my bridal morn they said,
 And my true love would meet me there.
 But woe betide the cruel guile,
 That drown'd in blood the morning smile!
 And woe betide the fairy dream!
 I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?
 She hovers o'er the hollow way,
 And flutters wide her mantle grey,
 As the lone heron spreads his wing,
 By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."—
 "'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
 "A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
 Taken on the morn she was a bride,
 When Roderick foray'd Devan-side.
 The gay-bridgroom resistance made,
 And felt our Chief's unconquer'd blade,
 I marvel she is now at large,
 But oft she 'scapes from Mandlin's charge.—
 Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow:—
 "Now, if thou strikest her but one blow,
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
 As ever peasant pitch'd a bar!"—
 "Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Manse
 cried,
 And pres'd her to Fitz-James's side.
 "See the grey pennons I prepare,
 To seek my true-love through the air?
 I will not lend that savage groom.
 To break his fall, one downy plume!
 No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
 The wolves shall batten on his bones,
 And then shall his detested plaid,
 By bush and brier in mid air staid,
 Wave forth a banner fair and free,
 Meet signal for their revelry."—

celebrated in the poetry of Burns, which descend from the hills of Perthshire into the great caase or plain of Stirling.

* MS.—"A Saxon born, a crazy maid—
 'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said."

† MS.—"With thee these pennons will I share,
 Then seek my true love through the air."

‡ MS.—"But I'll not lend that savage groom,
 To break his fall, one downy plume!
 Deep, deep 'mid yon disjointed stones,
 The wolf shall batten on his bones."

XXIV.

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"—
 "O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—
 Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
 But still it loves the Lincoln green;
 And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
 Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet, William was forester true,¹
 He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
 His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
 And so blithely he trill'd the Lowland lay!

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .
 But thou art wise and guessest well."
 Then, in a low and broken tone,
 And hurried note, the song went on.
 Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
 She fix'd her apprehensive eye;
 Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then
 Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV.

"The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes are set,
 Ever sing merrily, merrily;
 The bows they bend, and the knives they
 whet,
 Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,²
 Bearing its branches sturdily;
 He came stately down the glen,
 Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,
 She was bleeding deathfully;
 She warn'd him of the toils below,
 O, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,
 Ever sing warily, warily;
 He had a foot, and he could speed—
 Hunters watch so narrowly."³

XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd,
 When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
 But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
 And Blanche's song conviction brought.—

¹ MS.—"Sweet William was a woodsman true,
 He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
 His coat was of the forest hue,
 And sweet he sung the Lowland lay."

² Having ten branches on his antlers.

³ "No machinery can be conceived more clumsy for effecting the deliverance of a distressed hero, than the introduction of a mad woman, without knowing or caring about the wanderer, warns him by a song, to take care of the ambush that was set for him. The mania of poetry have indeed had a prescriptive right to be musical, since the days of Ophelia downwards; but it is rather a rash extension of this privilege

Not like a stag that spies the snare,
 But lion of the hunt aware,
 He waved at once his blade on high,
 "Disclose thy treachery, or die!"
 Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,⁴
 But in his race his bow he drew.
 The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest.
 And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast,—
 Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
 For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
 With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
 The fierce avenger is behind!
 Fate judges of the rapid strife—
 The forfeit death—the prize is life!
 Thy kindred ambush lies before,
 Close couch'd upon the heathery moor;
 They couldst thou reach!—it may not be—⁵
 Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see,
 The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
 —Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
 As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
 With foot and hand Fitz-James must tam,
 Ere he can win his blade again.
 Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,⁶
 He grimly smiled to see him die;
 Then slower wended back his way,
 Where the poor maiden pleading lay.

XXVII.

She sat beneath the birchen-tree,
 Her elbow resting on her knee;
 She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
 And gazed on it, and softly laugh'd;
 Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
 Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
 The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—
 "Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.
 "This hour of death has given me more
 Of reason's power than years before;
 For, as these ebbing veins decay,
 My frenzied visions fade away.
 A helpless injured wretch I die,⁷
 And something tells me in thine eye,
 That thou wert mine avenger born.—
 Seest thou this tress!—O! still I've worn
 This little tress of yellow hair,
 Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
 It once was bright and clear as thine,
 But blood and tears have dimm'd its shine.

to make them sing good sense, and to make sensible people be guided by them."—JEFFREY.

⁴ MS.—"Forth at full speed the Clansman went;
 But in his race his bow he bent,
 Halted—and back an arrow sent."

⁵ MS.—"It may not be—
 The fiery Saxon gains on thee,
 Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see!
 Resistless as the lightning's flame,
 The thrust betwixt his shoulder came."

⁶ MS.—"Then o'er him hung, with falcon eye
 And grimly smiled to see him die."

⁷ MS.—"A guiltless injured wretch I die."

I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave—
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.—
I waver still.—O God! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light!—
O! by thy knighthood's honour'd sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
With tartan's broad and shadowy plume
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche's wrong!
They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell."

XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz James;
Fast pour'd his eyes at pity's claims,
And now with mingled grief and ire,
He saw the murder'd maid expire.
"God, in my need! be my relief,"
As I wreak this on yonder Chief!"
A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair,
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet-side:
"By Him whose word is truth! I swear,
No other favour will I bear,
Till this sad token I imbue—
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!
—But hark! what means you faint halloo?
The chase is up,—but they shall know,
The stag at bay 's a dangerous foe,
Harr'd from the brown but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
And oft must change his desperate track,
By stream and precipice turn'd back.
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
From lack of food and loss of strength,
He couch'd him in a thicket hoar,
And thought his toils and perils o'er:—
'Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat must prove the last!
Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune—
Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—
Hark, to the whistle and the shout!—
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe:

I'll couch me here till evening grey,
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright.
Yet not enough from far to show
K's figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze, that swept the wold,
Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journey'd on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,
A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,¹
Back'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
Aft up he sprung with sword in hand,—
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"—
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"—
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost."—
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."²
"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe!"³
"I dare! to him and all the band"⁴
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who e'er rock'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain!"⁵
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou earnest a secret spy!"—
"They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let us but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."—
"It by the blade I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight."
"Then by these tokens mayest thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

¹ MS.—"But now, my champion,—it shall ware."

² MS.—"God, in my need, to me be true."
"As I wreak this on Roderick Dhu."

³ MS.—"By the decaying flame was laid
A warrior in his Highland plaid."

⁴ MS.—"I dare! to him and all the band"
He brings to aid his murderous arm."

⁵ See Appendix, Note 3 F.

XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer;¹
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his farther speech address'd.
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Ihu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honour spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honour's laws;
To assaül a wounded man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Mys'f will guide thee on the way.
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Apaine's outmost guard,
As far as Conlango's lord;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.
"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the batten's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gather'd heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foremen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam,²
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANO Fifth.

The Combat.

I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the Bewalden'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrents foaming tide,

And lights the fearful path on mountain side;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow
of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier matins by,
And then awak'd their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Giel³ around him drew
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain grey.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales beneath that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in repose, their farthest glance
Glean'd not the length of horseman's trace.
'Twas off so steep, the foot was faint
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tang'd off, that, hursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,
That diamond dew, ere and clean,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!⁴

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Venachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,⁵
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dark osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had leane,

¹ See Appendix Note 3 G.

² MS.—"And spread the dawning streak
Purpled the mountain and the lake."

³ MS.—"And lights the fearful way along its side."

⁴ The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul* even
towards the Lowlanders *Skinnerach*, or *Saxons*.

⁵ MS.—"At length they paced the mountain's side,
And saw beneath the waters wide."

⁶ MS.—"The rugged mountain's stunted screen
Was dwarfish {shrubs} with cliffs between."

And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds ! traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

" Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
" I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
All seem'd as peaceful and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep perchance, the villain lied."—
" Yet why a second venture try ?"—
" A warrior thou, and ask me why !—
Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws ;
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
The merry glance of mountain maid:
Or, if a path be dangerous to own,
The danger's self is lure alone."—

V.

" Thy secret keep, I urge thee not ;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar ?"
—" No, by my word ;—of hands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard ;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This master of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—
" Free be they flung !—for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung !—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe ?"—
" Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,

Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and night,
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight :
Yet this alone might from his part
Saver each true and loyal heart."

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
" And heard'st thou why he drew his blade ?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe ?
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood ?
He fights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."—
" Still was it outrage ;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due ;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd truncheon of command,
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life !—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.—
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII.

The Gael beheld him grin the while,
And answer'd with disdainful smile,—
" Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between :—
These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael ;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now ! See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fatten'd steer or household bread ;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,—
' To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore !
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,

1 MS.—"I dream'd not now to draw my blade.

2 MS.—" My errant footsteps
A knight's bold wanderings } far and wide."

3 MS.—" Thy secret keep, I ask it not."

4 MS.—" Which else in hall had peaceful hung."

5 See Appendix. Note 3 H.

To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey!
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.¹
Where live the mountain-Chiefs who hold,
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true!
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.”—

VIII.

Answer'd Fitz-James,—“And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought!
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?”²
“As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,
Save to fulfil an augury.”
“Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!”³

IX.

“Have, then, thy wish!”—he whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;

Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.⁴
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and banded bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,⁵
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life.⁶
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.⁷
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benedi's living aide,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James.—“How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!”

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
“Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”⁸
Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 I.

² MS.—“This dark Sir Roderick } and his band.”
This savage Chieftain }

³ MS.—“From copse to copse the signal flew.

Instant, through copse and crags, arose.”

⁴ MS.—“The bracken bush shoots forth the dart.”

⁵ MS.—“And each lone tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle mann'd the lonely glen
With full five hundred armed men.”

⁶ The Monthly reviewer says—“We now come to the *chef-d'œuvre* of Walter Scott,—a scene of more vigour, nature, and animation, than any other in all his poetry.” Another anonymous critic of the poem is not afraid to quote, with reference to the effect of this passage, the sublime language of the Prophet Ezekiel:—“Then said he unto me, Prophecy unto the wind, prophecy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God: Come from the four winds.”

breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.”—Chap. xxxvii. v. 9, 10.

⁷ MS.—“All silent, too, they stood, and still,
Watching their leader's beck and will,
While forward step and weapon show
They long to rush upon the foe,
Like the loose crags, whose tottering mass
Hung threatening o'er the hollow pass.”

⁸ David de Strathbogie Earl of Athole, when about to engage Sir Andrew Moray at the battle of Killblene, in 1336, in which he was slain, made an apostrophe of the same kind:—

“— At a little path was there
All sannen they assembled were
Even in the path was Earl Davy
And to a great stone that lay by.

Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.
The wind a last breath had toss'd in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide:
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from surge and
jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone,
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

XI.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed
The warning that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
"Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I plighted my word
As far as Coiantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand.¹
Though on our strife lagged every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.²
So move we on;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Du.³
They moved:—I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew,
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonour'd and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round,
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,
And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,⁴

He said By God his face we twa
The flight on us shall ransom * ta."

* At the same time or together.

Note in the Author's MS. not added to any former edition of the poem

¹ MS.—"For aid against one brave-man's hand."

² "This scene is excellently described. The frankness and high-souled courage of the two warriors,—the reliance which the Lowlander places on the word of the Highlander to guide

And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear."

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless noises
On Bocharle the mouldering lines,⁵
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfur'd.⁶
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
His head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Not man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand;⁷
For this is Coiantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I w'd thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
"Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife."—"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read."

him safely on his way the next morning, although he has spoken threatening and violent words against Roderick, whose kinsman the mountaineer professes himself to be,—these circumstances are all admirably imagined and related.
—*Monthly Review*.

³ See Appendix, Note 3 K.

⁴ MS.—"And still, from copse and heather bush,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword rush."

⁵ MS.—"On Bocharle the martial lines."

⁶ See Appendix, Note 3 L.

⁷ Ibid, Note 3 M.

Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, thou, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick I due?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared!—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stun
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."—
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see agan;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed."

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,"

Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Pierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Weld'd his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the sea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee."

XVI.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fear to die."
—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reel'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain! down, down they go.
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knge was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!—
—But hate and fury ill supplied,
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;

1 MS.—"In lightning flash'd the Chief's dark eye."
2 MS.—"He stoops not, he, to James nor Fate."
3 "The two principal figures are contrasted with uncommon felicity. Fitz-James, who more nearly resembles the French Henry the Fourth than the Scottish James V., is gay, amorous, fickle, intrepid, impetuous, affectionate, courteous, graceful, and dignified. Roderick is gloomy, vindictive, arrogant, undaunted, but constant in his affections, and true to his engagements; and the whole passage in which these personages are placed in opposition, from their first meeting to

their final conflict, is conceived and written with a sublimity which has been rarely equalled."—*Quarterly Review*, 1810.

4 See Appendix, Note 3N.

5 MS.—"Not Roderick thus, though stronger far,
More tall, and more insured to war."

6 This couplet is not in the MS.

7 See Appendix, Note 3O.

8 MS.—"Yield thou alone who fear to die.
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung."

For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.¹

XVII.

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeem'd, unhoped, from desperate strife;²
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appear'd his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipt the blade,—
“Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid:
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valour give.”
With that he blew a bugle-note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sate down his bow and hands to lave.
Then faint afar are heard the feet³
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,—
With wonder view'd the bloody spot—
—“Exclaim not, gallants! question not.—
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high;—I must be bouné,
To see the archer-game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

“Stand, Bayard, stand!”—the steed obey'd,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear
As if he loved his lord to hear.

No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreath'd his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
And stirr'd his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair;
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launch'd, along the plain they go.
They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonié's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,
His merry-men follow'd as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Forry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,⁴
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,⁵
They sweep like breeze through Ochertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their courser's sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!⁶
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career look'd down.

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain!⁷
Sudden his steed the leader rein'd;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung:—
“Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodgman grey,
Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array!
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side!⁸
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom!”—
“No, by my word;—a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A baron's train would nobly grace.”—
“Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye!

¹ MS.—“Panting and breathless on the sands,
But all unwounded, now he stands.”

² MS.—“Redeem'd, unhoped, from deadly strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every breath appear'd his last.”

³ MS.—“Faint and afar are heard the feet.”

⁴ The ruins of Doune Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Meath, now the property of the Earl of Moray, are situated at the confluence of the Ardoch and the Teith.

⁵ MS.—“Blair-Drummond saw their hoofs of fire.”

⁶ It may be worth noting, that the Poet marks the progress of the King by naming in succession places familiar and dear to his own early recollections—Blair-Drummond, the seat of the Homes of Kaimos; Kier, that of the principal family of the name of Stirling; Ochertyre, that of John Ramsay, the well-known antiquary, and correspondent of Burns; and Craigforth, that of the Callenders of Craigforth, almost under the walls of Stirling Castle—all hospitable roofs, under which he had spent many of his younger days.—Ed.

⁷ MS.—“As up the steepy path they strain'd.”

⁸ MS.—“With which he gains the mountain-side.”

far, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!¹
The uncle of the banish'd Earl.
Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe:
The King must stand upon his guard;
Douglas and he must meet prepar'd.
Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight
They won the castle's postern gate.

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,
Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself:—
"Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate,—
God grant the ransom come not late!
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of Heaven:—
—Be pardon'd one repining tear!
For he, who gave her, knows how dear,
How excellent! but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.
—Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!²
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headman's bloody hand,—
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!
—But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what masquers meet!
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports to-day.
James will be there; he loves such show,
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,³

¹ "The Edinburgh Reviewer remarks on "that unhappy couplet, where the King himself is in such distress for a rhyme as to be obliged to apply to one of the obscurest saints in the calendar." The reading of the MS. is—

"'Tis James of Douglas, by my word,
The uncle of the banish'd Lord."

² See Appendix, Note 3 P. ³ See Appendix, Note 3 Q

⁴ MS.—"King James and all his nobles went —"

Ever the King was bending low
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
Doffing his cap to burgher dame,
Who smiling blush'd for pride and shame."

As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize;—King James shall mark,
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise."

XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering drawbridge rock'd and rung,
And echo'd loud the fifty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,⁴
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,⁵
Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame.
And well the simpurer might be woe;
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city-sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,
"Long live the Confessions' King, King James!"
Behind the King throng'd peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill brook'd the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
—But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;
There nobles mourn'd their pride restrain'd,⁶
And the mean burgher's joys disdain'd;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banish'd man,
There thought upon their own grey tower,
Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deem'd themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout.
There morrises, with bell at heel,
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;

⁴ MS.—"Nobles who mourn'd their power restrain'd,
And the poor burgher's joys disdain'd —
Dark chief, who, hostage for his clan,
Was from his home a banish'd man,
Who thought upon his own grey tower,
The waving woods, his feudal bower,
And deem'd himself a shameful part
Of pageant that he cursed in heart."

⁵ The MS. adds:—

"With awkward stride there city groom
Would part of fabled knight assume."

But chief, beside the butts, there stand
 Bold Robin Hood¹ and all his band,—
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
 Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
 Their bugles challenge all that will,
 In archery to prove their skill.
 The Douglas bent a bow of might,—
 His first shaft centered in the white,
 And when in turn he shot again,
 His second split the first in twain.
 From the King's hand must Douglas take
 A silver dart, the archer's stake;
 Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye,²
 Some answering glance of sympathy,—
 No kind emotion made reply!³
 Indifferent as to archer wight,
 The monarch gave the arrow bright.⁴

XXIII.

Now, clear the way! for, hand to hand,
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,
 And proud devoted mightier foes,
 Nor call'd in vain; for Douglas came.
 —For life is Hugh of Larchmont lame;
 Scarce better John of Alton's name,
 Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King
 To Douglas gave a golden ring.⁵
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
 As frozen drop of wintry dew:
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast
 His struggling soul his words suppress'd;
 Indignant then he turn'd him, where
 Their arms the brawny yeomen baf'd,
 To hurl the massive bar in air.
 When each his utmost strength had shown,
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
 From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
 And sent the fragment through the sky,
 A road beyond the farthest mark;—
 And still in Stirling's royal park,
 The grey-hair'd sires, who know the past,
 To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
 And moralize on the decay
 Of Scottish strength in modern day.⁶

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
 The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.
 The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd
 A purse well-fill'd with pieces broad.⁷

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 R.

² MS.—"Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye,
 For answering glance of sympathy,—
 But no emotion made reply!"

³ "Indifferent as to unknown
 Child as to unknown woman" wight,
 "The king gave forth the arrow bright."

Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
 And threw the gold among the crowd,⁸
 Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
 And sharper glance, the dark grey man;
 Till whispers rose among the throng,
 That heart so free, and hand so strong,
 Must to the Douglas blood belong;
 The old men mark'd, and shook the head,
 To see his hair with silver spread,
 And wink'd aside, and told each son,
 Of feats upon the English done,
 Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand⁹
 Was exiled from his native land.
 The women praised his stately form,
 Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm;¹⁰
 The youth with awe and wonder saw
 His strength surpassing Nature's law.
 Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
 Till murmur rose to clamorous loud.
 But not a glance from that proud ring
 Of peers who circled round the King,
 With Douglas held communion kind,
 Or call'd the banish'd man to mind;¹¹
 No, not from those who, at the chase,
 Once held his side the honour'd place,
 Begirt his board, and, in the field,
 Found safety underneath his shield;
 For he, whom royal eyes disown,
 When was his form to courtiers known!

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
 And bade let loose a gallant stag,
 Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
 Two favourite greyhounds should pull
 down.
 That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
 Might serve the archery to dine.
 But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
 Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
 The fleetest hound in all the North,—
 Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
 She left the royal hounds mid-way,
 And dashing on the antler'd prey,
 Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
 And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
 The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
 By strange intruder broken short,
 Came up, and with his leash unbound,
 In anger struck the noble hound.
 —The Douglas had endured, that morn,
 The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
 And last, and worst to spirit proud,
 Had borne the pity of the crowd;

² See Appendix, Note 3 R. ⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 T.

⁵ MS.—"Of mortal strength in modern day."

⁶ MS.—"A purse weigh'd down with pieces broad."

⁷ MS.—"Scatter'd the gold among the crowd."

⁸ MS.—"Ere James of Douglas' stalwart hand."

⁹ MS.—"Though worn by many a winter storm."

¹⁰ MS.—"Or call'd his stately form to mind."

But Lulra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen Lulra's neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lulra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darken'd brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,¹
And brandish'd swords and staves arthain.
But stern the Baron's warning—"Back!²
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas.—Yes! behold,
King James! the Douglas, doom'd of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."—
"Thus is my clemency repaid?
Presumptuous Lord!" the monarch said;
"Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know:
But shall a Monarch's presence brook
Injurious blow, and haughty look?
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting ward.—
Break off the sports!"—for tumult

rose,

And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—
"Break off the sports!" he said, and
frown'd,
"And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray
Marr'd the fair form of festal day.
The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,
Repell'd by threats and insult loud;⁴
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The timorous fly, the women shriek;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The harder urge tumultuous war,
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep;

While on the rear in thunder post
The rabble with disorder'd roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said,—
"Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men."

XXVIII.

"I fear, gentle friends! ere yet for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unwind,
Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive heart,
To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me, that widow's mate expires;
For me, that orphans weep their sires;
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!"

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again⁵
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Bless'd him who staid the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sure:
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

¹ MS.—"Clamour'd his comrades of the train."

² MS.—"But stern the warrior's warning—"Back!"

³ MS.—"But in my court, injurious blow,
And beard'd thus, and thus out-dared?
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!"

⁴ MS.—"Their throats repell'd by insult loud."

⁵ MS.—"The crowd's wild fury ebb'd again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain."

XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
 With bitter thought and swelling heart,
 And would not now vouchsafe again
 Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
 "O Lennox, who would wish to rule
 This changeling crowd, this common fool?
 Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim,
 With which they shout the Douglas name!
 With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
 Strain'd for King James their morning note;
 With like acclaim they hail'd the day
 When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
 If he could hurl me from my seat.
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,¹
 And fickle as a changeful dream;
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fierce as Henry's fever'd blood.
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,²
 O who would wish to be thy king!

XXXI.

"But soft! what messenger of speed
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
 I guess his cognizance afar—
 What from our cousin, John of Mar?"—
 "He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
 Within the safe and guarded ground:
 For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
 Most sure for evil to the throne,—
 The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Has summon'd his rebellious crew;
 'Tis said, in James' Of Bothwell's aid
 These loose banditti stand array'd.
 The Earl of Mary this morn, from Doune,
 To break their muster march'd, and soon
 Your grace will hear of battle fought;
 But earnestly the Earl besought,
 Till for such danger he provide,
 With scanty train you will not ride."³

XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
 I should have earlier look'd to this:
 I lost it in this bustling day.
 —Retrace with speed thy former way;
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
 The best of mine shall be thy meed.
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
 We do forbid the intended war:

¹ MS.—"Vain as the sick man's idle dream."

² "Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?"

Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
 Was made our prisoner by a knight:
 And Douglas hath himself and cause
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
 The tidings of their leaders lost
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging stool.
 Bear Mar out message, Braco: fly!"—
 He turn'd his steed,—⁴ "My liege, I hear—
 Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
 The turf the flying courser spurn'd,
 And to his towers the King return'd.

XXXIII.

Ill with King James's mood that day,
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
 Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng,
 And soon cut short the festal song.
 Nor less upon the sadden'd town
 The evening sunk in sorrow down.
 The burghers spoke of civil jar,
 Of rumour'd feuds and mountain war,
 Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
 All up in arms:—the Douglas too,
 They mourn'd him pent within the hold,
 "Where stout Earl William was of old."¹
 And there his word the speaker staid,
 And finger on his lip he laid,
 Or pointed to his dagger blade.
 But jaded horsemen, from the west,
 At evening to the Castle press'd;
 And busy talkers said they bore
 Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
 At noon the deadly fray begun,
 And lasted till the set of sun.
 Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
 Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO SIXTH.

The Guard-Room.

I.

THE sun, awaking, through the smoky air
 Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
 Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
 Of sinful man the sad inheritance;

With every minute you do change a mind;
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,
 Him vile that was your gaidard.²

Coriolanus, Act I. Scene 1.

² MS.—"On distant chase you will net ride."

⁴ Stabbed by James II. in Stirling Castle.

Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
 Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
 Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
 And warning student pale to leave his pen,
 And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of woe,
 Are witness'd by that red and struggling beam!
 The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
 Through crowded hospital beholds its stream;
 The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,
 The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
 The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble
 wail.

II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
 With soldier-step and weapon-clang,
 While drums, with rolling note, foretell
 Relief to weary sentinel.
 Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,¹
 The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
 And, struggling with the smoky air,
 Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
 In comfortless alliance shone²
 The lights through arch of blacken'd stone,
 And show'd wild shapes in garb of war,
 Faces deform'd with beard and scar,
 All haggard from the midnight watch,
 And fever'd with the stern debauch;
 For the oak table's massive board,
 Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
 And beakers drain'd, and cups o'erthrown,
 Show'd in what sport the night had flown.
 Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
 Some labour'd still their thirst to quench;
 Some, chill'd with watching, spread their hands
 O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
 While round them, or beside them flung,
 At every step their harness rung.

III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
 Like tenants of a feudal lord,
 Nor own'd the patriarchal claim
 Of Chieftain in their leader's name;
 Adventurers they, from far who roved,³
 To live by battle which they loved.⁴
 There the Italian's clouded face,
 The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
 The mountain-loving Switzer there⁵
 More freely breathed in mountain-air;
 The Fleming there despised the soil,
 That paid so ill the labourer's toil;

¹ MS.—"Through blacken'd arch and casement barr'd."

² MS.—"The lights in strange alliance shone
 Beneath the arch of blacken'd stone."

Their rolls show'd French and German name,
 And merry England's exiles came,
 To share, with ill conceal'd disdain,
 Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
 All brave in arms, well train'd to wield
 The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;
 In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
 In pillage fierce and uncontroll'd;
 And now, by holytide and feast,
 From rules of discipline released.

IV.

They held debate of bloody fray,
 Fought 'twixt Loch-Katrine and Achray.
 Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,
 Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
 Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
 Of wounded comrades groaning near,
 Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gor'd,
 Bore token of the mountain sword.
 Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,
 Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;
 Sad burden to the ruffian jest,
 And savage oath by fury spoke!⁴
 At length up-started John of Brent,
 A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
 A stranger to respect or fear,
 In peace a chaser of the deer,
 In host a hardy mudsif,
 But still the boldest of the crew,
 When deed of danger was to do.
 He grieved, that day, their games out short,
 And marr'd the dicc's brawling sport,
 And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!"
 And, while a merry catch I troll,
 Let each the buxom chorus hear,
 Like brethren of the brand and spear."

V.

Soldier's Song.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Pouie
 Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl
 That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
 And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
 Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
 Drink upscas' out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
 Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so ay,
 And Agolylon shoots darts from her merry black eye,
 Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gallian the quicker,
 Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not!
 For the dues of his cure are the packet and pot;

³ See Appendix, Note 3 U.

⁴ MS.—"Sad burden to the ruffian jest,
 And rude oaths vented by the rest."

⁵ Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.

And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the demands of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!"

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,
Staid in mid-roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went,—
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And,—beat for jubilee the drum!
A maid and minstrel with him come."
Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd,
Was entering now the Court of Guard,
A harper with him, and in plain
All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrunk to scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
"What news?" they roar'd—"I only know,
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untameable
As the rude mountains where they dwell;
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Nor much success can either boast."
"But whence thy captive, friend? such spoil
As theirs must needs reward thy toil."
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
Thou now hast gleed-maiden and harp!
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band."^a

VII.

"No, comrade;—no such fortune mine.
After the fight these sought our love,
That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should purvey them speed,
And bring them hitherward with stealth.
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm;
For none shall do them shame or harm."
"Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent,
Ever to strife and jangling bent;

"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forerster his fee!
I'll have my share, howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
Bertram his forward step withstood:^a
And, burning in his vengeful mood,
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,
And dropp'd at once the tartan screen:—
So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, through summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,^b
As on descending angel gazed;
Even hardy Brent, abash'd and tam'd,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

Boldly she spoke,— "Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's friend;
(Heer'd him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bed.
Not from the valiant, or the strong,
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."^c
Answer'd De Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill,—
"I shame me of the part I play'd:
Ald thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by forest laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,"—
He wiped his iron eye and brow,—
"Must bear such age, I think, as thou.—
Hear ye, my mates;—I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halberd on the floor;
And he that steps my halberd o'er,
To do the mad injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!—
Be ware of rose speech, or jesting rough:
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

^a "The greatest blemish in the poem, is the baldry and full vulgarity which is put into the mouths of the soldiery in the guard-room. Mr. Scott has condescended to write a song for them, which will be read with pain, we are persuaded, even by his warmest admirers, and his whole genius, and even his power of versification, seems to desert him when he attempts to repeat their conversation. Here is some of the stuff which has dropped, in this un auspicious attempt, from the pen of one of the first of poets of his age or country," &c. &c.—JENNINGS

"The Lady of the Lake is said to be inferior, as a poem, to Walter Scott's former productions, but really one hardly knows how to examine such compositions as poems. All that one can look for is to find beautiful passages in them, and I own that there are some parts of the Lady of the Lake which please me more than any thing in Walter Scott's former poems. He has a great deal of imagination, and is certainly a very skilful painter. The meeting between Douglas and his daughter, the king descending from Stirling Castle to

assist at the festival of the townsmen, (though borrowed in a considerable degree from Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*;) and the guard-room at the beginning of the last canto, all show extraordinary powers of description. If he wrote less and more carefully, he would be a very considerable poet."—SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY v. [Oct. 1810.]—*L. F.*, Vol. II. p. 342.

^b The MS. reads after this:—

"Get thee an ape, and then at once
Thou may'st remount the warder's lance,
And trudge through borough and through land,
The leader of a juggler band."

^c See Appendix, Note 3 V.

^d MS.—"Bertram { his } violence withstood."

^e MS.—"While the rude soldiery, amazed."

^f MS.—"Should Ellen Douglas suffer wrong."

^g MS.—"My Rose,"—he wiped his iron eye and brow.—
"Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now."

IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young,—
 (Of Tullibardine's house he sprung),
 Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
 Gay was his mien, his humour light,
 And, though by courtesy controll'd,
 Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
 The high-born maiden ill could brook
 The scanning of his curious look
 And dauntless eye;—and yet, in sooth,
 Young Lewis was a generous youth;
 But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
 Ill suited to the garb and scene,
 Might lightly bear construction strange,
 And give loose fancy scope to range.
 "Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
 Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
 On palfrey white, with harp¹ hoar,
 Like errant damosel of yore?
 Does thy high quest a knight require,
 Or may the venture suit a squire?"
 Her dark eye flash'd—she paused and sigh'd,
 "O what have I to do with pride!
 Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
 A suppliant for a father's life,
 I crave an audience of the King.
 Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
 The royal pledge of grateful claims,
 Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."²

X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took,
 With deep respect and alter'd look;
 And said,—"This ring our duties own;
 And pardon, if to worth unknown,
 In semblance mean obscurely veil'd,
 Lady, in aught my toils fail'd.
 Noon as the day flings wide his gates,
 The King shall know what sutor waits.
 Please you, meanwhile, in fitting lower
 Repose you till his waking hour;
 Female attendance shall obey
 Your behest, for service or array.
 Permit I marshal you the way."
 But, ere she followed, with the grace
 And open bounty of her race,
 She bade her slender purse be shared
 Among the soldiers of the guard.
 The rest with thanks their guerdon took;
 But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
 On the reluctant maiden's hold
 Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold;—
 "Forgive a haughty English heart,
 And O forget its ruder part!
 The vacant purse shall be my share,³
 Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,

Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
 Where gayer crests may keep afar."
 With thanks—'twas all she could—the maid
 His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
 Allan made suit to John of Brent:—
 "My lady safe, O let your grace
 Give me to see my master's face!
 His minstrel I,—to share his doom
 Bound from the cradle to the tomb,
 Tenth in descent, since first my sires
 Waked for his noble house their lyres,
 Nor one of all the race was known
 But prized its seat above their own.
 With the Chief's birth begins our care:
 Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
 Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
 His earliest feat of field or chase;
 In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
 We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
 Nor leave him till we pour our verse—
 A doleful tribute 'o'er his hearse.
 Then let me share his captive lot,
 It is my right—deny it not!"
 "Little we reck," said John of Brent,
 "We Southern men, of long descent;
 Nor wot we how a name—a word—
 Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
 Yet lend my noble landlord's part,—
 And bless the house of Beaufort!
 And, but I loved to drive the deer,
 More than to guide the labouring steer,
 I had not dwelt an outcast here.
 Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
 Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see!"

XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
 A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
 Lighted a torch, and Allan led
 Through grated arch and passage dread.
 Portals they pass'd, where, deep within,
 Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din;
 Through rugged vaults, where, loosely
 stored,
 Lay wheel and axe, and headman's sword,
 And many an hideous engine grim,
 For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
 By vast form'd, who deem'd it shame
 And sin to give their work a name.
 They halted at a low-brow'd porch,
 And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
 While bolt and chain he backward roll'd,
 And made the bar unhasp its hold.

¹ MS.—"The Monarch gave to James Fitz-James"

² MS.—"The silver purse shall serve for me,
 And in my barret-cap shall flee."

³ MS.—"Low broad vaults"

⁴ MS.—"Stretching"

They enter'd :—'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon ; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor ;¹
Such as the rugged days of old
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.
" Here," said De Brent, " thou mayst remain"
Till the Leech visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well."
Retiring then, the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs grow'd anew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head.
The wondering Minstrel look'd, as I knew—
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu :
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sought.

XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prow
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand,—
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu !
And oft his fever'd limbs he threw
In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat ;—
O ! how unlike her course at sea !²
Or his free step on hill and lea !—
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
" What of thy lady,—of my clan ?—
My mother !—Douglas !—tell me all !
Have they been ruin'd in my fall ?
Ah, yes !—er wherefore art thou here ?
Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear."—
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked with grief and terror too.)—
" Who fought—who died ?—Old man, be brief ;—
Some might—for they had lost their Chief.
Who basely live ?—who bravely died ?"—
" O, calm thee, Chief !" the Minstrel cried,
" Ellen is safe ;"—" For that, thank Heaven !"—
" And hopes are for the Douglas given ;—
The Lady Margaret, too, is well ;
And, for thy clan,—on field or fell,
Has never harp of minstrel told,³
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent."

¹ MS.—" Flinty floor."² MS.—" Thou may'st remain
And then, retiring, bolt and chain,
And rusty bar, he drew again.
Roused at the sound." &c.

XIV.

The Chieftain rear'd his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye ;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Chequer'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.
" Hark, Minstrel ! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold, on festal day,
In yon lone isle, . . . : again where ne'er
Shall harper play, or warrior hear ! . . .
That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.—
Strike it !—and then, (for well thou canst,)
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
" I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears !
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soar'd from battle fray."
The trembling Bard with awe obey'd,—
Slow on the harp his hand he laid ;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witness'd from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,⁴
Awaken'd the full power of song,
And bore him in career along ;—
As shallop launch'd on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

XV.

Battle of Beal an Duine.⁵

" The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !
There is no breeze upon the fern,
Nor ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the Erne,
The deer has sought the brake ;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swatches, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread ?

³ MS.—" Oh ! how unlike her course on main !
Or his free step on hill and plain !"⁴ MS.—" Shall never harp of minstrel tell,
Of combat fought so fierce and well."⁵ See Appendix, Note 3 W.⁶ The MS. has not this line. 7 See Appendix, Note 3 X.

Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thickest streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or hard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life.
One glance at their array!

XVI.

" Their light-arm'd archers far and near
Survey'd the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frown'd,
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crown'd.
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save where they stir'd the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Ive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

" At once there rose a wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven
The archery appear;
For life! for life! their plight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances
down!

Bear back both friend and foe!
Lake reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay level'd low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel² cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.'

XVIII.

" Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurl'd them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash,
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheel'd his rearward flank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
—' My banner-man, advance!
I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.—
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!'—
The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out.
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men!
And reffuent through the pass of fear³
The battle's tide was pour'd;
Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring inn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,

¹ The MS. has not the couplet.

² A circle of spartemen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the Tinchel.

³ MS.—" And reffuent down the darkness pass
The battle's tide was pour'd;
There toll'd the spearman's struggling spear,
There rag'd the mountain sword "

So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XIX.

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within,
—Minstrel, away, the work of fate!
Is bearing on: its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosach's dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.—
Grey Benvenue I soon repass'd,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set;—the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heav'
An inky view of vivid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange ghosts of wind from mountain-glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gorge,
Mine ear but heard the gullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,¹
Seeming, to minstrel bar, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged agon,
But not in mingled tide;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning clou'd of Saxon spears.²
At weary bay each shatter'd band,³
Eyeing their foe's, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

XX.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried—Behold yon isle!—
See! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand:
'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile;—

My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den."
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corselet rung,

He plunged him in the wave:—
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
And to their clamours Benvenue

An ingled echo gave;

The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry given,
'Pour'd down at once the lowering heaven;
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows rear'd their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swell'd they high,
To mar the highland marksman's eye;
For round him shower'd, 'mid rain and
hail

The vengeful arrows of the Gael.—
In vain—He nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
—Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;—⁴
I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand:
It darken'd,—but, amid the moan
Of waves, I heard a dying groan;
Another flash!—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI.

"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried,
The Gael's exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the Monarch's name, afar
An herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick hold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold."

¹ MS. — "Away! away! the work of fate!"

² ——— "the loveliness in death"
That parts not quite with parting breath."
Byron's *Claudia*.

³ MS. — "And seem'd, to minstrel ear, to toll
The parting dirge of many a soul."

⁴ MS. — "While by the darken'd lake below,
Fle out the spearmen of the foe."

⁵ The MS. reads—
"It tinged the boats and lake with flame."

The eight closing lines of the stanza are interpolated on a slip of paper.

--But here the lay made sudden stand !--
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand !--
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy :
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time ;
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song ;¹
At length, no more his dæmon'd ear
The minstrel melody can bear ;
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clench'd,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched ;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye²
Is stornly fix'd on vacancy ;
Thus, motionless, and meanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu !—³
And Allan-bane look'd on aghast,
While grim and stiff his spirit pass'd :
But when he saw that life was fled,
He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII.

Laurent.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,⁴
 Thy foreman's dread, thy people's aid,
 Breadallbane's boast, Clau-Alpine's shade
 For thee shall none a requiem say?
 —For thee,—who loved the minstrel's lay,
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
 The slither of her exiled line,⁵
 Even in this prison-house of thine,
 I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

“ What greens shall yonder valleys fill !
 What shrieks of grief shall rend you hill !
 What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
 When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
 Thy fall before the ramp was won,
 Thy sword ungirded set of sun !
 There breathes not clansman of thy line,
 But would have given his life for thee.—
 O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine !

“Sād was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prison'd eagle dies for rage.

Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain !
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine."

XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,
Remain'd in lordly bower apart,
Where play'd with many-colour'd gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarcely drew one curious glance astray;
Or, if she look'd, 'twas but to say,
With better oven down'd the day
In that lone isle, where wavyed on high
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Luffa, crouching by her side,
Her station claim'd with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græne,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betray'd.—
Those who such simple joys have known,
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
The window socks with cautious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this awful hour!
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

XXIV.

Plan of the Imprisoned Huntsman.

“ My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.

* MS.—"Glow'd in his look, as swell'd the song."

MS. — "his {glazing
fiery} eye."

3 " Rob Roy, while on his deathbed, learned that a person, with whom he was at Ennatty, proposed to visit him. ' Raise me from my bed,' said the invalid; ' throw my plaid around me, and bring me my claymore, dirk, and pistols,—it shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy MacGregor defenceless and unarmed. His foeman, conjectured to be one of the MacLarens before now after mentioned, entered and paid his compliments, inquiring after the health of his formidable neighbour. Rob Roy maintained a cold haughty civility during their short conference; and so soon as he had left the house, ' Now,' he said, ' all is over—let the pipper play, *da ti mi tuidi*,' (we return no more), and he is said to have

expired before the dirge was finished."—*Introduction to Ruy. Waverley Novels*, vol. vii. p. 85.

⁴ MS —“ ‘ And art thou gone,’ the Minstrel said.

^b MS.—"The mightiest of a mighty line."

* MS.—*To the Printer.*—"I have three pages ready to be copied, you may send for them in about an hour. The rest of my flax is on the spindle, but not yet twisted into proper yarn. I am glad you like the battle of Beal' an Duine. It is rather too long, but that was unavoidable. I hope you will push on the notes. To save time I shall send the copy when ready to St. John Street.—W. S."

7 MS.—"The banquet gay, the chamber's pride,
Scarce drew one curious glance aside."

^a MS.—"Earnest on his game."

I wish I were, as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free.
For that's the life is meet for me.¹
I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull² steeple's drowy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,³
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a King's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.⁴
No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!"

XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turn'd her head,
It trickled slow, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdown's graceful knight was near.
She turn'd the haster, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain —
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
"How may an almost-orphan maid
Pay the deep debt?" — "O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's king thy suit to aid
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lay his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime.
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whisper'd hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
Through gallery fair, and high arcade,
Till, at its touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light⁵
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glow'd on Ellen's dazzled sight,

As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue, fancy frames
Aërial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought, who own'd this state,⁶
The dreaded prince whose will was fate.
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed,
Then turn'd bewild'rd and amazed,
For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent;
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs, and silks, and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring.
And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King!"

XXVII.

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,⁷
And at the Monarch's feet she lay:
No word her choking voice commands,—
She show'd the ring, she clasp'd her hands.
O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her; and, the while,
Check'd with a glance the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,
And bade her terrors be dismiss'd:—
"Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask nought for Douglas; yester even,
His prince and he have much forgiven.
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamour loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.
I stanch'd thy father's death-foul stern,
With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencarn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?"

¹ MS.—"was meant for me."

² MS.—"From dark'nd steeple's."

³ MS.—"The lively lark my matins rung,
The sable rook my vespers sung."

⁴ MS.—"Have not a hall should harbour me."

⁵ MS.—"Within 'twas brilliant all, and bright
The vision glow'd on Ellen's sight."

⁶ MS.—"For him who own'd this royal state."

⁷ See Appendix, Note 3 Y.

⁸ MS.—"shrinking, quits her stay."

Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On Nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepped between—"Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy change to speed.
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,¹
'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims."
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."
Then, in a tone apart and low,—
"Ah, little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,²
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"—
Aloud he spoke—"Thou still dost hold
That little assassin of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—³
What seeks fair Ellen of the King!"

XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd
He probed the weakness of her breast;

¹ MS.—"In lowly life a more happy way."

² See Appendix, Note 3 Z.

³ MS.—"Thy sovereign back
Thy sovereign's steps } to Benvenue"

⁴ MS.—"Pledge of Fitz-James's faith, the ring."

⁵ MS.—"And in her breast strove maiden shame
More deep she deem'd the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Against his sovereign broadsword drew,
And, with a pleading, warm and true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu."

⁶ "Malcolm Graeme has too insignificant a part assigned him, considering the favour in which he is held both by Ellen and the author; and in bringing out the shaded and imperfect character of Roderick Dhu, as a contrast to the purer virtue of his rival, Mr. Scott seems to have fallen into the common error, of making him more interesting than him whose virtues he was intended to set off, and converted the villain of the piece in some measure into its hero. A modern poet, however, may perhaps be pardoned for an error, of which Milton himself is thought not to have kept clear, and for which there seems so natural a cause in the difference between poetical and amiable characters."—J. F. K. E. Y.

But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightening of her fears for Graeme,
And more she deem'd the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
"Forbear thy suit:—the King of Kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand:—
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!—
Hast thou no other boon to crave!
No other captive friend to save!"
Blushing, she turn'd her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wish'd her sire to speak
The suit that stain'd her glowing cheek.—
"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.—
Malcolm, come forth!"—And, at the word,
Down kneel'd the Graeme to Scotland's Lord.
"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sue,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Graeme!"—
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.⁷

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight cease the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.

⁷ ——"And now, waving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortality; he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the 'Lay.' He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of Princes, as they never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your James's as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both." &c.—Letter from Lord Byron to Sir Walter Scott, July 6, 1812.—Byron's Life and Works, vol. II. p. 155.

⁸ MS.—"To the Printer.—"I send the grand finale, and so exit the Lady of the Lake from the head she has tormented for six months. In canto vi. stanza 21,—stern and still, read grim and still; sternly occurs four lines higher. For a similar reason, stanza 24—dun-deer, read fleet-deer. I will probably call this morning.—Yours truly, W. S."

Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,

And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!

Thy glow a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee
'well!

1 "On a comparison of the merits of this Poem with the two former productions of the same unquestioned genius, we are inclined to bestow on it a very decided preference over both. It would perhaps be difficult to select any one passage of such genuine inspiration as one or two that might be pointed out in the Lay of the Last Minstrel—and perhaps, in strength and discrimination of character, it may fall short of *Marmion*, although we are loth to resign either the rude and savage generosity of *Roderick*, the romantic chivalry of *James*, or the playful simplicity, the affectionate tenderness, the modest courage of *Ellen Douglas*, to the claims of any competitors in the last-mentioned poem. But, for interest and artificial management in the story, for general ease and grace of versification, and correctness of language, the *Lady of the Lake* must be universally allowed, we think, to excel, and very far excel, either of her predecessors."—*Critical Review*.

"There is nothing in Mr. Scott of the severe and majestic style of *Milton*—or of the terse and fine composition of *Pope*—or of the elaborate elegance and melody of *Campbell*, or even of the flowing and redundant diction of *Southey*, but there is a medley of bright images and glowing, set carelessly and loosely together—a diction tinged successively with the careless richness of *Shakespeare*—the harshness and antique simplicity of the old romances—the homeliness of vulgar ballads and anecdotes—and the sentimental glitter of the most modern poetry,—passing from the borders of the ridiculous to those of the sublime—alternately minute and energetic—sometimes artificial, and frequently negligent, but always full

of spirit and vivacity—abounding in images that are striking at first sight to minds of every contexture—and never expressing a sentiment which it can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to comprehend. Upon the whole, we are inclined to think more highly of the *Lady of the Lake* than of either of its author's former publications. We are more sure, however, that it has fewer faults than that it has greater beauties; and as its beauties bear a strong resemblance to those with which the public has been already made familiar in these celebrated works, we should not be surprised if its popularity were less splendid and remarkable. For our own part, however, we are of opinion that it will be oftener read hereafter than either of them; and that, if it had appeared first in the series, their reception would have been less favourable than that which it has experienced. It is more polished in its diction, and more regular in its versification; the story is constructed with infinitely more skill and address; there is a greater proportion of pleasing and tender passages, with much less antiquarian detail, and, upon the whole, a larger variety of characters, more artfully and judiciously contrasted. There is nothing so fine, perhaps, as the battle in *Marmion*—or so picturesque as some of the scattered sketches in the *Lay*, but there is a richness and a spirit in the whole, which does not pervade either of these poems—a profusion of incident, and a shining brilliancy of colouring, that reminds us of the witchery of *Ariosto*—and a constant elasticity and occasional energy, which seem to belong more peculiarly to the author now before us."—*J. Jeffrey*.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

— *The nights of Cass-Tar,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old.*—P. 178.

Cass-Tar, as the name is pronounced, of more properly *Dughmor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callender in Monteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toil for deer, who might get in from the outside, but would find it difficult to return. This opinion prevails among the old sportsmen and deer-stalkers in the neighbourhood.

NOTE B.

*Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed*—P. 178.

"The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all blacke, yet nevertheless, the race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert have always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may conceive that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise. To return unto my former purpose, this kind of dogges hath bene dispersed through the counties of Henault, Lorayne, Flanders, and Burgoyne. They are mighty of body, nevertheless their legges are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of scent, hunting chases which are farre struggled, fearing neither water nor cold, and doe more covet the chases that smell, as foxes, bores, and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither of swiftness nor courage to hunt and kill the chases that are lighter and swifter. The bloodhounds of this colour prove good, especially those that are cole blacke, but I made no great account to breed on them, or to keepe the kind, and yet I found a book which a hunter did dedicate to a prince of Lorayne, which seemed to love hunting much, wherein was a blason which the same hunter gave to his bloodhound, called *Soyllard*, which was white:—

'My name came first from holy Hubert's race,
Soyllard may ere, a hound of angular grace.'

Whereupon we may presume that some of the kind prove white sometimes, but they are not of the kind of the *Greyhounds*

or *Bouzes*, which we hang at these days"—*The Noble Art of Fencing or Hunting, translated and collected for the Use of all Noblemen and Gentlemen.* Lond. 1611. 4to, p. 15.

NOTE C.

*For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his voice, his woe*—P. 178.

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies.—

"If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier,
But barbet's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou need'st not fear."

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon warily and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword. See many directions to this purpose in the *Booke of Hunting*, chap. 41. Wilson the historian has recorded a providential escape which befell him in this hazardous sport, while a youth and follower of the Earl of Essex.

"Sir Peter Lee, of Lime, in Cheshire, invited my lord one summer to hunt the stagge. And having a great stagge in chase, and many gentlemen in the pursuit, the stagge took soyle. And divers, whereof I was one, alighted, and stood with swords drawne, to have a cut at him, at his coming out of the water. The stagge there being wonderfully fierce and dangerous, made us youths more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And it was my misfortune to be hindered of my coming nere him, the way being alpine, by a fall; which gave occasion to some, who did not know mee, to speak as if I had falne for feare. Which being told mee, I lost the stagge, and followed the gentleman who [first] spake it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seems his words made an example from him; as by his denial and repentance it appeared. But this made mee more violent in the pursuit of the stagge, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the only horseman in, when the dogs sett him up at bay; and approaching near him on horsebacke, he broke through the dogs, and ran at mee, and tore my horse's side with his hornes, close by my thigh. Therfore quitted my horse, and grew more cunning (for the dogs had sett him up againe), stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his hamstring; and then got upon his back, and cut his throate; which, as I was doing, the company came in, and blamed my rashness for running such a hazard."—*Peter's Desiderata Curiosa*, v. 464.

NOTE D.

*And none to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A fur projecting precipice.*—P. 180.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the dole called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.

NOTE E.

*To meet with Highland plunderers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.*—P. 181.

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory incursions upon their Lowland neighbours. "In former times, those parts of this district, which are situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible by strong barriers of rocks, and mountains, and lakes. It was a border country, and, though on the very verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were, insulated with respect to society. 'Tis well known that in the Highlands, it was, in former times, accounted not only lawful, but honourable, among hostile tribes, to commit depredations on one another, and these habits of the age were perhaps strengthened in this district, by the circumstances which have been mentioned. It bordered on a country, the inhabitants of which, while they were richer, were less warlike than they, and widely distinguished by language and manners."—*GRAHAM'S Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire*. Edin. 1806, p. 97. The reader will therefore be pleased to remember, that the scene of this poem is laid in a time,

"When booming faults, or sweeping of a glen,
Had still been held the deed of gallant men."

NOTE F.

*A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent
Was on the vision'd future bent.*—P. 182.

If force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-sight. It is called in Gaelic *Taishitaraugh*, from *Taish*, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly translated visionaries. Martin, a steady believer in the second-sight, gives the following account of it.—

"The second-sight is a singular faculty, of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that used it for that end: the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see, nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear passive or joyful, according to the object that was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employ others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way.

"This faculty of the second-sight is not lineally descended in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, but their children not, and vice versa; neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And, after a strenuous enquiry, I could never learn that this faculty was communicable any way whatsoever.

"The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object, is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision, than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

"If an object is seen early in the morning (which is not frequent,) it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night, if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the later always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death, the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer, and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shewn me, when the persons of whom the observations were then made, enjoyed perfect health.

"One instance was lately foretold by a seer, that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance, thus was communicated to a family, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it, until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above, is now a skilful seer, as appears from many late instances, he lives in the parish of St. Mary's, the most northern in Skie.

"If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition.

"If two or three women are seen at once near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether all three, or the man, be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after: and if he is not of the seer's acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c. that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

"If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars. And he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour.

"I have been seen thus myself by seers of both sexes, at some hundred miles' distance; some that saw me in this manner had never seen me personally, and it happened according to their vision, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

"It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees, in places void of all three; and this in progress of time uses to be accomplished: as at Mognot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry cowhouses, thatched with straw, yet in a very few years after, the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished, by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances.

"To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second-sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and he be near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

"Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse which they carry along with them; and after such visions, the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared if there be any of their acquaintance among 'em, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

"All those who have the second-sight do not always see these visions at once, though they be together at the time. But if one who has this faculty, designedly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision's appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first, and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occasions."—MARTIN'S *Description of the Western Islands*, 1716, 8vo, p. 300, *et seq.*

To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the *Truth*, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of *ghosts*. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.

NOTE G.

*Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bowers.*—P. 183.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.

"It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Lettermlich, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level the floor for a habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape, and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. The whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance

from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the fall of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day."—*Home's History of the Rebellion*, Lond. 1802, 4to, p. 361.

NOTE H.

*My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascarbart.*—P. 185.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. There is a romance in the Auchinleck MS. in which Ferragus is thus described—

"On a day come tiding
Unto Charls the King,
Al of a doughty knight
Was comen to Navers,
Stout he was and fers,
Vernagu he hight.
Of Babiloun Casoudan
Thider him sende gan,
With King Charls to fight.
So hard he was to fond,
That no dint of byond
No greued him, alyght.
He hadde twenti men strengthe
And four fet of longthe,
Thikke panim hede,¹
And four feet in the face,
Y-meten² in the place.
And fifteen in bynde.³
His nose was a fot and more,
His brow, as bristles wore.⁴
He that it seighe it seide.
He lokid lotheliche,
And was a wart⁵ as any piche,
Of him men might adrede.⁶

Romance of Charlemagne, l. 401-484.
Auchinleck MS., folio 265.

Ascarbart, or Ascarbart, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself. The dimensions of Ascarbart were little inferior to those of Ferragus, if the following description be correct—

"They metten with a goaunt,
With a lotheliche semblaunt.
He was wonderliche strong,
Rome⁷ threthi fote long
His berd was bot gret and rowe;⁸
A space of a fot betweene is⁹ browe;
His clob was, to yene¹⁰ a strok,
A lite bodi of an oak.¹¹

"Henes hadde of him wonder gret,
And askede him what a het,¹²
And yaf¹³ men of his contré
Were ase meche¹⁴ ase was he.
'Mo name,' a seide,¹⁵ 'is Ascarbart,
Garci me sent hiderward,

¹ Found, proved.—² Had.—³ Measured.—⁴ Breadth.—
⁵ Were.—⁶ Black.—⁷ Fully.—⁸ Rough.—⁹ His.—¹⁰ Ave.—

¹¹ The stem of a little oak-tree.—¹² He light, was called.—
¹³ If.—¹⁴ Great.—¹⁵ He said.

For to bring this queene aye,
And the Beues her of a-len,¹
Icham Garci is² champion,
And was i-druce out of me³ toun
Al for that ich was so life,⁴
Euert man me wolde smite,
Ich was so lite and so merugh,⁵
Fuert man me clepede dwerugh,⁶
And now icham in this londe,
I wax mor⁷ ich understonde,
And stranger than other tene;⁸
And that schol on us be sene."⁹

Sir Bevis of Hampton, l. 9512.
Archivista M.S., vol. 100.

NOTE I.

Though all unask'd his birth and name — P. 104

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish, to ask a stranger his name: lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance, which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

NOTE K.

— and still¹ harkye mair,
Fidd' up the symphony battailon. — l. 184.

"They" (meaning the Highlanders) "delight much in musick, but chiefly in harp and clarschoes of their awn fashion. The strings of the clarschoes are made of brass wire, and the strings of the harp, of sinews; which strings they strike either with their nails, growing long or else with an instrument appointed for that use. They take great pleasure to decke their harps and clarschoes with silver and precious stones; the poorer ones that cannot attayne herunto decke them with chinkall. They sing verses prettily compounded, containing (for the most part) praises of valiant men. There is not almost any other argument, whereof their rhymes intreat. They speak the ancient French language altered a little."² — "The harp and clarschoes are now only heard of in the Highlands in ancient song." — At what period these instruments ceased to be used, is not on record; and tradition is silent on this head. But, as Irish harpers occasionally visited the Highlands and Western Isles till lately, the harp might have been extant so late as the middle of the last century. Thus far we know, that from remote times down to the present, harpers were received as welcome guests, particularly in the Highlands of Scotland; and so late as the latter end of the sixteenth century, as appears by the above quotation, the harp was in common use among the natives of the Western Isles. How it happened that the noisy and unharmonious bagpipe banished the soft and expressive harp, we cannot say; but certain it is, that the bagpipe is now the only instrument that obtains universally in the Highland districts."³ — CAMPBELL'S *Journey through North Britain*. Lond. 1800. 4to. l. 175.

Mr. Gann, of Edinburgh, has lately published a curious Essay upon the Harp and Harp Music of the Highlands of Scotland. That the instrument was once in common use

1 Slav. — 2 Hla. — 3 My. — 4 Little. — 5 Lean. — 6 Dwarf. — 7 Greater, taller. — 8 Ten.

there, is most certain. Cleland numbers an acquaintance with it among the few accomplishments which his satire allows to the Highlanders:—

"In nothing they're accounted sharp,
Except in bagpipe or in harp."

NOTE L.

Mora's genial influence raised a minstrel grey. — P. 106.

That Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer, admits of very easy proof. The author of the Letters from the North of Scotland, an officer of engineers, quartered at Inverness about 1720, who certainly cannot be deemed a favourable witness, gives the following account of the office, and of a bard whom he heard exercise his talent of recitation. — "The bard is skilled in the genealogy of all the Highland families, sometimes preceptor to the young laird, celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribes the famous warlike actions of the successive heads, and sings his own lyrics as an opiate to the chief when indisposed for sleep; but poets are not equally esteemed and honoured in all countries. I happened to be a witness of the dishonour done to the muse at the house of one of the chiefs, where two of these bards were set at a good distance, at the lower end of a long table, with a parcel of Highlanders of no extraordinary appearance, over a cup of ale. Poor inspiration! They were not asked to drink a glass of wine at our table, though the whole company consisted only of the great man, one of his near relations, and myself. After some little time, the chief ordered one of them to sing me a Highland song. The bard readily obeyed, and with a hoarse voice, and in a tune of few various notes, began, as I was told, one of his own lyrics, and, when he had proceeded to the fourth or fifth stanza, I perceived, by the names of several persons, glens, and mountains, which I had known or heard of before, that it was an account of some clan battle. But in his going on the chief (who plagues himself upon his school learning), at some particular passage, bid him cease, and cried out, 'There's nothing like that in Virgil or Homer.' I bowed, and told him I believed so. This you may believe was very edifying and delightful." — *Letters*, ii. 167.

NOTE M.

— *The Grieme* — P. 107.

The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Grieme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1293. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Metz saw realized his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as a third, John Grieme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death in the arms of victory may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the non-conformists, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

1 Vide "Certain Matters concerning the Realm of Scotland, &c. as they were Anno Domini 1607, Lond. 1608." 4to

NOTE N.

This harp, which erst Saint Modan encoy'd.—P. 187.

I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound. "But labouring once in these mechanic arts for a devout Matrone that had sett him on work, his viell, that hung by him on the wall, of its own accord, without anie man's helpe, distinctly sounded this an-thime:—*Gaudet in celis anime sanctorum qui Christi gratia sunt secuti, et quia pro eius amore sanguinem suum fuderunt, ipse cum Christo gaudent eternum.* Whereat all the companie being much astonished, turned their eyes from beholding him working, to looke on that strange accident."

* * "Not long after, manie of the court that hitherunto had borne a kind of fained friendship towards him, began now greatly to envie at his progress and rising in goodness, using manie crooked, backbiting meanes to diffame his vertues with the black maskes of hypocrisie. And the better to authorize their calumnie, they brought in thus that happened in the viell, affirming it to have been done by art magick. What more? This wicked rumour encreased dayly till the king and others of the nobilitie taking hold thereof, Dunstan grew odious in their sight. Therefore he resolved to leave the court and go to Elphegus, surnamed the Bauld, then Bishop of Winchester, who was his cozen. Which his enemies understanding, they layd wayt for him in the way, and having throwne him off his horse, beate him, and dragged him in the dirt in the most miserable manner, meaning to have slaine him, had not a compaignie of mastive dogges that came unyokt upon them defended and redeemed him from their crueltie. When with sorrow he was ashamed to see dogges more humane than they, and giuing thanks to Almighty God, he sensibly agone perceived that the tunes of his viell had given him warning of future accidents."—*Flower of the Lives of the most renowned Sunets of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the R. PATRICK HILHOME PORTER. Bowsay, 1632, 4to, tome i. p. 436.*

The same supernatural circumstance is alluded to by the anonymous author of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon."

"—[Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall.]

"Forrest Hark, hark, my lords, the holy abbot's harp Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall!"

"Dunstan. Unhallow'd man, that scorn'st the sacred rede, Hark, how the testimony of my truth Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand, To testify Dunstan's integrity And prove thy active boast of no effect."

NOTE O.

Fre Douglass, to ruin driver,

Were exiled from their native heven.—P. 187

The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus during the reign of James V. is the event alluded to in the text. The Earl of Angus, it will be remembered, had married the queen dowager, and availed himself of the right which he thus acquired, as well as of his political power, to retain the king in a sort of tutelage, which approached very near to captivity. Several open attempts were made to rescue James from this thralldom, with which he was well known to be deeply disgusted; but the valour of the Douglasses and their allies gave

them the victory in every conflict. At length the king, while residing at Falkland, contrived to escape by night out of his own court and palace, and rode full speed to Stirling Castle, where the governor, who was of the opposite faction, joyfully received him. Being thus at liberty, James speedily summoned around him such peers as he knew to be most inimical to the domination of Angus—and laid his complaint before them, says Pitarottie, "with great lamentations; shewing to them how he was holden in subjection, thir years bygone, by the Earl of Angus and his kin and friends, who oppressed the whole country and spoiled it, under the pretence of justice and his authority; and had slain many of his begges, kinsmen, and friends, because they would have had it mended at their hands, and put him at liberty, as he ought to have been, at the counsel of his whole lords, and not have been subjected and corrected with no particular men, by the rest of his nobles. Therefore, said he, I desire, my lords, that I may be satisfied of the said earl, his kin, and friends; for I avow that Scotland shall not hold us both while [i. e. till] I be revenged on him and his."

"The lords, hearing the king's complaint and lamentation, and also the great rage, fury, and malice that he bore toward the Earl of Angus, his kin and friends, they concluded all, and thought it best that he should be summoned to underly the law; if he found no caution, nor yet to appear himself, that he should be put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the letters. And farther, the lords ordained, by advice of his majesty, that his brother and friends should be summoned to find caution to underly the law within a certain day, or else be put to the horn. But the earl appeared not, nor none for him; and so he was put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the summons that camepared not were banished, and holden traitors to the king."

NOTE P.

In Holy-Rood a Knight he slew.—P. 188.

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland, nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. The following instance of the murder of Sir William Stuart of Ochiltree, called *The Bloody*, by the celebrated Francis, Earl of Bothwell, may be produced among many; but as the offence given in the Royal court will hardly bear a vernacular translation, I shall leave the story in Johnstone's Latin, referring for further particulars to the naked simplicity of Birrell's Diary, 30th July 1588.

"*Mors improbi hominis non tam ipso immerita, quam pessimo exemplo in publicum, fide perpetrata. Gulielmus Stuartus Alkiltus, Arani pater, natura ac moribus, cuius sanguis memini, vulgo propter suum sanguinis sanguinarius dictus, à Bothwell, in Sancte Crucis Regia, exardescente ira, mendacem probolocoessant, obsecrum osculum fiduciam retorquebat; Bothwellus hanc contumeliam tactus tulit, sed ingentem terram molim animo concepit. Utriusque postmodum Edinburgi conventum, totidem numero comitibus armatis, praesidiis caesus, et acriter pugnatum est, cæteris amicis et clientibus metu terrentibus, aut ex absteritis, ipsæ Stuartus fortissime dimicant; tandem ex uno gladio à Bothwell, Scythied fertitate transfoditur, sine cujusquam misericordia; habuit itaque quem debuit exitum. Dignus erat Stuartus qui putaretur; Bothwellus qui fueret. Fulgus sanguinem sanguine præcedebat, et horum cruce in nocorum mandibulo egregie parentatum.*"—*Johnstone's Historia Rerum Britannicarum, ab anno 1572 ad annum 1637. Amstelodami, 1655, fol. p. 135.*

NOTE Q.

*The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer.*—P. 188.

The exile state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Griever* (i. e. Reve or Bulfinch). "And as he bore the name," says Godscroft, "so did he also execute the office of a greive or overseer of the lands and rents, the corn and cattle of him with whom he lived." From the habits of frugality and observation which he acquired in his humble situation, the historian traces that intimate acquaintance with popular character which enabled him to rise so high in the state, and that respectable economy by which he repaired and established the shattered estates of Angus and Morton.—*History of the House of Douglas*, Edinburgh, 1743, vol. ii. p. 100.

NOTE R.

—*Maronnan's cell.*—P. 180.

The parish of Kilmarnock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronock, or Manock, or Maronnan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered. There is a fountain devoted to him at this parish; but its virtues, like the merits of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.

NOTE S.

—*Dr Kilmann's thundering mare.*—P. 188.

This is a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keltie, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callender in Mensteth. Above a chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is a throw, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, a rustic footbridge, of about three feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension.

NOTE T.

For, Tiger-man forged by fairy lore.—P. 138.

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of *Tiger-man*, because he *thirsted*, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished, as every reader must remember, in the bloody battle of Homildon-hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner of Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy,

being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle, that it was called the *Foul Road*, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beaugé, in France; but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernioil, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, A.D. 1424.

NOTE U.

*Thil, self-unscabbarded, foreshew
The footstep of a secret foe.*—P. 180.

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. The wonderful sword *Skofnung*, wielded by the celebrated Hrolf Kraka, was of this description. It was deposited in the tomb of the monarch at his death, and taken from thence by Skeggu, a celebrated pirate, who bestowed it upon his son-in-law, Kormak, with the following curious directions:—"The manner of using it will appear strange to you. A small bag is attached to it, which take heed not to violate. Let not the rays of the sun touch the upper part of the handle, nor unsheath it, unless thou art ready for battle. But when thou comest to the place of fight, go aside from the rest, grasp and extend the sword, and breathe upon it. Then a small worm will creep out of the handle; lower the handle, that he may more easily return into it." Kormak, after having received the sword, returned home to his mother. He showed the sword, and attempted to draw it, as unnecessarily as ineffectually, for he could not pluck it out of the sheath. His mother, Halla, exclaimed, "Do not despise the counsel given to thee, my son." Kormak, however, repeating his efforts, pressed down the handle with his feet, and tore off the bag, when Skofnung emitted a hollow groan; but still he could not unsheath the sword. Kormak then went out with Bessus, whom he had challenged to fight with him, and drew apart at the place of combat. He sat down upon the ground, and ungirding the sword, which he bore above his vestments, did not remember to shield the hilt from the rays of the sun. In vain he endeavoured to draw it, till he placed his foot against the hilt, then the worm issued from it. But Kormak did not rightly handle the weapon, in consequence whereof good fortune deserted it. As he unsheathed Skofnung, it emitted a hollow murmur—"Bartholin de Causa Contemptor a Dans aduic Gentibus Mortis, Libri Tres. Hafnia, 1689, 4to, p. 374.

To the history of this sentient and prescient weapon, I beg leave to add, from memory, the following legend, for which I cannot produce any better authority. A young nobleman, of high hopes and fortune, chanced to lose his way in the town which he inhabited, the capital, if I mistake not, of a German province. He had accidentally involved himself among the narrow and winding streets of a suburb, inhabited by the lowest order of the people, and an approaching thunder-shower determined him to seek a short refuge in the most decent habitation that was near him. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall man, of a grizzly and ferocious aspect, and sordid dress. The stranger was readily ushered to a chamber, where swords, scourges, and machines, which seemed to be implements of torture, were suspended on the wall. One of these swords dropped from its scabbard, as the nobleman, after a moment's hesitation, crossed the threshold. His host

Immediately stared at him with such a marked expression, that the young man could not help demanding his name and business, and the meaning of his looking at him so fixedly. "I am," answered the man, "the public executioner of this city; and the incident you have observed is a sure augury that I shall, in discharge of my duty, one day cut off your head with the weapon which has just now spontaneously unsheathed itself." The nobleman lost no time in leaving his place of refuge; but, engaging in some of the plots of the period, was shortly after decapitated by that very man and instrument.

Lord Lovat is said, by the author of the *Letters from Scotland*, to have affirmed, that a number of swords that hung up in the hall of the mansion-house, leaped of themselves out of the scabbard at the instant he was born. The story passed current among his clan, but, like that of the story I have just quoted, proved an unfortunate omen.—*Letters from Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 214.

NOTE V.

*Those thrilling sounds that rail the night
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.*—P. 188.

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heady fight." To this opinion Dr. Beattie has given his suffrage, in the following elegant passage:—"A *pibroch* is a species of tune, peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset, run off with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."—*Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition*. Chap. iii. Note.

NOTE W.

** Roderigh Fich Alpinadhru, ho! scree!*—P. 180.

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyll is called MacCallum More, or the son of Colin the Great. Sometimes, however, it is derived from armorial distinctions, or the memory of some great feat; thus Lord Seaforth, as chief of the Mackenzies, or Clansmen, bears the epithet of Caber-fae, or *Buck's Head*, as representative of Colin Fitzgerald, founder of the family, who saved the Scottish king, when endangered by a stag. But besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhru* or *ron*; sometimes from size as *beg* or *more*; at other times from some

peculiar exploit, or from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The line of the text therefore signifies,

• Black Roderick, the descendant of Alynha.

The song itself is intended as an imitation of the *forraime*, or boat songs, of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those which were tuned to the rowers of an ordinary boat.

NOTE X.

The best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.—P. 190

The *Loch Lomond*, as the district is called, which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake, and the neighbouring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity, of which the noted conflict of Glen-fruin is a celebrated instance. This was a clan-battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allan Macgregor, chief of the clan, encountered the sept of Colquhouns, commanded by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands allowed that the action was desperately fought, and that the Colquhouns were defeated with great slaughter, leaving two hundred of their name dead upon the field. But popular tradition has added other horrors to the tale. It is said, that Sir Humphry Colquhoun, who was on horseback, escaped to the castle of Benochra, or Banochra, and was next day dragged out and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood. Buchanan of Auckmar, however, speaks of his slaughter as a subsequent event, and as perpetrated by the Macfarlanes. Again, it is reported that the Macgregors murdered a number of youths, whom report of the intended battle had brought to be spectators, and whom the Colquhouns, anxious for their safety, had shut up in a barn to be out of danger. One account of the Macgregors denies this circumstance entirely; another ascribes it to the savage and blood-thirsty disposition of a single individual, the bastard brother of the Laird of Macgregor, who amused himself with this second massacre of the innocents, in express disobedience to the chief, by whom he was left their guardian during the pursuit of the Colquhouns. It is added, that Macgregor bitterly lamented this atrocious action, and prophesied the ruin which it must bring upon their ancient clan. The following account of the conflict, which is indeed drawn up by a friend of the Clan Gregor, is altogether silent on the murder of the youths. "In the spring of the year 1602, there happened great dissensions and troubles between the laird of Luss, chief of the Colquhouns, and Alexander, laird of Macgregor. The original of these quarrels proceeded from injuries and provocations mutually given and received, not long before. Macgregor, however, wanting to have them ended in friendly conferences, marched at the head of two hundred of his clan to Leven, which borders on Luss, his country, with a view of settling matters by the mediation of friends: but Luss had no such intentions, and projected his measures with a different view; for he privately drew together a body of 300 horse and 500 foot, composed partly of his own clan and their followers, and partly of the Buchanans, his neighbours, and resolved to cut off Macgregor and his party to a man, in case the issue of the conference did not answer his inclination. But matters fell otherwise than he expected: and though Macgregor had previous information of his insidious design, yet disem-

bing his resentment, he kept the appointment, and parted good friends in appearance.

"No sooner was he gone, than Luss, thinking to surprise him and his party in full security, and without any dread or apprehension of his treachery, followed with all speed, and came up with him at a place called Glenfruin. Macgregor, upon the alarm, divided his men into two parties, the greatest part whereof he commanded himself, and the other he committed to the care of his brother John, who, by his orders, led them about another way, and attacked the Colquhouns in flank. Here it was fought with great bravery on both sides for a considerable time; and, notwithstanding the vast disproportion of numbers, Macgregor, in the end, obtained an absolute victory. So great was the rout, that 200 of the Colquhouns were left dead upon the spot, most of the leading men were killed, and a multitude of prisoners taken. But what seemed most surprising and incredible in this defeat, was, that none of the Macgregors were missing, except John, the laird's brother, and one common fellow, though indeed many of them were wounded."—*Professor Ross's History of the Family of Sutherland*, 1631.

The consequences of the battle of Glenfruin were very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, who had already been considered as an unhappy clan. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty, it is said, in number, appeared in doleful procession before the king at Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike. James VI. was so much moved by the complaints of this "choir of mourning dames," that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, without either bounds or moderation. The very name of the clan was proscribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by bloodhounds like wild beasts. The Gyles and the Campbells, on the one hand, Montrose, with the Grants and Buchanans, on the other, are said to have been the chief instruments in suppressing this devoted clan. The Laird of Macgregor surrendered to the former, on condition that he would take him out of Scotland;—but, to use Burrell's expression, he kept "a Highlandman's promise;" and, although he fulfilled his word to the letter, by carrying him as far as Berwick, he afterwards brought him back to Edinburgh, where he was executed with eighteen of his clan.—*Burrell's Diary*, 2d Oct. 1603. The Clan-Gregor being thus driven to utter despair, seem to have renounced the laws from the benefit of which they were excluded, and their depredations produced new acts of council, confirming the severity of their proscription, which had only the effect of rendering them still more united and desperate. It is a most extraordinary proof of the ardent and invincible spirit of clanship, that notwithstanding the repeated proscriptions providently ordained by the legislature, "for the times preventing the disorders and oppression that may fall out by the said name and clan of Macgregor, and their followers," they were in 1715 and 1745, a potent clan, and continue to subsist as a distinct and numerous race.

NOTE Y.

—*The King's vindictive pride*
Boats to have lined the Border-side.—P. 192.

In 1589, James V. made a convention at Edinburgh for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license of his minority, and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitances. Accordingly, he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them,

that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick Forest, where he hanged over the gate of his own castle, Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the King, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot. The effect of this severity was such, that, as the vulgar expressed it, "the rush-bush kept the cow," and, "thereafter was great peace and rest" a long time, wherethrough the King had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick Forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the King as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife.—*Pitt-Rivers's History*, p. 153.

NOTE Z.

What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye
By fate of Border chivalry.—P. 192.

James was in fact equally attentive to restrain rapine and feudal oppression in every part of his dominions. "The king past to the Isles, and there held justice courts, and punished both thief and traitor according to their demerit. And also he caused great men to show their holdings, wherethrough he found many of the said lands in non-entry; the which he confiscated and brought home to his own use, and afterwards annexed them to the crown, as ye shall hear. Syne brought many of the great men of the Isles captive with him, such as Mudyart, McConnel, M'Loyd of the Lewes, McNeil, McLaue, McIntosh, John Mudyart, McKay, McKenzie, with many other that I cannot rehearse at this time. Some of them he put in ward and some in court, and some he took pledges for good rule in time coming." So he brought the Isles, both north and south, in good rule and peace, whereto he had great profit, service, and obedience of people a long time thereafter; and as long as he had the heads of the country in subjection, they lived in great peace and rest, and there was great riches and policy by the king's justice."—*Pitt-Rivers's History*, p. 152.

NOTE A.

Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air.—P. 193.

Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of Old Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow-ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury

¹ See *Burder's Astrology*, vol. 1. p. 312.

— "Out upon thee," said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported; "art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?" The officer of engineers, whose curious letters from the Highlands have been more than once quoted, tells a similar story of Macdonald of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks:—"This and many other stories are romantick; but there is one thing, that at first thought might seem very romantick, of which I have been credibly assured, that when the Highlanders are constrained to lie among the hills, in cold dry windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in some river or burn (*i. e.* brook), and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round, till they are enveloped by the whole mantle. They then lay themselves down on the heath, upon the leeward side, of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam like that of a boiling kettle. The wet, they say, keeps them warm by thickening the stuff, and keeping the wind from penetrating. I must confess I should have been apt to question this fact, had I not frequently seen them wet from morning to night, and, even at the beginning of the rain, not so much as stir a few yards to shelter, but continue in it without necessity, till they were, as we say, wet through and through. And that is soon effected by the looseness and sponginess of the plaiding; but the bonnet is frequently taken off and wrung like a dish clout, and then put on again. They have been accustomed from their infancy to be often wet, and to take the water like spaniels, and this is become a second nature, and can scarcely be called a hardship to them, inasmuch that I used to say, they seemed to be of the duck kind, and to love water as well. Though I never saw this preparation for sleep in windy weather, yet, setting out early in a morning from one of the huts, I have seen the marks of their lodging, where the ground has been free from rime or snow, which remained all round the spot where they had lain."—*Letters from Scotland*, Lond. 1754, 8vo, n. p. 108.

NOTE 2 B.

—his henchman came.—P. 194.

"This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron. An English officer being in company with a certain chieftain, and several other Highland gentlemen, near Killchumen, had an argument with the great man; and both being well warmed with usky, at last the dispute grew very hot. A youth who was henchman, not understanding one word of English, imagined his chief was insulted, and then upon drew his pistol from his side, and snapped it at the officer's head; but the pistol missed fire, otherwise it is more than probable he might have suffered death from the hand of that little vermin. But it is very disagreeable to an Englishman over a bottle, with the Highlanders, to see every one of them have his gilly, that is, his servant, standing behind him all the while, let what will be the subject of conversation."—*Letters from Scotland*, n. 159.

NOTE 2 C.

And while the Flery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.—P. 201.

When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Flery Cross*, also *Cross Tarraig*, or the *Cross of*

Whisky

Shamh, because disobedience to what the symbol imposed, incurred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, multiplying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Flery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Flery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Invernahyle, described to me his having sent round the Flery Cross through the district of Appin, during the same commotion. The coast was threatened by a descent from two English frigates, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in England; yet the summons was so effectual, that even old age and childhood obeyed it; and a force was collected in a few hours, so numerous and so enthusiastic, that all attempt at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriors was in prudence abandoned, as desperate.

This practice, like some others, is common to the Highlanders with the ancient Scandinavians, as will appear by the following extract from *Olaf Magnus*.—

"When the enemy is upon the sea-coast, or within the limits of northern kingdoms, then presently, by the command of the principal governors, with the counsel and consent of the old soldiers, who are notably skilled in such like business, a staff of three hands length, in the common sight of them all, is carried, by the speedy running of some active young man, unto that village or city, with this command,—that on the third, fourth, or eighth day, one, two, or three, or else every man in particular, from fifteen years old, shall come with his arms, and expenses for ten or twenty days, upon pain that his or their houses shall be burnt (which is intimated by the burning of the staff,) or else the master to be hanged (which is signified by the cord tied to it,) to appear speedily on such a bank, or field, or valley, to hear the cause he is called, and to hear orders from the said provincial governors what he shall do. Wherefore that messenger, swifter than any post or waggon, having done his commission, comes slowly back again, bringing a token with him that he hath done all legally, and every moment one of another runs to every village and tells those places what they must do." . . . "The messengers, therefore, of the footmen, that are to give warning to the people to meet for the battail, run fiercely and swiftly; for no snow, no rain, nor heat can stop them, nor night hold them; but they will soon run the race they undertake. The first messenger tells it to the next village, and that to the next; and so the hubbub runs all over till they all know it in that stilt or territory, where, when and wherefore they must meet."—*OLAF MAGNUS' History of the Goths*, englished by J. S. Lond. 1658, book iv. chap. 3, 4.

NOTE 2 D.

That monk, of savage form and face.—P. 185.

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their

doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck. And that same curial friar was probably matched in manners and appearance by the ghostly fathers of the Tynedale robbers, who are thus described in an excommunication fulminated against their patrons by Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, tempore Henrici VIII. "We have further understood, that there are many chaplains in the said territories of Tynedale and Redesdale, who are public and open maintainers of concubinage, irregular, suspended, excommunicated, and interdicted persons, and withal so utterly ignorant of letters, that it has been found by those who objected this to them, that there were some who, having celebrated mass for ten years, were still unable to read the sacramental service. We have also understood there are persons among them who, although not ordained, do take upon them the offices of priesthood; and, of contempt of God, celebrate the divine and sacred rites, and administer the sacraments, not only in sacred and dedicated places, but in those which are profane and interdicted, and most wretchedly ruinous; they themselves being attired in ragged, torn, and most filthy vestments, altogether unfit to be used in divine, or even in temporal offices. The which said chaplains do administer sacraments and sacramental rights to the aforesaid manifest and notorious thieves, robbers, depredators, receivers of stolen goods, and plunderers, and that without restitution, or intention to restore, as evinced by the act; and do also openly admit them to the rites of ecclesiastical sepulchre, without exacting security for restitution, although they are prohibited from doing so by the sacred canons, as well as by the institutes of the saints and fathers. All which infers the heavy peril of their own souls, and is a pernicious example to the other believers in Christ, as well as no slight, but an aggravated injury, to the numbers despoiled and plundered of their goods, gear, herds, and chattels."

To this lively and picturesque description of the confessors and churchmen of predatory tribes, there may be added some curious particulars respecting the priests attached to the several septa of native Irish, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These friars were allowed to plead, that the incursions, which they not only pardoned, but even encouraged, were made upon those hostile to them, as well in religion as from national antipathy, but by Protestant writers they are uniformly alleged to be the chief instruments of Irish insurrection, the very well-spring of all rebellion towards the English government. Lithgow, the Scottish traveller, declares the Irish wood-kernes, or predatory tribes, to be but the hounds of their hunting priests, who directed their incursions by their pleasure, partly for sustenance, partly to gratify animosity, partly to foment general division, and always for the better security and easier domination of the friars. Derrick the B. of Ely, and minuteness of whose descriptions may frequently apologize for his doggerel verses, after describing an Irish feast, and the encouragement given, by the songs of the bards, to its termination in an incursion upon the parts of the country more immediately under the dominion of the English, records the no less powerful arguments used by the friar to excite their animosity:—

"And more," augment the flame,
and rancour of their hate,
The friar, of his counsells vile,
to rebelles doth impart.
Affirming that it is
An almose deede to God,

¹ The Mention against the Hobbers of Tynedale and Redesdale, with which I was favoured by my friend, Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, may be found in the original Latin, in the Appendix to the Introduction to the Border Minstrelsy, No. VII. vol. i. p. 274.

² Lithgow's Travels, first edition, p. 431.

to make the English subjectes taste
the Irish rebells' rodde.
To spoile, to kill, to burne,
this frier's counsell is;
And for the doing of the same,
he warrantes heavenly blisse.
He tells a holie tale;
the white he tournes to black;
And through the pardons in his male,
he workes a knavishe knacke."

The wreckful invasion of a part of the English pale is then described with some spirit; the burning of houses, driving off cattle, and all pertaining to such predatory inroads, are illustrated by a rude cut. The defeat of the Irish, by a party of English soldiers from the next garrison, is then commemorated, and in like manner adorned with an engraving, in which the friar is exhibited mourning over the slain chieftain; or, as the rubric expresses it,

"The frier then, that treacherous knave; with ough ough
hone lament,
To see his cousin De'ill's-son to have so foul event."

The matter is handled at great length in the text, of which the following verses are more than sufficient sample—

"The frier scyng this
laments that lucklesse parte,
And curseth to the pitte of hell
the death man's sturdie heart;
Yet for to quight them with
the frier taketh paine,
For all the synnes that ere he did
remission to obtaine.
And therefore serves his booke,
the candell and the bell,
But thinke you that such aplice tones
bring damned souls from hell?
It 'longs not to my parte
infernal things to knowe;
But I beleve till later dale,
thei rise not from belowe.
Yet hope that friers give
to this rebellious rout,
If that their souls should chaunce in hell,
to bringe them quicklie out,
Doeth make them lead such lives,
as neither God nor man,
Without revenge for their desertes,
permitte or suffer can.
Thus friers are the cause,
the fountain, and the spring,
Of hurleburies in this lande,
of eche unhappy thing.
Thei cause them to rebell
against their soveraigne quene,
And through rebellion often tynnes,
thei lives do vanish clene.
So as by friers meanes,
in whom all folie swimme,
The Irish karne doe often lose
the life, with hedde and limme."

As the Irish tribes, and those of the Scottish Highlands,

³ This curious picture of Ireland was inserted by the author in the republication of *Somerset's Tracts*, vol. i., in which the plates have been also inserted, from the only impressions known to exist, belonging to the copy in the Advocates' Library. See *Somerset's Tracts*, vol. i. pp. 691, 694.

are much more intimately allied, by language, manners, dress, and customs, than the antiquaries of either country have been willing to admit, I flatter myself I have here produced a strong warrant for the character sketched in the text. The following picture, though of a different kind, serves to establish the existence of æsthetic religionists, to a comparatively late period, in the Highlands and Western Isles. There is a great deal of simplicity in the description, for which, as for much similar information, I am obliged to Dr. John Martin, who visited the Hebrides at the suggestion of Sir Robert Sibbald, a Scottish antiquarian of eminence, and early in the eighteenth century published a description of them, which procured him admission into the Royal Society. He died in London about 1719. His work is a strange mixture of learning, observation, and gross credulity.

"I remember," says this author, "I have seen an old Jay-capuchin here (in the island of Benbecula,) called in their language *Brathr-bach*, that is, *Poor Brother*; which is literally true; for he answers this character, having nothing but what is given him; he holds himself fully satisfied with food and rayment, and lives in as great simplicity as any of his order; his diet is very mean, and he drinks only fair water; his habit is no less mortifying than that of his brethren elsewhere: he wears a short coat, which comes no farther than his middle, with narrow sleeves like a waistcoat: he wears a plaid above it, girt about the middle, which reaches to his knee: the plaid is fastened on his breast with a wooden pin, his neck bare, and his feet often so too; he wears a hat for ornament, and the string about it is a bit of a fisher's line, made of horse-hair. This plaid he wears instead of a gown worn by those of his order in other countries. I told him he wanted the flaxen girdle that men of his order usually wear: he answered me, that he wore a leathern one, which was the same thing. Upon the matter, if he is spoke to when at meat, he answers again; which is contrary to the custom of his order. This poor man frequently diverts himself with angling of trout; he lies upon straw, and has no bell (as others have) to call him to his devotions, but only his conscience, as he told me."—MARTIN'S *Description of the Western Highlands*, p. 122.

NOTE 2 H.

O! Brian's birth strange tales were told.—P. 195

The legend which follows is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, a ready assent to the narrower proposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and patched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the record which I have transcribed, with the variation of a very few words, from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane. I know not whether it be necessary to remark, that the miscellaneous concourse of youths and maidens on the night and on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place, might, even in a credulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accompanied the conception of Gilli-Doir Macgrevollich.

"There is but two myles from Inverloigne, the church of Kilmalee, in Lochyeld. In ancient tymes there was a church builded upon a hill, which was above this church, which doeth now stand in this toun; and ancient men doeth say, that there was a battell foughten on a little hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certaine men which

they did not know what they were. And long tymes thereafter, certaine heros of that toun, and of the next toun, called Unnatt, both wenches and youtnes, did on a tymes converse with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men that were slayne long tymes before in that place, and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench, which was verie cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being quyetlie her alone, without anye other compaigne, took up her cloaths above her knees, or thereby to warm her; a wind did come and casto the ashes upon her and she was conceived of aue man-chyld. Several tymes thereafter she was verie sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the matter hereof, which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with ane answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous intracle, the chyld being borne, his name was called *Gilli-doir Mlagre-vollich*, that is to say, the *Black Child, Son to the Bones*. So called, his grandfather sent him to school, and so he was a good schollar, and godlie. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmalee."—MACFARLANE, *ut supra*, ii. 188.

NOTE 2 F.

*Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear.*—P. 114.

The snood, or ribband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *church, toy, or conf*, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the church. In *old Scottish songs* there occur many allusions to such misfortune; as in the old words to the popular tune of "Over the muir among the heather."

*"Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That gaird her greet till she was wearie.*

NOTE 2 G.

*The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.*—P. 196.

In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmalee, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related. It seems likely that he must have become a fanatic or an impostor, or that mixture of both which forms a more frequent character than either of them, as existing separately. In truth, mad persons are frequently more anxious to impress upon others a faith in their visions, than they are themselves confirmed in their reality; as, on the other hand, it is difficult for the most cool-headed impostor long to personate an enthusiast, without in some degree believing what he is so eager to have believed. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza.

The River Demon, or River-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forbode and to witness calamity. His frequentest haunt is Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Venachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action: it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession with all its attendants. The "noontide hag," called in Gaelic *Glas-Nich*, a tall, emaciated, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoidart. A goblin, dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called from that circumstance, *Lham-darra*, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurcus. Other spirits of the desert, all frightful in shape and malignant in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains and glens of the Highlands, where any unusual appearance, produced by mist, &c. the strange lights that are sometimes thrown upon particular objects, never fails to present an apparition to the imagination of the solitary and melancholy mountaineer.

NOTE 2 H.

The fatal Ben-Shie's boiling scream.—P. 196.

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelary, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its warnings, any approaching disaster. That of Grant of Grant was called *May Moulach*, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothiemurcus had an attendant called *Bodach-an-dùn*, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Ban-Schie implies a female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a black and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish.

The death of the head of a Highland family is also sometimes supposed to be announced by a chain of lights of different colours, called *Drèup*, or death of the kind. The direction which it takes, marks the place of the funeral. [See the Essay on Fairy Superstitions in the Border Minstrelsy.]

NOTE 2 I.

*"Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benharrone's shingly side,
Where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride."*—P. 193.

A passage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of McLean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity. How easily the eye, as well as the ear, may be deceived upon such occasions, is evident from the stories of armies in the air, and other spectral phenomena with which history abounds. Such an apparition is said to have been witnessed upon the side of Southfell mountain, between Penrith and Keswick, upon the 23d June 1744, by two persons, William Lancaster of Blakeliff, and Daniel Strickland, his servant, whose attestation to the fact, with a full account of the apparition, dated the 21st July 1745, is printed in Clarke's Survey of the Lakes. The apparition consisted of se-

veral troops of horse moving in regular order, with a steady rapid motion, making a curved sweep around the fell, and seeming to the spectators to disappear over the ridge of the mountain. Many persons witnessed this phenomenon, and observed the last, or last but one, of the supposed troop, occasionally leave his rank, and pass at a gallop to the front, when he resumed the same steady pace. This curious appearance, making the necessary allowance for imagination, may be perhaps sufficiently accounted for by optical deception.—*Survey of the Lakes*, p. 25.

Supernatural intimations of approaching fate are not, I believe, confined to Highland families. Howel mentions having seen, at a lapidary's, in 1732, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Oxenham, before the death of each of whom, the inscription stated a white bird to have appeared and fluttered around the bed while the patient was in the last agony.—*Familiar Letters*, edit. 1736, 247. Glasgow mentions one family, the members of which received this solemn sign by music, the sound of which floated from the family residence, and seemed to die in a neighbouring wood, another, that of Captain Wood of Bampton, to whom the signal was given by knocking. But the most remarkable instance of the kind occurs in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, so exemplary for her conjugal affection. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she, chanced during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend, the head of a sept, who resided in his ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and, looking out of bed, beheld, by the moonlight, a female face and part of the form, hovering at the window. The distance from the ground, as well as the circumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale; and the hair, which was reddish, was loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshawe's terror did not prevent her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished with two shrieks, similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshawe's attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit but to account for the apparition. "A near relation of my family," said he, "expired last night in this castle. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was due you. Now, before such an event happens in this family and castle, the female spectre whom you have seen always is visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat."

NOTE 2 K.

*"Those parents in Inch-Caillach wave
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave."*—P. 196.

Inch-Caillach, the Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but scarce any vestige of it now remain. The burial-ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighbouring clans. The monuments of the lairds of Macgregor, and of other families, connected by descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are most remarkable. The Highlanders are as zealous of their rights of sepulture, as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if clanship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of

famly descent. "May his ashes be scattered on the water," was one of the deepest and most solemn imprecations which they used against an enemy. [See a detailed description of the funeral ceremonies of a Highland chieftain in the Fair Maid of Perth. *Waverley Novels*, vol. 43, chaps. x. and xi. Edit. 1834.]

NOTE 2 L.

— the deer's hide
On flecter foot was never tied.—P. 197.

The present brogue of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards; a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of *Red-shanks*. The process is very accurately described by one Elder (himself a Highlander) in the project for a union between England and Scotland, addressed to Henry VIII. "We go a-hunting, and after that we have slain red-deer, we flay off the skin by-and-by, and setting of our bare-foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play the cobblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ankles, pricking the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repass where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ankles. So, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outward, in your grace's dominions of England, we be called *Roughfooted Scots*."—*PINKERTON'S History*, vol. ii. p. 307.

NOTE 2 M.

The dismal coronach.—P. 198.

The *Coronach* of the Highlanders, like the *Ulluloo* of the Romans, and the *Ulluloo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death. The following is a lamentation of this kind, literally translated from the Gaelic, to some of the ideas of which the song stands indebted. The tune is so popular, that it has since become the war-march, or Gathering of the clan.

Coronach on Sir Lauchlan, Chief of Maclean.

Which of all the Senachies
Can trace thy line from the root up to Paradise,
But Macvuirih, the son of Fergus?
No sooner had thine ancient stately tree
Taken firm root in Albion,
Than one of thy forefathers fell at Harlaw —
"Was then we lost a chief of deathless name."

'Tis no base weed—no planted tree,
Nor a seedling of last Autumn;
Nor a sapling planted at Beltain;¹
Wide, wide around, were spread its lofty branches—
But the topmost bough is lowly laid!
Thou hast forsaken us before Harlaw.²

¹ Bell's fire or Whitsunday

"Thy dwelling is the winter house —
Loud, sad, sad, and mighty is thy dwelling!
Oh! courteous champion of Montrose!
Oh! stately warrior of the Celtic Isles!
Thou shalt buckle thy harness on no more!"

The coronach has for some years past been superseded at funerals by the use of the bagpipe; and that also is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts

NOTE 2 N.

Benedict saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.—P. 199.

Inspection of the provincial map of Perthshire, or any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chieftain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine; a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, nor least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

"Sìoch non rioghrìdh dachaisach
Bha shìos an Dun-staobhanish
Aig an rùbh crun na Halba-thius
" 'g a chial dachas fàst rìs."

The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turf, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Annachar. From thence, it passes towards Callender, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is conveyed to Norman at the chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombs and Armandave, or Ardmardave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnaig, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strathgairney.

NOTE 2 O.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze.—P. 200.

It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, what the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. This simile is not new to poetry. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of Hardyknute, is said to be "like fire to heather set."

NOTE 2 P.

No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.—P. 201.

The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common, and a so-

² Hallowe'en.

leann bath. In other respects they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. One solemn mode of swearing was by kissing the *stirk*, imprecating upon themselves death by that, or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have had little respect. As for the reverence due to the chief, it may be guessed from the following odd example of a Highland point of honour:—

"The clan whereto the above-mentioned tribe belongs, is the only one I have heard of, which is without a chief; that is, being divided into families, under several chieftains, without any particular patriarch of the whole name. And this is a great reproach, as may appear from an affair that fell out at my table, in the Highlands, between one of that name and a Cameron. The provocation given by the latter was—'Name your chief.'—The return of it at once was, 'You are a fool.' They went out next morning, but having early notice of it, I sent a small party of soldiers after them, which, in all probability, prevented some barbarous mischief that might have ensued: for the chiefless Highlander, who is himself a petty chieftain, was going to the place appointed with a small sword and pistol, whereas the Cameron (an old man) took with him only his broadsword, according to the agreement.

"When all was over, and I had, at least seemingly, reconciled them, I was told the words, of which I seemed to think but slightly, were, to one of the clan, the greatest of all provocations."—*Letters from Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 221

NOTE 2 Q.

—a low and lonely cell.

By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung.—P. 201

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenne, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the Corn, or Den, of the Wild or Shaggy men. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr. Alexander Campbell, may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the *Urisk*, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr. The *Urisk* seems not to have inherited, with the form, the petulance of the sylvan deity of the classics: his occupation, on the contrary, resembled those of Milton's Lubbar Fiend, or of the Scottish Brownie, though he differed from both in name and appearance. "The *Urisk*," says Dr. Graham, "were a set of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention, to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess, but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in this Cave of Benvenne. This current superstition, no doubt, alludes to some circumstance in the ancient history of this country."—*Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire*, p. 19, 1806.—It must be owned that the *Coir*, or Den, does not, in its present state, meet our ideas of a subterraneous grotto, or cave, being only a small and narrow cavity, among huge fragments of rocks rudely piled together. But such a scene is liable to convulsions of nature, which a Lowlander cannot

estimate, and which may have choked up what was originally a cavern. At least the name and tradition warrant the author of a fictitious tale to assert its having been such at the remote period in which this scene is laid.

NOTE 2 R.

The wild pass of Beal-nam-bo.—P. 201.

Bealach-nam-bo, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-Uriskin, treated of in a former note. The whole comprises the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.

NOTE 2 S.

*A single party, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord*.—P. 201.

A Highland chief, being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person. He had his body-guards, called *Luchtach*, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person. These, according to their deserts, were sure to share abundantly in the rude profusion of his hospitality. It is recorded, for example, by tradition, that Allan MacLean, chief of that clan, happened upon a time to hear one of these favourite retainers observe to his comrade, that their chief grew old—"Whence do you infer that?" replied the other—"When was it," rejoined the first, "that a soldier of Allan's was obliged, as I am now, not only to eat the flesh from the bone, but even to tear off the inner skin, or filament?" The hint was quite sufficient, and MacLean next morning, to relieve his followers from such dire necessity, undertook an incursion on the mainland, the ravage of which altogether effaced the memory of his former expeditions for the like purpose.

Our officer of Engineers, so often quoted, has given us a distinct list of the domestic officers who, independent of *Luchtach*, or *gardes de corps*, belonged to the establishment of a Highland Chief. These are, 1. *The Herenman*. See these Notes, p. 239. 2. *The Bard*. See p. 234. 3. *Blader*, or spokesman. 4. *Gillie-more*, or sword-bearer, alluded to in the text. 5. *Gillie-casghe*, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fords. 6. *Gillie-comstraine*, who leads the chief's horse. 7. *Gillie-Trushanarineh*, the baggage man. 8. *The piper*. 9. The piper's gillie or attendant, who carries the bagpipe. Although this appeared, naturally enough, very ridiculous to an English officer, he considered the master of such a retinue as no more than an English gentleman of £900 a-year, yet in the circumstances of the chief, whose strength and importance consisted in the number and attachment of his followers, it was of the last consequence, in point of policy, to have in his gift subordinate offices, which called immediately round his person those who were most devoted to him, and, being of value in their estimation, were also the means of rewarding them.

NOTE 2 T.

*The Tighaurn call'd; by which, after,
Our sires foretold the events of war*.—P. 202.

The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into fatality. One of the most

¹ *Journey from Edinburgh*, 1802. v. 109

² *Letters from Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 15.

noted was the *Taghairn*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapp'd up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation, he revolved in his mind the question proposed; and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt the desolate recesses. In some of these Hebrides, they attributed the same oracular power to a large black stone by the sea-shore, which they approached with certain solemnities, and considered the first fancy which came into their own minds, after they did so, to be the undoubted dictate of the tutelar deity of the stone, and, as such, to be, if possible, punctually complied with. Martin has recorded the following curious modes of Highland augury, in which the *Taghairn*, and its effects upon the person who was subjected to it, may serve to illustrate the text.

"It was an ordinary thing among the over-curious to consult an invisible oracle, concerning the fate of families and battles, &c. This was performed three different ways. The first was by a company of men, one of whom, being detached by lot, was afterwards carried to a river, which was the boundary between two villages; four of the company laid hold on him, and, having shut his eyes, they took him by the legs and arms, and then, tossing him to and again, struck his hips with force against the bank. One of them cried out, What is it you have got here? another answers, A lug of birch-wood. The other cries again; Let his invisible friends appear from all quarters, and let them relieve him by giving an answer to our present demands. and in a few minutes after, a number of little creatures came from the sea, who answered the question, and disappeared suddenly. The man was then set at liberty, and they all returned home, to take their measures according to the prediction of their false prophets, but the poor deluded fools were abused, for their answer was still ambiguous. This was always practised in the night, and may literally be called the works of darkness.

"I had an account from the most intelligent and judicious men in the Isle of Skye, that about sixty-two years ago, the oracle was thus consulted only once, and that was in the parish of Kilmartin, on the east side, by a wicked and miscellaneous race of people, who are now extinguished, both root and branch.

"The second way of consulting the oracle was by a party of men, who first retired to solitary places, remote from any house, and there they singled out one of their number, and wrapt him in a big cow's hide, which they folded about him; his whole body was covered with it, except his head, and no light in this posture all night, until his invisible friends relieved him, by giving a proper answer to the question in hand; which he received, as he fancied, from several persons that he found about him all that time. His consorts returned to him at the break of day, and then he communicated his news to them; which often proved fatal to those concerned in such unwarrantable enquiries.

"There was a third way of consulting, which was a confirmation of the second above mentioned. The same company who put the man into the hide, took a live cat, and put him on a spit. one of the number was employed to turn the spit, and one of his consorts enquired of him, What are you doing? he answered, I roast this cat, until his friends answer the question; which must be the same that was proposed by the man shut up in the hide. And afterwards, a very big cat comes, attended by a number of lesser cats, desiring to relieve the cat turned upon the spit, and then answers the

question. If this answer proved the same that was given to the man in the hide, then it was taken as a confirmation of the other, which, in this case, was believed infallible.

"Mr. Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Viat, told me, that one John Erach, in the Isle of Lewis, assured him, it was his fate to have been led by his curiosity with some who consulted this oracle, and that he was a night within the hide, as above mentioned; during which time he felt and heard such terrible things, that he could not express them; the impression it made on him was such as could never go off, and he said, for a thousand worlds he would never again be concerned in the like performance, for this had disordered him to a high degree. He confessed it ingeniously, and with an air of great remorse, and seemed to be very penitent under a just sense of so great a crime: he declared this about five years since, and is still living in the Lewis for any thing I know."—*Description of the Western Isles*, p. 110. See also PENNANT's *Scottish Tour*, vol. ii. p. 361.

NOTE 2 U.

*The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.—P. 203.*

I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland Kern or Ketteran, as they were called. He used to narrate the merry doings of the good old time when he was follower of Rob Roy MacGregor. This leader, on one occasion, thought proper to make a descent upon the lower part of the Loch Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the Kirk of Drynna, to pay him black-mail, i. e. tribute for forbearance and protection. As this invitation was supported by a band of thirty or forty stout fellows, only one gentleman, an ancestor, I mistake not, of the present Mr. Grahame of Gartmore, ventured to decline compliance. Rob Roy instantly swept his land of all he could drive away, and among the spoil was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed, whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the Ketterans. "But ere we had reached the Kirk of Denna," said the old man, "a child might have scratched his ears." The circumstance is a minute one, but it paints the times when the poor leevie was compelled

"To hood it o'er as many weary miles,
With loading pikemen howling at his heels,
As e'er the bravest gutler of the woods." *Ethwald.*

NOTE 2 V.

*That huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.—P. 203.*

There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumuluous cataract takes its course. This wild place is said in former times to have afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the brink of the precipice above. His water he procured for himself, by letting down a flagon tied to a string, into the black pool beneath the fall.

¹ The reader may have met with the story of the "King of the Cats," in Lord Littleton's Letters. It is well known in the Highlands as a nursery tale.

² This anecdote was, in former editions, inaccurately as-

cribed to Gregor Macgregor of Glengyle, called *Ghàidhe Dhu*, or Black-knee, a relation of Rob Roy, but, as I have been assured, not addicted to his predatory excesses.—*Note to Third Edition.*

NOTE 2 W.

Raven

*That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morse claims with rullen croak?*—P. 203.

Breaks—Quartered.—Every thing belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking*, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. "There is a little gristle," says Turberville, "which is upon the spoons of the briskeet, which we call the raven's bone; and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer, and would not depart till she had it." In the very ancient metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, that peerless knight, who is said to have been the very deviser of all rules of chase, did not omit the ceremony.—

"The raven he yane his yiftes
Saf on the fourched tre."

Sir Tristrem.

The raven might also challenge his rights by the Book of 't Albans; for thus says Dame Juliana Berners:—

"Slitteth anon
The hely to the side, from the corbyn bone;
That is corbyn's fee, at the death he will be."

Jonson, in "The Sad Shepherd," gives a more poetical account of the same ceremony:—

"*Marian.*—He that undoes him,
Doth cleave the briskeet bone, upon the spoon
Of which a little gristle grows; you call it—
Raven Hood.—The raven's bone.
Marian.—Now o'er head set a raven
On a sore bough, a crow, great bird, and bourse,
Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,
So croak'd and cried for't, as all the hunt-men,
Especially old Scathlock, thought it ominous."

NOTE 2 X.

*"Which spills the foremost woman's life,
That party conquers in the strife."*—P. 204.

Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that, on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party.

NOTE 2 Y.

Alice Brand.—P. 206.

This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the *Kæmpe Viser*, a collection of

heroic songs, first published in 1801, and reprinted in 1806, inscribed by Anders Sørensen, the collector and editor, to Sophia Queen of Denmark. I have been favoured with a literal translation of the original, by my learned friend Mr Robert Jamieson, whose deep knowledge of Scandinavian antiquities will, I hope, one day be displayed in illustration of the history of Scottish Ballad and Song, for which no man possesses more ample materials. The story will remind the readers of the Border Minstrelsy of the tale of Young Tamlane. But this is only a solitary and not very marked instance of coincidence, whereas several of the other ballads in the same collection find exact counterparts in the *Kæmpe Viser*. Which may have been the originals, will be a question for future antiquaries. Mr Jamieson, to secure the power of literal translation, has adopted the old Scotch idiom, which approaches so near to that of the Danish, as almost to give word for word, as well as line for line, and indeed in many verses the orthography alone is altered. As *Wester Haf*, mentioned in the first stanzas of the ballad, means the *West Sea*, in opposition to the Baltic, or *East Sea*, Mr. Jamieson inclines to be of opinion, that the scene of the disenchantment is laid in one of the Orkney, or Hebride Islands. To each verse in the original is added a burden, having a kind of meaning of its own, but not applicable, at least not uniformly applicable, to the sense of the stanza to which it is subjoined: this is very common both in Danish and Scottish song.

THE ELFIN GRAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 143
AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

*Der ligger en vold i Vester Haf,
Der ligger en boudé af bygge.
Hvad fører did brødt høg og bund,
Om ligger der en rinken af bygge.*
(IN VILDE DROG OG DITREK VED SKOFFEN.)

1.

There ligs a vold in Vester Haf,
There a husbnde means to bigge,
And thither he carries both hawk and howe;
There meaning the winter to ligs.
(The wild deer and does i' the shaw out.)

2.

He takes wi' him haith houn / a cock,
The langer he means to stav,
The wild deer in the shaw that aie
May early rue the day.
(The wild deer, &c.)

3.

He's hew'd the beech, and he's fell'd the oak,
Sae has he the poplar gray;
And grim in mood was the growsome elf
That be sae bald he may.

4.

He hew'd him kipples, he hew'd him hawks,
Wi' mackle moul at i haste,
Syne spoor'd the Elf i' the knock that bade,
"Wha's huckling here sae fast?"

5.

Syne up and spak the welest Elf,
Crean'd as an unmet sma:
"It's here is come a Christian man;
I'll fley him or he ga."

6.
It's up syne started the firsten Elf,
At a glower'd about saw grim:
"It's we'll awa' to the husbando's house,
And hald a court on him."

7.
"Here hews he down baith skugg and shaw,
And works us skaith and scorn:
His huswife he hall gie to me;—
They's rue the day they were born!"

8.
The Elfen a' i' the knock that were,
Gaed dancing in a string
They nighed near the husbando's house;
Sae lang their tails dail hing.

9.
The hound he yowls i' the yard,
The herd tows in his horn.
The earn scraighs, and the cock craws.
As the husbando has gien him his corn!

10.
The Elfen were five score and seven,
Sae laidly and sae grim;
And they the husbando's guests maun be,
To eat and drink wi' him.

11.
The husbando, out o' Villenshaw,
At his winnock the Elfen can see
"Help me, now, Jesu, Mary's son,
Thur Elven they mint at me!"

12.
In every nook a cross he coost,
In his chalmers maun ava,
The Elfen a' were fleid thereat,
And flew to the wild-wood shaw

13.
And some flew east, and some flew west,
And some to the norwart flew;
And some they flew to the deep dale down,
There still they are, I trow.¹

14.
It was then the welest Elf,
In at the door gaude he,
Agast was the husbando, for that Elf
For cross nor sign wad flee.

15.
The huswife she was a canny wife,
She set the Elf at the board,
She set before him baith ale and meat,
Wi' mony a weel-waled word

16.
"Hear thou, Gudeman o' Villenshaw,
What now I say to thee;
Wharude thee burs within our bounds,
Without the leave o' me?"

17.
"But, an' thou in our bounds wilt bide,
And bide, as well amny be,
Then thou thy dearest huswife mean
To me for a lemmen gie."

18.
Up spak the luckless husbando then,
As God the grace him gae;
"Eline she is to me sae dear,
Her thou may nae-gate hae."

19.
Till the Elf he answer'd as he couth.
"Let but my huswife be,
And tak whate'er she gude or gear,
Is mine, awa wi' thee."

20.
"Then I'll thy Eline tak and thee,
Aneath my foot to tread;
And hide thy goud and white monie,
Aneath my dwelling stead."

21.
The husbando and his househald a'
In sary rede they join;
"Far better that she be now forfaine,
Nor that we a' should tync."

22.
Up, will of rede, the husbando stood,
Wi' heart fu' sad and sau;
And he has gien his huswife Eline
Wi' the young Elfe to fare.

23.
Then blyth grew he, and sprang about
He took her in his arm;
The rud it left her comely cheek;
Her heart was clem'd wi' harm

24.
A wae fu' woman then she was awa,
And the moody tears loot fu':
"God rew on me, unseely wife,
How hard a weid I fu'!"

25.
"I say I plight to the fairest wight
That man on moid mat see;—
Maun I now mell wi' a laudly Elf,
His light lemmen to be?"

26.
He minted once—he minted twice,
Wae wax'd her heart that syth:
Syne the laidliest fiend he grew that e'er
To mortal ee did kythe

27.
When he the thirdeen time can mair
To Mary's son she pray'd,
And the laidly Elf was clean awa,
And a fair knight in his stead

¹ This singular quatrain stands thus in the original:—

"Hunden hand giör i gaurden;
Hjorden tudé i sit horn;
Kænen skriger, og hanen galter,
Som bonden hafde gifvet sit horn."

² In the Danish:—

"Sommé fløye øster, og sommé fløye vester,
Nogle fløye nør paa;
Nogle fløye sød i dybent dale,
Jeg troer de er der endnu."

28.
This ill under a hoden green,
That again his shape he found;
O' wae and care was the word nae mair,
A' were aye glad that stound.

29.
"O dearest Eline, hear thou this,
And thou my wife sall be,
And a' the goud in merry England
Sae freely I'll gi'e thee."

30.
"When I was but a little wee bairn,
My mither died me fra;
My stepmither sent me awa' fra her;
I turn'd till an *Elfin Gray*.

31.
"To thy husbando I a gift will gae,
Wi' mickle state and gear,
As mair for Elme his huswife.—
Thou'st be my heartie dear."

32.
"Thou nobil knyght, we thank now God
That has freed us fra skath;
Sae wed thou thee a maiden free,
And joy attend ye baith!"

33.
"Sin' I to thee nae mair can be
My dochter may be thine,
And thy gud will right to fulfill,
Lat this be our propine."

34.
"I thank thee, Eline, thou wise woman;
My praise thy worth sall ha'e;
And thy love gin I fail to win,
Thou here at hame sall stay."

35.
The husbando buggit now on his be,
And nae ane wrought him wrang;
His dechter wore crown in Engeland
And happy lived and lang.

36.
Now Eline, the husbando's huswife, hys
Cour'd a' her grief and harms,
She's mither to a noblo queen
That sleeps in a kingis arms.

GLOSSARY.

- ST 1. *Wold*, a wood; woody fastness.
Husbando, from the Dan. *hox*, with, and *bonde*, a villain, or bondsman, who was a cultivator of the ground, and could not quit the estate to which he was attached, without the permission of his lord. This is the sense of the word, in the old Scottish records. In the Scottish "Burghs Laws," translated from the *Reg. Majest.* (Auchinleck MS. in the Adv. Lib.) it is used indiscriminately with the Dan. and Swed. *bonde*.
Bigg, build.
Ligg, lie.
Daes, does.
Shaw, wood.
Sairly, sorely.
Aik, oak.
Orrowme, terrible.
Hald, hold.

4. *Lipples*, (couplets), beams joined at the top, for supporting a roof, in building.
Bowke, balks; cross beams.
Moth, laborious industry.
Speer'd, asked.
Knock, billock.
5. *Weiest*, smallest.
Creen'd, shrunk, diminished; from the Gaelic, *crìon*, very small.
Innert, emmet; ant.
Christian, used in the Danish ballads, &c. in contra distinction to *demoniac*, as it is in England in contra distinction to *bragg*; in which sense, a person of the lower class in England, would call a *Jew* or a *Turk* a *Christian*.
Fley, fighten.
6. *Glowr'd*, stared.
Hald, hold.
7. *Skugg*, shade.
Skaith, harm.
8. *Nighed*, approached.
9. *Towls*, howls.
Toots.—In the Dan. *tude* is applied both to the howling of a dog, and the sound of a horn.
Scraighs, screams.
10. *Laidly*, loathly; disgustingly ugly.
Grum, fierce.
11. *Winnock*, window.
Mint, aim at.
12. *Coost*, east.
Chalmer, chamber.
Mait, most.
Ava, of all.
13. *Norwart*, northward.
Trou, believe.
14. *Braidh*, strides quickly forward.
Wad, would.
15. *Canny*, adroit.
Mony, many.
Wert-waled, well chosen.
17. *An*, if.
Bide, abide.
Lemmar, mistress.
18. *Nac-jale*, nowise.
19. *Couth*, could, knew how to.
Lat be, let alone.
Gude, goods; property.
20. *Anrath*, tentath.
Dwa'ing-stead, dwelling-place.
21. *Sary*, sorrowful.
Redr, counsel, consultation.
Forfaurn, forlorn; lost; *ghik*.
Tyne, (verb neut.) be lost; perish.
22. *W'ill of rede*, bewildered in thought; in the Danish original "vidtraadage;" Lat "inops consilii;" Gr. *ἄσπερος*. This expression is left among the desiderata in the Glossary to Ritsou's Romances, and has never been explained. It is obsolete in the Danish as well as in English.
Fare, go.
23. *Rud*, red of the cheek.
Clen'd, in the Danish, *klemt*; (which in the north of England is still in use, as the word *stamped* is with us; brought to a dying state. It is used by our old comedians.
Harm, grief; as in the original and in the old Teutonic English, and Scottish poetry.
24. *Waeft*, woeful.
Noody, strongly and wilfully passionate.
Bow, take ruth; pity.
Unceely, unhappy; unblest.
W'atra, false.

fæ, (Isl. Dan. and Swed.) take; get; acquire; procure; have for my lot.—This Gothic verb answers, in its direct and secondary significations, exactly to the Latin *caveo*; and Allan Ramsay was right in his definition of it. It is quite a different word from *fæ*, an abbreviation of *fall*, or *defall*; and is the principal root in *FANGEN*, to *fang*, take, or lay hold of.

23 *Fay*, faith.

Mold, mould; earth.

Mat, mote; might.

Maun, must.

Mell, mix.

El, an elf. This term, in the Welsh, signifies *what has in itself the power of motion as a moving principle; an intelligence; a spirit; an angel*. In the Hebrew it bears the same import.

20 *Minded*, attempted; meant; showed a *mind*, or intention to. The original is:—

“Hand *mindle* honde forst-og anden gang;—

Hun giordis i hiorret sa yee:

End blef hand den *ledde* deif-ve!

Mand kunde med øyen se.

Der hand vilde *minde* den tredie gang,” &c.

Syth, tide; time.

Kyth, appear.

28 *Stound*, hour; time; moment.

29 *Merry* (old Teut. *mere*), famous, renowned, answering, in its etymological meaning, exactly to the Latin *mac-tus*. Hence *merry-men*, as the address of a chief to his followers; meaning, not men of mirth, but of renown. The term is found in its original sense in the Gael. *maru*, and the Welsh *mawr*, great; and in the oldest Teut. Romances, *mar*, *mer*, and *mere*, have sometimes the same signification.

31 *Mende*, amends; recompense.

33 *Malk*, match; peer; equal.

Propine, pledge; gift.

35 *Se*, an island of the second magnitude; an island of the first magnitude being called a *land*, and one of the third magnitude a *holm*.

36 *Cour’t*, recover’d.

THE GHAIST'S WARNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KEMPE VIKER, p. 721.

By the permission of Mr. Jamieson, this ballad is added from the same curious Collection. It contains some passages of great pathos.

Svend Dyring hand rider sig op under be,

(*Fare jeg selv!* &c.)

Der fæstet hand sig saa ven en mød.

(*Mig tyster udi tunden at rødt,* &c.)

Child Dyring has ridden him up under be,

(*And O gin I were young!*)

There wedded he him see fair a may.

(*I the greenwood it lists me to ride.*)

Thither they lived for seven lang year,

(*And O, &c.*)

And they seven bairns has gotten in here

(*I the greenwood, &c.*)

1 “Under be.”—The original expression has been preserved here and elsewhere, because no other could be found to supply its place. There is just as much meaning in it in the translation as in the original; but it is a standard Danish bal-lad phrase; and as such, it is hoped, will be allowed to pass.

2 “Fair.”—The Dan. and Swed. *ven*, *venn*, or *venne*, and the Gael. *bàin*, in the oblique cases *bàin*, (*vein*), is the origin

Sae Death’s come there intill that sterd,
And that winsome lily flower is dead.

That swain he has ridden him up under be,
And syne he has married anither may.

He’s married a may, and he’s fessen her hame;
But she was a grim and a laidly dame.

When into the castell court drave she,
The seven bairns stood wi’ the teag in their ee.

The bairns they stood wi’ dule and doubt;—
She up wi’ her foot, and she kick’d them out

Nor ale nor mead to the bairnies she gave:
“But hunger and lath frae me ye’s have.”

She took frae them the bowster blas,
And said, “Ye sall ligg i’ the bare strae!”

She took frae them the groff wax light:
Sae, “Now ye sall ligg i’ the mirk a’ night!”

‘Twas lang i’ the night, and the bairnies grat:
Their mither she under the mools heard that;

That heard the wife under the eard that lay:
“For sooth maun I to my bairnies gae!”

That wife can stand up at our Lord’s knee,
And “May I gang and my bairnies see?”

She prigged sae air, and she prigged sae lang,
That he at the last gae her leave to gang.

“And thou sall come back when the cock does craw
For thou nae langer sall bide awa.”

Wi’ her hanes she stak a *uurt* the gae;
She’s iven baith wa’ and marble grae.

Whan near to the dwelling she can gang,
The dogs they waw’d till the lift it rang.

When she came till the castell pyett,
Her eldest dochter stood therat.

“Why stand ye here, dear dochter mine?
How are sma’ brithers and sisters thine?”

“For sooth ye’re a woman baith fair and fine,
But ye are nae dear mither of mine.”

“Och! how should I be fine or fair?
My cheek it is pale, and the ground’s my lair.”

“My mither was white, wi’ cheek sae red;
But thou art wan, and liker ane dead.”

“Och! how should I be white and red,
Sae lang as I’ve been cauld and dead?”

When she cam till the chalmers in,
Down the bairns’ cheeks the tears did rin.

of the Scottish *bonny*, which has so much puzzled all the ety-mologists.

3 The original of this and the following stanza is very fine.

“Hun skød op sine modige been,
Der revnede muur og græs marmoreean.
Der hun gik igennem døen by.
De hundede de tude saa høst i sky.”

She buskit the tane, and she brush'd it there,
She kem'd and plaited the tither's hair.

The thirdeen she doodl'd upon her knee,
And the fourteen she dlichted sae cannille.

She's ta'en the fifthen upon her lap,
And sweetly suckled it at her pap.

Till her eldest dochter syne said she,
"Ye bsd Child Dyring come hero to me."

Whan he cam till the chaffner in,
Wi' angry mood she said to him:

"I left you routh o' ale an' bread:
My bairnies quat for hunger and need.

"I left ahind me braw bowsters blae:
My bairnies are hgan' i' the hase atrae.

"I left ye sae mony a groff wax-light;
My bairnies hgg' i' the mirk a' night.

"Gin aft I come back to visit thee,
Wae, Gowy, and weary thr' luck shall be."

Up spak little Kirstin in bed that lay,
"To thy bairnies I'll do the best I may."

Aye when they heard the dog nrr and bell,
Sae ga'e they the bairnies bread and ale.

Ave whan the dog did wow, in haste
They cross'd and sam'd themsel's frae t' e g'haist

Aye whan the little dog yow'd, with fear
(*Wae t' the young'ns, I were young'ns!*)
They shook at the thought the dead was near
(*I' the greenwood it lists me to ride.*)

or,
Fair words are mony a heart they cheer.

GLOSSARY.

- 8x. 1. *May*, maid.
Lets, pleases.
2. *Stead*, place.
3. *Bairns*, children.
In f're, together.
4. *Syne*, then.
5. *Fessen*, fetched, brought.
6. *Drave*, drove.
7. *Dule*, sorrow.
Dout, fear.
8. *Howeter*, bolster; cushion; bed.
Ilac, blue.
Strae, straw.
10. *Groff*, great; large in girth.
Mark, mirk; dark.
11. *Lang f' the night*, late.
Groat, wet.
12. *Mools*, mould; earth.
13. *Haril*, earth.
Gae, go.
14. *Prigged*, entreated earnestly and perseveringly.
wagg, go.
15. *Craw*, crawl.
16. *Baues*, bones.
Mark, strong.

Short, bolt; elastic spring, like that of a bolt or arrow from a bow.

Reen, split asunder.

Wae, wail.

17. *Wou'd*, howled.

18. *Liff*, sky, firmament; air.

19. *Yett*, gate.

20. *Sma'*, small.

21. *Lirr*, complexion.

22. *Cald*, cold.

23. *Till*, to.

24. *Rin*, run.

25. *Buskit*, dressed.

Kem'd, counsell'd.

Tuther, the other.

26. *Routh*, plenty.

Quail, are quelled; d.s.

Need, want.

27. *Ahind*, behind.

Brave, brave; fine.

31. *Dowry*, sorrowful.

32. *Nirr*, snail.

Bell, bark.

34. *Sained*, blessed; literally, *signed* with the sign of the cross. Before the introduction of Christianity, *Runes* were used in *saining*, as a spell against the power of enchantment and evil genii.

Chusht, ghost.

NOTE 2 Z.

—the moody Elfin King. P. 206.

In a long dissertation upon the Fairy Superstitions, published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the most valuable part of which was supplied by my learned and indefatigable friend, Dr. John Leyden, most of the circumstances are collected which can throw light upon the popular beliefs which even yet prevail respecting them in Scotland. Dr. Grahame, author of an entertaining work upon the Scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, already frequently quoted, has recorded, with great accuracy, the peculiar tenets held by the Highlanders on this topic, in the vicinity of Loch Katrine. The learned author is inclined to deduce the whole mythology from the Paganical system,—an opinion to which there are many objections.

"The *Daonae Shì*, or Men of Peace, of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness,—a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

"They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth above Leithen, there is a place called *Cowshie'an*, or the Cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round conical eminences, particularly one, near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed, that if, on Hallow-eve, any person, alone, goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand (*sinistronem*) a door shall open, by which he will be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, of mortal race, have been entertained in their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most

gallantous warriors, and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty. The seemingly happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity, and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence, he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of *Shi'ich*, or Man of Peace.

"A woman, as is reported in the Highland tradition, was conveyed, in days of yore, into the secret recesses of the Men of Peace. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had, by some fatality, become associated with the *Shi'ichs*. This acquaintance, still retaining some portion of human benevolence, warned her of her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to abstain from eating and drinking with them for a certain space of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend; and when the period assigned was elapsed, she found herself again upon earth, restored to the society of mortals. It is added, that when she examined the viands which had been presented to her, and which had appeared so tempting to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth."—P. 107-111.

NOTE 3 A.

*Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Belov'd of our Elfin Queen?*—P. 206.

It has been already observed, that fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended. They are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison*, as appears from the cause of offence taken in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern *Duergar*, or dwarfs; to many of whose distinctions the fairies seem to have succeeded, if, indeed, they are not the same class of beings. In the huge metrical record of German Chivalry, entitled the *Helden Buch*, Sir Hildebrand, and the other heroes of whom it treats, are engaged in one of their most desperate adventures, from a rash violation of the rose-garden of an *Rifin*, or Dwarf King.

There are yet traces of a belief in this worst and most malicious order of Fairies, among the Border wilds. Dr. Leyden has introduced such a dwarf into his ballad entitled the *Court of Keeldar*, and has not forgot his characteristic detestation of the chase.

"The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
Still stood the limber fern,
And a wee man, of swartny hue,
Upstart by a cairn.

"His russet weeds were brown as heath
That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was frizzly red
As the purple heather-bell.

"An urchin, clad in prickles red,
Clang caw'ring to his arm;
The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled,
As struck by fairy-harm.

"Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,
Where stag-hound ne'er should be?
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
Without the leave of me?"—

"Brown dwarf, that pier the moorland strays,
Thy name to Keeldar tell!"—
'The Brown man of the Moors, who stays
Beneath the heather-bell.

"'Tis sweet beneath the heather-bell
To live in autumn brown;
And sweet to hear the lav'sack's swell;
Far, far from tower and town.

"But woe betide the striding horn,
The chase's surly cheer!
And over that Hunter is forlorn,
Whom first at morn I hear."

The poetical picture here given of the *Duergar* corresponds exactly with the following Northumbrian legend, with which I was lately favoured by my learned and kind friend, Mr. Sartees of Mainsforth, who has bestowed indefatigable labour upon the antiquities of the English Border counties. The subject is itself so curious, that the length of the note will, I hope, be pardoned.

"I have only one record to offer of the appearance of our Northumbrian *Duergar*. My narratrix is Elizabeth Cockburn, an old wife of Offerton, in this county, whose credit, in a case of this kind, will not, I hope, be much impeached, when I add, that she is, by her dull neighbours, supposed to be occasionally insane, but, by herself, to be at those times endowed with a faculty of seeing visions, an 'spectral appearance', which shun the common ken.

"In the year before the great rebellion, two young men from Newcastle were sporting on the high moors above Eldon, and after pursuing their game several hours, sat down to dine in a green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their repast, the younger lad ran to the brook for water, and after stooping to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the appearance of a brown dwarf, who stood on a crag covered with brackens, *across the burn*. This extraordinary personage did not appear to be above half the stature of a common man, but was uncommonly stout and broad-built, having the appearance of vast strength. His dress was entirely brown, the colour of the brackens, and his head covered with frizzled red hair. His countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes glared like a bull. It seems he addressed the young man first, threatening him with his vengeance, for having trespassed on his demesne, and asking him if he knew in whose presence he stood? The youth replied, that he now supposed him to be the lord of the moors; that he offended through ignorance; and offered to bring him the game he had killed. The dwarf was a little mollified by this submission, but remarked, that nothing could be more offensive to him than such an offer, as he considered the wild animals as his subjects, and never failed to avenge their destruction. He condescended further to inform him, that he was, like himself, mortal, though of years far exceeding the lot of common humanity; and (what I should not have had an idea of) that he hoped for salvation. He never, he added, led on any thing that had life, but lived in the summer on wortle-berries, and in winter on nuts and apples, of which he had great store in the woods. Finally, he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him home and partake his hospitality; an offer which the youth was on the point of accepting, and was just going to spring across the brook (which, if he had done, says Elizabeth, the dwarf would certainly have torn him in pieces), when his foot was arrested by the voice of his companion, who thought he had tarried long; and on looking round again, 'the wee brown man was fled.' The story adds, that he was imprudent enough to slight the admonition, and to sport over the moor on his way homewards; but soon after his return, he fell into a lingering disorder, and died within the year."

NOTE 3 B.

—Who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?—P. 206.

As the *Daoine Shì*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed, from some reason which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, green is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties. The Caithness men, who hold this belief, allege as a reason, that their hands were that colour when they were cut off at the battle of Flodden; and for the same reason they avoid crossing the Ord on a Monday, being the day of the week on which their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially is it held fatal to the whole clan of Grahame. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once by observing, that the whipcord attached to his lash was of this unlucky colour.

NOTE 3 C.

For thou wert christen'd man.—P. 206.

The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:—

"For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And eye nearest the town,
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They give me that renown."

I presume that, in the Danish ballad of the *Elfin Gray* (see Appendix, Note 3 A), the obstinacy of the "Wicest Elf," who would not flee for cross or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been "christen'd man."

How eager the Elves were to obtain for their offspring the prerogatives of Christianity will be proved by the following story:—"In the district called Haga, in Ireland, dwelt a nobleman called Sigward Forster, who had a intrigue with one of the subterranean females. The elf became pregnant, and exacted from her lover a firm promise that he would procure the baptism of the infant. At the appointed time, the mother came to the churchyard, on the wall of which she placed a golden cup, and a stole for the priest, agreeable to the custom of making an offering at baptism. She then stood a little apart. When the priest left the church, he enquired the meaning of what he saw, and demanded of Sigward if he avowed himself the father of the child. But Sigward, ashamed of the connection, denied the paternity. He was then interrogated if he desired that the child should be baptized; but

this also he answered in the negative, lest, by such request, he should admit himself to be the father. On which the child was left untouched and unbaptised. Whereupon the mother, in extreme wrath, snatched up the infant and the cup, and retired, leaving the priestly cope, of which fragments are still in preservation. But this female denounced and imposed upon Sigward and his posterity, to the ninth generation, a singular disease, with which many of his descendants are afflicted at this day." Thus wrote Einar Dudmond, pastor of the parish of Garpsdale, in Iceland; a man profoundly versed in learning, from whose manuscript it was extracted by the learned Torfæus.—*Historia Hrojfi Krakli, Hafnar, 1716, pre-fatio.*

NOTE 3 D.

And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show.—P. 206.

No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendour. It has been already noticed in the former quotations from Dr. Grahame's entertaining volume, and may be confirmed by the following Highland tradition:—"A woman, whose new-born child had been conveyed by them into their secret abodes, was also carried thither herself, to remain, however, only until she should suckle her infant. She one day, during this period, observed the Shìchs busily employed in mixing various ingredients in a boiling caldron; and, as soon as the composition was prepared, she remarked that they all carefully anointed their eyes with it, laying the remainder aside for future use. In a moment when they were all absent, she also attempted to anoint her eyes with the precious drug, but had time to apply it to one eye only, when the *Daoine Shì* returned. But with that eye she was henceforth enabled to see every thing as it really passed in their secret abodes. She saw every object, not as she hitherto had done, in deceptive splendour and elegance, but in its genuine colours and form. The gaudy ornaments of the apartment were reduced to the walls of a gloomy cavern. Soon after having discharged her office, she was dismissed to her own home. Still, however, she retained the faculty of seeing, with her medicated eye every thing that was done, any where in her presence, by the deceptive art of the order. One day, amidst a throng of people, she chanced to observe the *Shìch*, or man of peace, in whose possession she had left her child, though to every other eye invisible. Prompted by maternal affection, she inadvertently accosted him, and began to enquire after the welfare of her son. The man of peace, astonished at being thus recognised by one of mortal race, demanded how she had been enabled to discover him. Awed by the terrible frown of his countenance, she acknowledged what she had done. He spat in her eye, and extinguished it for ever."—GRAHAME'S *Sketches*, p. 116—118. It is very remarkable, that this story, translated by Dr. Grahame from popular Gaelic tradition, is to be found in the *Ötis Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury. A work of great interest might be

¹ [This story is still current in the moors of Staffordshire, and adopted by the peasantry to their own meridian. I have repeatedly heard it told, exactly as here, by rustics who could not read. My last authority was a nailer near, Cheadle.—H. JAMESON.]

"One other legend, in a similar strain, lately communicated by a very intelligent young lady, is given, principally because it furnishes an opportunity of pursuing an ingenious idea suggested by Mr. Scott, in one of his learned notes to the *Lady of the Lake*:—

"A young man, roaming one day through the forest, ob-

served a number of persons all dressed in green, issuing from one of those round eminences which are commonly accounted fairy hills. Each of them in succession called upon a person by name to fetch his horse. A caparisoned steed instantly appeared; they all mounted, and sallied forth into the regions of air. The young man, like Ali Baba in the Arabian Nights, ventured to pronounce the same name, and called for his horse. The steed immediately appeared; he mounted, and was soon joined to the fairy choir. He remained with them for a year, going about with them to fairs and weddings, and feasting, though unseen by mortal eyes, on the viands that

computed upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery tale of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show, that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace, as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds, to produce instances of this community of fable among nations who never borrowed from each other any thing intrinsically worth learning. Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour. There lives, I believe, only one gentleman, whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice. I mean my friend, Mr Francis Douce, of the British Museum, whose usual kindness will, I hope, pardon my mentioning his name, while on a subject so closely connected with his extensive and curious researches.

NOTE 3 E.

—*I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd away
To the joyless Elysian tower.*—P. 203

The subjects of Fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of *crimping* system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the "Londe of Faery." In the beautiful Fairy Romance of Orfeo and Heurodis (Orpheus and Eurydice) in the Auchinleck MS. is the following striking enumeration of persons thus abstracted from middle earth. Mr Ritson unfortunately published this romance from a copy in which the following, and many other highly poetical passages, do not occur—

"Then he gan bihold; about al,
And selghe ful jiggeand with in the wal.
Off folk that were thidder y-brought,
And thought dede and nere nought,
Some stode withouten hadde,
And sum howeenges nade.
And some thurch fisehodi hadde wounde.
And some lay wode y-bund;
And sum armed on hors sette;
And sum astrangled as thai ete;
And sum war in water adreynt;
And sum with fire al forschreynt;
Wives ther lay in childe bedde,
Sum dede, and sum awedde;
And wonder fele ther lay besides,
Right as thai slepe her undortodes,
Eche was thair in tife wail y-nome,
With fairi thider y-come."

were exhibited on those occasions. They had one day gone to a wedding where the cheer was abundant. During the feast, the bridegroom sneezed. The young man, according to the usual custom, said, 'God bless you!' The fairies were offended at the pronunciation of the sacred name, and assured him, that if he dared to repeat it, they would punish him. The bridegroom sneezed a second time. He repeated his bless-

NOTE 3 F.

*Who ever reek'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?*—P. 210.

St John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: "It was true, we gave laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an authority."—CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion* Oxford, 1702, fol. vol. p. 183.

NOTE 3 G.

*Ma Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain-deer.*—P. 211.

The Scottish Highlanders in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Chartres, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands (*au fin fond des Sauvages*). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these Scottish *Sauvages* devour a part of their venison raw, without any farther preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular. This curious trait of manners was communicated by Mons. de Montmorency, a great friend of the Vidame, to Brantome, by whom it is recorded in *Vies des Hommes Illustres, Discours*, lxxix. art. 14. The process by which the raw venison was rendered eatable is described very minutely in the romance of Peeseeforest, where Etienne, a Scottish knight-errant, having slain a deer, says to his companion Claudius: "Sire, or mangez vous et moy aussi. Voire si nous aurons de feu, dit Claudius. Par l'ame de mon pere, dist Etienne, ie vous atourneray et cuiray a la maniere de nostre pays comme pour cheualier errant. Lors tira son espee, et sen vint a la branche dung arbre, et y fait vng grant trou, et puis fend la branche bien dieux pieux, et boute la cuisse du serf entredeux, et puis prent le hool de son cheval, et en lye la branche, et destraint si fort, que le sang et les humeurs de la chair saillent hors, et demeure la chair douce et seche. Lors prent la chair, et oste ius le cuir, et la chair demeure aussi blanche comme si ce feust dung chappon. Dont dist a Claudius, Sire, ie la vous ay cuise a la guise de mon pays, vous en pouvez manger hardyement, car ie mangeray premier. Lors met sa main a sa selle en vng lieu quil y auoit, et tire hors sel et poudre de poivre et gingembre, mesle ensemble, et le lecte dessus, et le frote sus bien fort, puis le coupe a moitie, et en donne a Claudius l'une des pieces, et puis murt en l'autre aussi sauoureusement quil est aduis que il en feist la pouldre voller. Quant Claudius voit quil le man-

ing; they threatened more tremendous vengeance. He sneezed a third time; He blessed him as before. The fairies were enraged; they tumbled him from a precipice; but he found himself unhurt, and was restored to the society of mortals."—DR. GRAHAM'S *Sketches*, second edit. p. 255-7.—See Note² "Fairy Superstitions," Rob Roy, N. edit.]

profi de tel goust, il en print grant faim, et commence a manger tresvolentiers, et dist a Estonne: Par l'ame de moy, lo ne mangeay oncquesmais de chair atournee de telle guise: mais dorrevanant ie no me retourneroye pas hors, de mon chemin par anoir la cuite. Sire, dist Estonne, quant ie suis en desers d'Ecosse, dont ie suis seigneur, ie chevauchery huit loure ou quinze queues n'entray en chasteil ne en maison, et si ne verray feu ne personne vivant fors que bestes sauvages, et de celles mangery atournees en ceste maniere, et mieulx me plaira que la viande de l'empereur. Ains sen vont mangeant et chevauchent jusques adonc qu'ils arriuerent sur une moult belle fontaine que estoit en une vallee. Quant Estonne la vit il dist a Claudius, allons, boire a ceste fontaine. Or beuons, dist Estonne, du boy que le grant dieu a pourueu a toutes gens, et que me plaist mieulx que les ceruoises d'Angleterre."—*La Treuegante Hayjoire du tre noble Roy Perceforest*. Paris, 1531, fol. tome 1. fol. lv. vers.

After all, it may be doubted whether *la chair nostre*, for so the French called the venison thus summarily prepared, was any thing more than a mere rude kind of deer-ham.

NOTE 3 H.

*Not then claim'd sovereignty his due
White Albany, with fœbe ham,
Held borrow'd trenchon of command*—P. 212

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed. "There arose," says Hume, "great trouble and deadly feuds in many parts of Scotland, both in the north and west parts. The Master of Forbes, in the north, slew the Laird of Meldrum, under trust;" (i. e. at an agreed and secure meeting.) Likewise, the Laird of Drummever slew the Lord Fleming at the hawking, and likewise there was slaughter among many other great lords."—P. 121. Nor was the matter much mended under the government of the Earl of Angus. For though he caused the King to ride through all Scotland, "under the pretence and colour of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found greater than were in their own company. And none at that time durst strive with a Douglas, nor yet a Douglas's man, for if they would, they got the worst. They fear, none durst plead of no extortion, theft, ruff, nor slaughter, done to them by the Douglasses, of their men, in that cause they were not heard, so long as the Douglas had the court in guiding."—*Ibid.* p. 123.

NOTE 3 I.

*The Gail, of glairwand river her,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.*—P. 13

The ancient Highlanders verified in their practice the lines of Gray:—

"An lion race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;
For where unwearied snows must be found,
With side-long plough to swell the stony ground,
To turn the torrent's swift descending flood,
To tame the savage rushing from the wood;
What wonder if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd:

And while their rocky ramparts round they see
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow),
Insult the plenty of the vales below?"

*Fragment on the Alliance of Education
and Government.*

So far, indeed, was a *Crengh*, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents for command so soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the *Sassenach*, Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlanders had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach. Sir James Grant of Grant is in possession of a letter of apology from Cameron of Lochiel, whose men had committed some depredation upon a farm called Moines, occupied by one of the Grants. Lochiel assures Grant, that, however the mistake had happened, his instructions were precise, that the party should foray the province of Moray (a Lowland district), where, as he coolly observes, "all men take their prey."

NOTE 3 K.

*I only meant
To show the road on which you lean,
Piercing this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Deo.*—P. 214.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy. The following story I can only quote from tradition, but with such an assurance from those by whom it was communicated, as leaves me little doubt of its authenticity. Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Cameron, or Highland robber, infested Inverness shire, and levied *black-mail* up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this party, was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About night-fall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn.—The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forto they set in the morning; and, in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. "Would you like to see him?" said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. "Stranger," resumed the guide, "I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause: for I came to the inn last

ought with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unharmed and uninjured." He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party as suddenly as they had presented themselves.

NOTE 3.

*On Bochasle the mauldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle-wings unfurled.*—P. 314

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Tromachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochasle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Dun* of Bochasle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman. There is, adjacent to Callender, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp.

["One of the most entire and beautiful remains of a Roman encampment now to be found in Scotland, is to be seen at Ardoch, near Greenvale, about six miles to the eastward of Dunblane. This encampment is supposed, on good grounds, to have been constructed during the fourth campaign of Agricola in Britain; it is 1000 feet in length, and 900 in breadth, it could contain 26,000 men, according to the ordinary distribution of the Roman soldiers in their encampments. There appears to have been three or four ditches, strongly fortified, surrounding the camp. The four entries crossing the lines are still to be seen distinctly. The *generals quarters* rises above the level of the camp, but is not exactly in the centre. It is a regular square of twenty yards, enclosed with a stone wall, and containing the foundations of a house, 30 feet by 20. There is a subterraneous communication, with a smaller encampment at a little distance, in which several Roman helmets, spears, &c., have been found. From this camp at Ardoch, the great Roman highway runs east to Perth, about 14 miles distant, where the Roman army is believed to have passed over the Tay into Strathmore."—GRANME.]

NOTE 3 M.

*See, here, the winged angel's island,
Arm'd, like thyself, with simple brand.*—P. 314.

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in former combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duels it was often otherwise. That desperate combat which was fought between Quelus, a minion of Henry III. of France, and Antraquet, with two seconds on each side, from which only two persons escaped alive, Quelus complained that his antagonist had over him the advantage of a point of which he used in parrying, while his left hand, which he was forced to employ for the same purpose, was cruelly mangled. When he charged Antraquet with this odds, "Thou hast done wrong," answered he, "to forget thy dagger at home. We are here to fight, and not to settle punctilios of arms." In a similar duel, however, a younger brother of the house of Aubanye, in Angoulesme, behaved more generously on the like occasion, and at once threw away his dagger when his enemy challenged it as an undue advantage. But at this time hardly any thing

can be conceived more horribly brutal and savage than the mode in which private quarrels were conducted in France. Those who were most jealous of the point of honour, and acquired the title of *Ruffians*, did not scruple to take every advantage of strength, numbers, surprise, and arms, to accomplish their revenge. The Sieur de Brantome, to whose discourse on duels I am obliged for these particulars, gives the following account of the death and principles of his friend the Baron de Vitaux—

"J'ay oui conter à un Tireur d'armes, qui appoit à Millaud à en tirer, lequel s'appelloit Seigneur le Jacques Perpon, de la ville d'Ast, qui avoit esté à moy, il fut depuis tué à Sainte-Basille en Gascoigne, lors que Monsieur du Mayne Panthéon lui servoit d'Ingénieur; et de malheur, je l'avois adressé audit Baron quelques trois mois auparavant, pour l'exercer à tirer, bien qu'il en eust prou; mais il ne s'en fit compte; et le laissait, Millaud s'en servir; et le rendit fort adroit. Ce Seigneur Jacques donc me raconta, qu'il s'estoit monté sur un noyer, assez loing, pour en voir le combat, et qu'il ne vist jamais homme y aller plus bravement, ny plus résolument, ny de grace plus assurée ny déterminée. Il commença de marcher de cinquante pas vers son ennemy, relevant souvent ses moustaches en haut d'une main; et estant à vingt pas de son ennemy, (non plus tost,) il mit la main à l'espée qu'il tenoit en la main, non qu'il l'eust tirée encore; mais en marchant, il fit voler le fourreau en l'air, en le secouant, ce qui est le beau de cela, et qui monstroist bien une grace de combat bien assemblée et froide, et nullement téméraire, comme il y en a qui tirent leurs espées de cinq cents pas de l'ennemy, voire de nulle, comme j'en ay veu aucuns. Ainsi mourut ce brave Baron, le paragon de France, qu'on nommoit tel, à bien venger ses querelles, par grandes et déterminées résolutions. Il n'estoit pas seulement estimé en France, mais en Italie, Espagne, Allemagne, en Boulogne et Angleterre; et devoient fort les Etrangers, venant en France, le voir; car je l'ay veu, tant sa renommée volloit. Il estoit fort petit de corps, mais fort grand de courage. Ses ennemis disoient qu'il ne tuoit pas bien ses gens, que par avantages et supercheries. Certes, j'estime de grands capitaines, et même d'Italiens, qui ont esté d'autres fois les premiers vengeurs du monde, en *ogni modo*, disoient ils, qui ont tenu cette maxime, qu'une supercherie ne se devoit payer que par semblable monnaie, et n'y alloit point la de déshonneur."—*Oeuvres de Brantome*, Paris, 1787-8. Tome viii. p. 90-92. It may be necessary to inform the reader, that this paragon of France was the most foul assassin of his time, and had committed many desperate murders, chiefly by the assistance of his hired banditti; from which it may be conceived how little the point of honour of the period deserved its name. I have chosen to give my heroes, who are indeed of an earlier period, a stronger tincture of the spirit of chivalry.

NOTE 3 N.

*Ill fared it then with Roderick Thu,
That on the field his target he drew,
For train'd abroad his arms to wield
Felix-James's blade was sword and shield.*—P. 315.

A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the enumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed: and Captain Grose informs us, that, in 1747, the privates of the 48th regiment, then in Flanders, were, for the most part, permitted to carry targets.—*Military Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 184. A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in general fray. Among various

between Swift and Sheridan, lately published by Dr. Barret, there is an account of such an encounter, in which the circumstances, and consequently the relative superiority of the combatants, are precisely the reverse of those in the text:—

"A Highlander once fought a Frenchman at Margate,
The weapons, a rapier, a backsword, and target;
Hirak Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood,
And Sawney, with backword, did slash him and nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,
Cried, 'Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me will fight you, be gar! if you'll come from your door.'"

The use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler, or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier.¹ Rowland Yorke, however, who betrayed the fort of Zutphen to the Spaniards, for which good service he was afterwards poisoned by them, is said to have been the first who brought the rapier fight into general use. Fuller, speaking of the swash-bucklers, or bullies, of Queen Elizabeth's time, says—"West Smithfield was formerly called Rufians' Hall, where such men usually met, casually or otherwise, to try *masteries* with sword and buckler. More were frightened than hurt, more hurt than killed therewith, it being accounted unmanly to strike beneath the knee. But since that desperate traitor Rowland Yorke first introduced thrusting with rapiers, sword and buckler are disused." In "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon," a comedy, printed in 1599, we have a pathetic complaint:—"Sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use. I am sorry for it: I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up; then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or rabbit." But the rapier had upon the continent long superseded, in private duel, the use of sword and shield. The masters of the noble science of defence were chiefly Italians. They made great mystery of their art and mode of instruction, never suffered any person to be present but the scholar who was to be taught, and even examined closets, beds, and other places of possible concealment. Their lessons often gave the most treacherous advantage; for the challenger, having the right to choose his weapons, frequently select some strange, unusual, and inconvenient kind of arms, the use of which he practised under these instructors, and thus killed at his ease his antagonist, to whom it was presented for the first time on the field of battle. See BRANTOME's *Discourses on Duels*, and the work on the same subject, "*si gentes; ceru*," by the venerable Dr. Paris de Puteo. The Highlanders continued to use broadsword and target until disarmed after the affair of 1745-6.

NOTE 3 O.

*Thy threats, thy mercy I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.*—P. 215.

I have not ventured to render this duel so savagely desperate as that of the celebrated Sir Ewan of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, called, from his sable complexion, Ewan Dhu. He was the last man in Scotland who maintained the royal cause during the great Civil War, and his constant incursions rendered him a very unpleasant neighbour to the republican garrison at Inverlochry, now Fort-William. The governor of the fort detached a party of three hundred men to lay waste Lochiel's possessions, and cut down his trees; but, in a sudden and desperate attack made upon them by

the chieftain with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Ewan's life, printed in the Appendix of Pennant's *Scottish Tour*.

"In this engagement, Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied with any, he leapt out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size, but Lochiel, exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tript the sword out of his hand: they closed and wrestled, till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard, but stretching forth his neck, by attempting to disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his grasp, that he brought away his mouthful. This, he said, *was the sweetest bit he ever had in his lifetime*."—Vol. i. p. 375.

NOTE 3 P.

*'Tis ominous within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal wound!
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound.*—P. 217.

An eminence on the north-east of the Castle, where state criminals were executed. Stirling was almost polluted with noble blood. It is thus apostrophized by J. Johnston:—

— "Discordia tristis
Hen quoties procerum sanguine tinxit humum!
Hoc uno infelix, et felix cetera; nunquam
Lætior aut cœli frons genuisse soli."

The fate of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Murdock Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling, in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence they could behold their strong castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions. This "heading hill," as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of *Burly-hacket*, from its having been the scene of a courtly amusement alluded to by Sir David Lindsay, who says of the pastimes in which the young long was engaged,

"Some harled him to the Hurly-hacket;"

which consisted in sliding, in some sort of chair it may be supposed, from top to bottom of a smooth bank. The boys of Edinburgh, about twenty years ago, used to play at the *burly-hacket*, on the Calton-Hill, using for their seat a horse's skull.

NOTE 3 Q.

The burghers hold their sports to-day.—P. 217.

Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn play, or festi-

¹ See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 61.

val, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or *Rex Plebiorum*, as Lealey has latinised it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dumfries, a silver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to fire arms. The ceremony, as there performed, is the subject of an excellent Scottish poem, by Mr. John Mayne, entitled the *Silver Gun*, 1808, which surpasses the efforts of Ferguson, and comes near to those of Burns.

Of James's attachment to archery, Pitcotte, the faithful, though rude recorder of the manners of that period, has given us evidence:—

"In this year there came an ambassador out of England, named Lord William Howard, with a bishop with him, with many other gentlemen, to the number of threescore horse, which were all able men and waled [picked] men for all kinds of games and pastimes, shooting, louping, running, wrestling, and casting of the stone, but they were well saved [spared or tried] ere they passed out of Scotland, and that by their own provocation, but ever they tint till at last, the Queen of Scotland, the king's mother, favoured the Englishmen, because she was the King of England's sister; and therefore she took an enterprise of archery upon the Englishmen's hands, contrary her son the king, and any six in Scotland that he would wale, either gentlemen or yeomen, that the Englishmen should shoot against them, either at picks, yevers, or bents, as the Scots pleased.

"The king, hearing this of his mother, was content, and gart her pawn a hundred crowns, and a tun of wine, upon the Englishmen's hands, and he incontinent laid down as much for the Scottishmen. The field and ground was chosen in St. Andrews, and three landed men and three yeomen chosen to shot against the Englishmen,—to wit, David Wemyss of that ilk, David Arnot of that ilk, and Mr. John Wedderburn, vicar of Dundee; the yeomen, John Thomson, in Leith, Steven Taberner, with a piper, called Alexander Baillie, they shot very near, and warred [worsted] the Englishmen of the enterprise, and wan the hundred crowns and the tun of wine, which made the king very merry that his men was the victory."—P. 147

NOTE 3 R.

Robin Hood.—P. 218.

The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sporting, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation, by a statute of the 6th Parliament of Queen Mary, c. 61, A. D. 1555, which ordered, under heavy penalties, that "na manner of person be chosen Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queen of May, nor otherwise." But in 1561, the "rascal multitude," says John Knox, "were stirred up to make a Robin Hude, whilk enormity was of many years left and damned by statute and act of Parliament; yet would they not be forbidden." Accordingly, they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates who endeavoured to suppress

it, and would not release them till they extorted a formal promise that no one should be punished for his share of the disturbance. It would seem, from the complaints of the General Assembly of the Kirk, that these profane festivities were continued down to 1592.¹ Bold Robin was, to say the least, equally successful in maintaining his ground against the reformed clergy of England: for the simple and evangelical Latimer complains of coming to a country church, where the people refused to hear him, because it was Robin Hood's day; and his mitre and rochet were fun to give way to the village pastime. Much curious information on this subject may be found in the Preliminary Dissertation to the late Mr. Ritson's edition of the songs respecting this memorable outlaw. The game of Robin Hood was usually acted in May; and he was associated with the morrice-dancers, on whom so much illustration has been bestowed, by the commentators on Shakespeare. A very lively picture of these festivities, containing a great deal of curious information on the subject of the private life and amusements of our ancestors, was thrown, by the late ingenious Mr. Strutt, into his romance entitled *Queenhoo Hall*, published after his death, in 1808.²

NOTE 3 S.

*Indifferent as to archer might,
The monarch gave the arrow bright.*—P. 218.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the King's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglases, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft.³ I would have availed myself more fully of the simple and affecting circumstances of the old history, had they not been already woven into a pathetic ballad by my friend Mr. Finlay.

"His (the king's) implacability (towards the family of Douglas) did also appear in his carriage towards Archibald of Kilspindie, whom he, when he was a child, loved singularly well for his ability of body, and was wont to call him his Grey Steil.⁴ Archibald, being banished into England, could not well comport with the humour of that nation, which he thought to be too proud, and that they had too high a conceit of themselves, joined with a contempt and despising of all others. Wherefore, being wearied of that life, and remembering the king's favour of old towards him, he determined to try the king's mercifulness and clemency. So he comes into Scotland, and taking occasion of the king's hunting in the park at Stirling, he casts himself to be in his way, as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him afar off, ere he came near, he guessed it was he, and said to one of his courtiers, yonder is my Gray-Steil. Archibald of Kilspindie, if he be alive. The other answered, that it could not be he, and that he durst not come into the king's presence. The king approaching, he fell upon his knees and craved pardon, and promised from thenceforward to abstain from meddling in public affairs, and to lead a quiet and private life. The king went by without giving him any answer, and trotted a good round pace up the hill. Kilspindie followed, and though he wore on him a secret, or shirt of mail, for his particular enemies, was as soon at the castle gate as the king. There he sat him down upon a stone without, and entreated some of the king's servants for a cup of drink, being weary and thirsty; but they, fearing the king's displeasure, durst

¹ Book of the Universal Kirk, p. 414.

² See Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads. Glasgow, 1808, vol. ii. p. 117.

³ A champion of popular romance. See Ellis's *Romances* vol. iii.

give him none. When the king was set at his dinner, he asked what he had done, what he had said, and whither he had gone? It was told him that he had desired a cup of drink, and had gotten none. The king reproved them very sharply for their discourtesy, and told them, that if he had not taken an oath that no Douglas should ever serve him, he would have received him into his service, for he had seen him sometime a man of great ability. Then he sent him word to go to Leth, and expect his further pleasure. Then some kinsman of David Falconer, the cannonier, that was slain at Tantalion, began to quarrel with Archibald about the matter, wherewith the king showed himself not well pleased when he heard of it. Then he commanded him to go to France for a certain space, till he heard further from him. And so he did, and died shortly after. This gave occasion to the King of England, (Henry VIII.) to blame his nephew, alleging the old saying, That a king's face should give grace. For this Archibald (whosoever were Angus's or Sir George's fault) had not been principal actor of anything, nor no counsellor nor stirrer up, but only a follower of his friends, and that no ways cruelly disposed."—*Hume of Godscroft*, u. 107.

NOTE 3 T.

*Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring.*—P. 218

The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story. Thus, in the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, ascribed to Chaucer:

"There happed to be there beside
Tried a wrestling.
And therefore there was y'etten
A ram and als a ring."

Again the *Little Geste of Robin Hood*:

"By a bridge was a wrestling,
And there taryed was he,
And there was all the best yemen
Of all the west country.
A full fayre game there was set up
A white bull up y' fight,
A great courser with saddle and brydle,
With gold burnished full bryght,
A payre of gloves, a red golde ring,
A pipe of wyne, good fay;
What man bereth him best, I wis,
The prize shall bear away
Rutson's *Robin Hood*, vol. i.

NOTE 3 U.

*These drive not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor own'd the patriarchal claim
Of chieftain in their leader's name;
Adventurers they.*—P. 221.

The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for

military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriarchal influence exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and Borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the *Patria Potestas*, exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior. James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called, the Foot-Band. The satirical poet, Sir David Lindsay (or the person who wrote the prologue to his play of the "Three Estates,") has introduced Finlay of the Foot-Band, who, after much swaggering upon the stage, is at length put to flight by the Fool, who terrifies him by means of a sheep's skull upon a pole. I have rather chosen to give them the harsh features of the mercenary soldiers of the period, than of this Scottish Thrao. These parrot of the character of the Adventurous Companions of Froissart or the Condottieri of Italy.

One of the best and liveliest traits of such manners is the last will of a leader, called Geoffrey Tete Noir, who having been slightly wounded in a skirmish, his intemperance brought on a mortal disease. When he found himself dying, he summoned to his bedside the adventurers whom he commanded, and thus addressed them:—

"Fayre sirs, quod Geoffrey, I knowe well ye have alwayes served and honoured me as men ought to serve their soveraygne and capitayne, and I shal be the gladder if ye wyll agre to have to your capitayne one that is descended of my blode. Beholde here Aleyne Roux, my cosyn, and Peter his brother, who are men of armes and of my blode. I requyre you to make Aleyne your capitayne, and to sware to hym faythe, obeysaunce, love, and loyalte, here in my presence, and also to his brother, howe be it, I wyll that Aleyne have the soverayn charge. Sir, quod they, we are well content, for ye have right wel chosen. There all the compayouns made them breke no point of that ye have ordayned and commaunded.
—LORD BERNERS' *Froissart*

NOTE 3 V.

*Then note hast glee-maidens and harp!
O, that thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band.*—P. 222

The jongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr. Strutt, on the sports and pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen to their masters, as appears from a case reported by Fountainhall:—"Held the monachbank pursues Scott of Harden and his lady, for stealing away from him a little girl, called the tumbling-lasse, that danced upon his stage: and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother for £30 Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their bairns, and physicians attested the employment of tumbling would kill her; and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return; though she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not run away from her master: yet some cited Moses's law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty; thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The Lords, *venitente cancellario*,

a-solita. Haddon, on the 27th of January (1687.)—FOUNTAINHALL'S *Decisions*, vol. i. p. 439.¹

The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur. Ben Jonson, in his splenetic introduction to the comedy of "Bartholomew Fair," is at pains to inform the audience "that he has ne'er a sword-and buckler man in his Fair, nor a juggler, with a well-educated ape, to come over the chaine for the King of England, and back again for the Prince, and sit still on his haunches for the Pope and the King of Spaine."

NOTE 3 W.

*That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.—
Strike it!*—P. 224.

There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes, as to require to hear them on their deathbed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr. Riddell of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the "Dandling of the Bairns," for which a certain Gallovidian laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous freebooter, that he composed the tune known by the name of Macpherson's Rant, while under sentence of death, and played it at the gallows tree. Some spirited words have been adapted to it by Burns. A similar story is recounted of a Welsh bard, who composed and played on his deathbed the air called *Duffydd Garregg Wen*. But the most curious example is given by Brantome, of a maid of honour at the court of France, entitled, Mademoiselle de Limeuil. "Durant sa maladie, dont elle trespassa, jamais elle ne cessa, sans cause toutefois, car elle estoit fort grande paroluse, brocardeuse, et très bien et fort à propos, et très-bonne avec cela. Quand l'heure de sa fin fut venue, elle fit venir à son valet (ainsi que les filles de la cour en ont chacune un), qui s'appelloit Julien, et scavoit très-bien jouer du violon. 'Julien,' luy dit elle, 'prenez votre violon, et jouez-moy tousjours jusques à ce que vous me voyez morte (car je m'y en vais) la délicate des Suisses, et le mieux que vous pourrez, et quand vous serez sur le mot, 'Tout est perdu,' sonnez le par quatre ou cinq fois le plus pitteusement que vous pourrez,' ce qui fit l'autre, et elle-mesme luy aidoit de la voix, et quand ce vint 'tout est perdu,' elle le réitéra par deux fois; et se tournant de l'autre costé du chevet, elle dit à ses compagnes. 'Tout est perdu à ce coup, et à bon escient,' et ainsi décéda. Voila une morte-joyeuse et plaisante." *J'a tiens ce conte de deux de ses compagnes, dignes de foi, qui virent jouer ce mystere.*"—*Oeuvres de Brantome*, liv. 507. The tune to which this fair lady chose to make her final exit, was composed on the defeat of the Swiss at Marignano. The burden is quoted by Panurge, in Rabelais, and consists of these words, imitating the jargon of the Swiss, which is a mixture of French and German:

"Tout est verlore,
Ja Tintolere,
Tout est verlore, bi Got!"

¹ Though less to my purpose, I cannot help noticing a circumstance respecting another of this Mr. Reid's attendants, which occurred during James II.'s zeal for Catholic proselytism, and is told by Fountainhall, with dry Scotch irony:—"January 17th, 1687.—Reid the mountebank is received into the Popish church, and one of his blackamoors was persuaded to accept of baptism from the Popish priests, and to turn

NOTE 3 X.

Battle of Beal an Dubac.—P. 224.

A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trossachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V.

"In this roughly-wooded island,² the country people secreted their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their inroad into this country, in the time of the republic. These invaders, not venturing to ascend by the ladders, along the side of the lake, took a more circuitous road, through the heart of the Trossachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Bidean and the lake, by a tract called Yea Chilleach, or the Old Wife's Bog

"In one of the dofiles of this by-road, the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy, and shot one of Cromwell's men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass.³ In revenge of this insult, the soldiers resolved to plunder the island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to the waylaid, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the mainland, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock, to get on shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from the body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all false hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. This amazon's great-grandson lives at Bridge of Turk, who, besides other, attests the anecdote."—*Sketch of the Scenery near Callendar*, Stirling, 1806, p. 20. I have only to add to this account, that the heroine's name was Helen Stuart.

NOTE 3 Y.

And Snowdon's Knight is Scollar's Key.—P. 229.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of *Al Dondocan*. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V., of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the *King of the Commons*. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the

Christian papist; which was a great trophy: he was called James, after the king and chancellor, and the Apostle James." *Ibid*, p. 440.

² That at the eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, as often mentioned in the text.

³ Beallach an dubac.

viſage of his ſeveral palaces in various diſguiſes. The two excellent comic ſongs, entitled, "the Gaberlunzie man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," are ſaid to have been founded upon the ſucceſs of his amorous adventures when travelling in the diſguiſe of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the beſt comic ballad in any language.

Another adventure, which had nearly coſt James his life, is ſaid to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addreſſes acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five perſons, whether relations or lovers of his miſtreſs is uncertain, beſet the diſguiſed monarch as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable maſter of his weapon, the king took poſt on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himſelf bravely with his ſword. A peſant, who was threshing in a neighbouring barn, came out upon the noiſe, and whethers moved by compaſſion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker ſide, and laid about with his flail ſo effectually, as to diſperſe the aſſailants, well threshed, even according to the latter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where he requeſted a baſin and a towel, to remove the ſtains of the mail. They being procured with difficulty, James employed himſelf in learning what was the gumiſt of his deliverer's earthly wiſhes, and found that they were bounded by the dream of poſſeſſing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to the crown, and James directed him to come to the palace of Holyrood, and enquire for the Gudman (i. e. farmer) of Ballengiech, a name by which he was known in his excuſions, and which answered to the *Il Bondocant* of Heron Alraſchid. He preſented himſelf accordingly, and found, with due aſtoniſhment, that he had ſaved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown quarter of the lands of Braehead, under the ſervice of preſenting a ewer, baſin and towel, for the king to waſh his hands when he ſhall happen to paſs the Bridge of Cramond. This perſon was ancestor of the Howiſons of Braehead, in Mid-Lothian, a reſpectable family, who continue to hold the lands (now paſſed into the female line) under the ſame tenure.

Another of James's exploits is thus narrated by Mr. Campbell from the Statistical Account:—"Being once beguiled when out a-hunting, and ſeparated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the miſt of a moor at the foot of the Ochil hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regale their unexpected gueſt, the *gudman* (i. e. landlord, farmer) deſired the *quene* to fetch the hen that rooſted neareſt the cock, which is always the plumpieſt, for the ſtranger's ſupper. The king, highly pleaſed with his night's lodging and hoſpitable entertainment, told him, hoſt at parting, that he ſhould be glad to return his civility and requeſted that the firſt time he came to Stirling, he would call at the caſtle, and enquire for the *Gudman of Ballengiech*.

Donaldſon, the landlord, did not fail to call on the *Gudman of Ballengiech*, where his aſtoniſhment at finding that the king had been his gueſt afforded no ſmall amuſement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry off the pleaſantry, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have deſcended from father to ſon ever ſince, and they have continued in poſſeſſion of the identical ſpot, the property of Mr. Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, with reluctance, turned out the deſcendant and repreſentative of the King of the Moors, on account of his majeſty's invincible indolence, and great diſlike to reform or innovation of any kind, although,

from the ſpuried example of his neighbour tenants on the ſame eſtate, he is convinced ſimilar exertion would promote his advantage."

The author requeſts permiſſion yet farther to verify the ſubject of his poem, by an extract from the genealogical work of Buchanan of Auchmar, upon Scottiſh ſurnames:—

"This John Buchanan of Auchmar and Arnprior was afterwards termed King of Kippen,² upon the following account. King James V., a very ſociable, debonaire prince, reſiding at Stirling, in Buchanan of Arnprior's time, carriers were very frequently paſſing along the common road, being near Arnprior's houſe, with neceſſaries for the uſe of the king's family and he, having ſome extraordinary occaſion, ordered one of theſe carriers to leave his load at his houſe, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier reſuſed to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load for his majeſty's uſe: to which Arnprior ſeemed to have ſmall regard, compelling the carrier, in the end, to leave his load, telling him, if King James was King of Scotland, he was King of Kippen, ſo that it was reaſonable he ſhould ſhare with his neighbour king in ſome of theſe loads, ſo frequently carried that road. The carrier repreſenting this ſage, and telling the ſtory, as Arnprior ſpoke it, to ſome of the king's ſervants, it came at length to his majeſty's ears, who, ſhortly thereafter, with a few attendants, came to viſit his neighbour king, who was in the mean time at dinner. King James, having ſent a ſervant to demand access, was denied the ſame by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, who ſtood porter at the gate, telling, there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not ſatisfying the king, he ſent to demand access a ſecond time; upon which he was denied by the porter to deſiſt, otherwiſe he would find cauſe to repent his rudeneſs. His majeſty finding this method would not do, deſired the porter to tell his maſter that the Goodman of Ballengiech deſired to ſpeak with the King of Kippen. The porter telling Arnprior ſo much, he, in all humble manner, came and received the king, and having entertained him with much ſumptuouſneſs and politeneſs, became ſo agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take ſo much of any proviſion he found carrying that road as he had occaſion for, and ſeeing he made the firſt viſit, deſired Arnprior in a few days to return him a ſecond to Stirling which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived."—BUCHANAN'S *Essay upon the Family of Buchanan* Edin. 1775, 8vo. p. 74.

The readers of Ariosto muſt give credit for the amiable features with which he is repreſented, ſince he is generally conſidered as the prototype of Zorino, the moſt intereſting hero of the Orlando Furioso.

NOTE 3 Z.

Stirling's tower
if you're the name of Snowdon claims.—P. 229.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Caſtle Snowdon. Sir David Lindsay beſtows the ſame epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papings:

¹ The reader will find this ſtory told at greater length, and with the addition in particular, of the king being recognized, like the Fitz James of the Lady of the Lake, by being the only perſon covered, in the Firſt Series of Tales of a Grand-

father, vol. iii. p. 37. The heir of Braehead diſcharged his duty at the banquet given to King George IV. in the Parliament Houſe at Edinburgh, in 1822.—Ed.

² A ſmall diſtrict of Perthſhire.

" Adieu, fair Snawdoun, with thy towers high,
Thy chaple-royal, park, and table round ;
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee,
Were I a man, to hear the birds sound,
While doth againe thy royal rock rebound "

Mr Chalmers, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lindsay's works, has refuted the chimerical derivation of Snawdoun from *sneeding*, or cutting.* It was probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the Round Table gives countenance. The ring within which jousts were formerly practised,

in the castle park, is still called the Round Table. Snawdoun is the official title of one of the Scottish heralds, whose epithets seem in all countries to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance.

It appears (See Note 3 Y) that the real name by which James was actually distinguished in his private excursions, was the *Goodman of Ballengrich* ; derived from a steep pass leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides at once, and prematurely, have announced the plot to many of my countrymen, among whom the traditional stories above mentioned are still current.

The Vision of Don Roderick.

*Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris,
I'oe humana vult?*—CLAUDIAN.

PREFACE.

THE following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish Monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these represents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PART of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of BUONAPARTE; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unus-

picious and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succours. It may be farther proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to commemorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was most cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of LORD PRESIDENT BLAIR,¹ and LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE. In those distinguished characters, I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life; and, I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.²

EDINBURGH, June 24, 1811.

¹ The Vision of Don Roderick appeared in 4to, in July 15, 1811; and in the course of the same year was also inserted in the second volume of the Edinburgh Annual Register—which work was the property of Sir Walter Scott's then publishers, Messrs. John Ballantyne and Co.

² The Right Hon. Robert Blair of Avenloun, President of the Court of Session, was the son of the Rev. Robert Blair, author of "The Grave." After long filling the office of Solicitor-General in Scotland with high distinction, he was elevated to the Presidency in 1808. He died very suddenly on the 20th May 1811, in the 70th year of his age; and his intimate friend, Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville, having gone into Edinburgh on purpose to attend his remains to the grave, was taken ill not long suddenly, and died there the very hour that the funeral took place, on the 25th of the same month.

³ In a letter to J. B. S. Morritt, Esq., Edinburgh, July 1,

1811, Scott says—"I have this moment got your kind letter, just as I was packing up Don Roderick for you. This patriotic puppet-show has been finished under wretched auspices, upon Lord Melville's death so quickly succeeding that of President Blair, one of the best and wisest judges that ever distributed justice, broke my spirit sadly. My official situation placed me in daily contact with the President, and his ability and candour were the sources of my daily admiration. As for poor dear Lord Melville, 'tis vain to name him whom we mourn in vain.' Almost the last time I saw him, he was talking of you in the highest terms of regard, and expressing great hopes of again seeing you at Dundra this summer, where I proposed to attend you. *Hei mihi! quid hei mihi? humana perpassi sumus.* His loss will be long and severely felt here, and Envy is already paying her cold tribute of applause to the worth which she maligned while it walked upon earth."

The Vision of Don Roderick.

TO

JOHN WHITMORE, Esq.

AND TO THE

COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUESE SUFFERERS

IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

THIS POEM,

(THE VISION OF DON RODERICK,

COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FUND UNDER THEIR MANAGEMENT.

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

WALTER SCOTT

INTRODUCTION.

I.

LIVES there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire
 May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war;
 Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre,
 Who rung beleagu'rd Ilion's evil star!¹
 Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar,
 Wafting its descendant wide o'er Ocean's range;
 Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its modd could mar,
 All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,²
 That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!³

II.

Yes! such a strain, with all o'er-pouring measure,
 Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,
 Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,
 That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around;
 The thundering cry of hosts with conquest
 crown'd,
 The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,
 The shout of captives from their chains unbound,
 The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,
 A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

¹ "The letters of Scott to all his friends have sufficiently shown the unflagging interest with which, among all his personal labours and anxieties, he watched the progress of the great contest in the Peninsula. It was so early, that he never on any journey, not even in his very frequent passages between Edinburgh and Ashfield, omitted to take with him the largest and best map he had been able to procure of the seat of war; upon this he was perpetually poring, tracing the marches and counter-marches of the French and English by means of black and white pins; and not seldom did Mrs. Scott complain of this constant occupation of his attention and her sarnage. In the beginning of 1811, a committee was formed in London to collect subscriptions for the relief of the Portuguese, who had seen their lands wasted, their vines torn up, and their houses burnt in the course of Massena's last unfortunate campaign; and Scott, on reading the advertisement, immediately addressed Mr. Whitmore, the chairman, begging that the committee would allow him to contribute to their fund the profits, to whatever they might amount, of a poem which he proposed to write upon a subject connected with the difficulties of the patriotic struggle. His offer was of course accepted; and THE VISION OF DON RODERICK was begun as soon as the Spring vacation enabled him to retire to Ashfield.

"The poem was published, in 4to, in July; and the manuscript proceeds were forwarded to the Committee in London. His friend the Earl of Dalkeith (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch) writes thus on the occasion:—"Those with ample fortunes and thicker heads may easily give one hundred guineas to a subscription, but the man is really to be envied who can draw that sum from his own brains, and apply the produce so beneficially and to so exalted a purpose."—*Life of Scott*, vol. iii. pp. 512, 513.

² MS.—"Who sung the changes of the Phrygian jar."

³ MS.—"Clanging thine ear 'twixt each loud trumpet-change."

⁴ "The too monotonous close of the stanza is sometimes diversified by the adoption of fourteen-foot verse,—a license in poetry which, since Dryden, has (we believe) been altogether abandoned, but which is nevertheless very deserving of revival, so long as it is only rarely and judiciously used. The very first stanza in this poem affords an instance of it; and, introduced thus in the very front of the battle, we cannot help considering it as a fault, especially clogged as it is with the association of a defective rhyme—*change, revenge*."—*Critical Review*, Aug. 1811.

III.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,
Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay?
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age!
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage
Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,
While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage
A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate land!¹

IV.

Ye mountain-storm! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;
Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed
their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes;
Say have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of Bards or Druids flung;
What time their hymn of victory arose,
And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Lilywarch
sung!²

V.

O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,
When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,
Like trumpet-jubilee, or harp's wild sway;
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,
Then lend the note to him has loved you long!
Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,
That floats your solitary wastes along,
And with affection vain gave them new voice in song.

VI.

For not till now, how oft see'er the task
Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,
From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;
Careless he gave his numbers to the air,
They came unsought for, if applauses came.
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;
Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,
Immortal be the verse!—forgot the poet's name.

VII.

Hark, from yon misty cairn their answer tost:³
"Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious-swelling now, may soon be lost.
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire;
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
Seek not from us the meed to warrior due:
Age after age has gather'd son to sire,

Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles blew.

VIII.

"Decay'd our old traditional lore,
Save where the lingering fays renew their ring,
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted
spring:⁴
Save where their legends grey-hair'd shepherds sing
That flow scarce win a listening ear but thine,
Of fouds obscure, and Border ravaging,
And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.

IX.

"No! search romantic lands, where the near Sun
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,
Where the rude villager, his labour done,
In verse spontaneous⁵ chants some favour'd name
Whether Olafia's charms his tribute claim,
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet;
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Grame,⁶
He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,
Old Albu's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet!

X.

"Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,
Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose;
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane,
From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain.

XI.

"There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark
Still lightens in the sun-burnt native's eye;
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,
Iberia! oft thy crestless peasantry
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—'gainst fortune fought
and died.

XII.

"And cherish'd still by that unchanging race,⁷
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine;
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;

¹ MS.—"Unform'd for raptage, how shall we repay."

² MS—"Thou givest our verse a theme that might engage
Lyres that could richly yield thee back its due;
A theme, might kindle Homer's mighty rage;
A theme more grand than Maro ever knew—
How much unmeet for us, degenerate—'all, and few!"

³ See Appendix, Note A.

⁴ MS—"Hark, from gray Needpath's mists, the Brother
cairn.

Hark, from the Brothers' cairn the answer tost."

⁵ See Appendix, Note B. ⁶ Ibid, Note C. ⁷ Ibid, Note D.

⁸ MS.—"And lingering still 'mid that unchanging race."

Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.
Go, seek such theme!"—The Mountain Spirit
said:

With *filial awe* I heard—I heard, and I obey'd.¹

The Vision of Don Roderick.

I.

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,¹
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretch'd below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow.
All save the heavy swell of Toledo's ceaseless flow.²

II.

All save the rushing swell of Toledo's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp;
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,³
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pack'd, and warders arm'd
between.

III.

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd.
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
The post beneath the proud Cathedral hold:
A band unlike their Gothic surce of old,

Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear splendor darts,⁴ and casques bedeck'd with g.
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place.⁵

IV.

In the light language of an idle court,
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And hold his lengthen'd orisons in sport:—
"What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay.
To wear in shirt and prayer the night away!
And are his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?"⁶
Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,
And wish'd the longdying dawn would glimmer forth
at last.

V.

But, far within, Toledo's Prelate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the King;
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
So long that sad confession witnessing:
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom wring,
And Guilt his secret burden cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from De-
spair.

VI.

I'll on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of falling light was feebly roll'd:⁷
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,⁸
That mortal man's hearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when Conscience shool,
Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a warrior's
look.⁹

¹ "The Introduction," we are told, "says the Quarterly Reviewer, 'does not please us so well as the rest of the poem, though the reply of the Mountain Spirit is exquisitely written.'" The Edinburgh critic, after quoting stanzas ix. x. and xi. says—"The Introduction, though splendidly written, is too long for so short a poem; and the poet's dialogue with his native mountains is somewhat too startling and unnatural. The most spirited part of it, we think, is his direction to Spanish themes."

² The Monthly Review, for 1811, in quoting this stanza, says—"Scarcely any poet, of any age or country, has excelled Mr. Scott in bringing before our sight the very scene which he is describing—in giving a reality of existence to every object on which he dwells, and it is on such occasions, especially suited as they seem to the habits of his mind, that his style itself catches a character of harmony, which is far from being universally its own flow vivid, yet how soft, in this picture!"

³ MS.—"For, stretch'd beside the river's margin damp,
Their proud pavilions hide the meadow green."

⁴ MS.—"Bore javelins slight," &c.

⁵ The Critical Reviewer, having quoted stanzas i. ii and iii. says—"To the specimens with which his former works abound,

of Mr. Scott's unrivalled excellence in the descriptions, both of natural scenery and romantic manners, a costume, these stanzas will be thought no mean addition."

⁶ See Appendix, Note E.

⁷ MS.—"The feeble lamp in dying lustre

The waves of broken light were feebly } roll'd."

⁸ MS.—"The haughty monarch's heart could evil brook."

⁹ The Quarterly Reviewer says,—"The moonlight scenery of the camp and burial-ground is evidently by the same powerful hand which sketched the Abbey of Melrose; and in the picture of Roderick's confession, there are traits of even a higher cast of sublimity and pathos."

The Edinburgh Reviewer introduces his quotations of the i. ii. v. and vi. stanzas thus—"The poem is substantially divided into two compartments: the one representing the fabulous or prodigious acts of Don Roderick's own time,—and the other the recent occurrences which have since signalized the same quarter of the world. Mr. Scott, we think, is most at home in the first of these fields; and we think, upon the whole, has most success in it. The opening affords a fine specimen of his unrivalled powers of description."

The reader may be gratified with having the following lines, from Mr. Southey's Roderick, inserted here:—

VII.

The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale,
As many a secret sad the King bewray'd;
As sign and glance o'ked out the unfinished tale,
When in the midst his faltering whisper staid—
"Thus royal Writza¹ was slain,"—he said;
"Yet, holy Father, deem not it was I."
Thus still Ambition strives her crimes to shade—
"Oh! rather deem 'twas stern necessity!
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII.

"And if Florinda's shrieks alarm'd the air,
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,
And on her knees implored that I would spare,
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash refrain!
All is not as it seems—the female train
Know by their bearing to disguise their mood:"—
But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,
Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning blood—
He stay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate
stood.

IX.

"O harden'd offspring of an iron race!
What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say?
What alms, or prayers, or penance, can efface
Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away!
For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,
Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his boast?
How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,
Unless in mercy to yon Christian host,
spare the shepherd,² lest the guiltless sheep be
lost."

X.

Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,
And to his brow return'd its dauntless gloom:
"And welcome then," he cried, "be blood for blood,
For treason treachery, for dishonour, doom!
Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.
Show, for thou canst—give forth the fatal key,
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,³
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."—⁴

— "Then Roderick knelt
Before the holy man, and strove to speak;
'Thou seest,' he cried,—'thou seest'—but memory
And suffocating thoughts repress the word,
And shudderings, like an aque fit, from head
To foot convulsed him: till at length, subduing
His nature to the effort, he exclaim'd
Spreading his hands, and lifting up his face,
As if resolved in penitence to bear
A human eye upon his shame—'Thou seest
Roderick the Goth! That name should have sufficed
To tell the whole abhorred history:
He not the less pursued,—the ravisher,
The cause of all this ruin!'—Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms straiten'd down, and hands outspread, and eyes

XI.

"Ill-fated Prince! recall the desperate word,
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey!
Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford⁵
Never to former Monarch entrance-way;
Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,
Save to a King, the last of all his line,
What time his empire totters to decay,
And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,
And, high above, impends avenging wrath divine."

XII.

"Prelate! a Monarch's fate brooks no delay;
Lead on!"—The ponderous key the old man took
And held the winking lamp, and led the way,
By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,
Then on an ancient gateway bent his look;
And, as the key the desperate King essay'd,
Low mutter'd thunders the Cathedral shook,
And twice he stopp'd, and twice new effort made,
Till the huge bolts roll'd back, and the loud hinges
bray'd.

XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stoue,
Of polish'd marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.
A paly light, as of the dawning, shone
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could
not spy;
For window to the upper air was none;
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

XIV.

Grim sentinels, against the upper wall,
Of molten bronze, two Statues held their place;
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,
That lived and sinn'd before the avenging flood;
This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace; [stood,
Thus spread his wings for flight, that pondering
Each stubborn seem'd and stern, unmutable of mood

Raised to the Monk, like one who from his voice
Expected life or death"—

Mr. Southey, in a note to these lines, says, "The Vision of Don Roderick supplies a singular contrast to the picture which is represented in this passage. I have great pleasure in quoting the stanzas (v. and vi.); if the contrast had been intentional, it could not have been more complete."

¹ The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne and slain by his connivance, as is affirmed by Rodriguez o. Toledo, the Father of Spanish history.

² MS.—"He spurs to smite the shepherd, lest the sheep be lost."

³ MS.—"And guide me, prelate, to that secret room."

⁴ See Appendix, Note F.

⁵ MS.—"Or pause the omen of thy fate to weigh!
Bethink, that brazen portal would afford."

XV.

Fix'd was the right-hand Giant's brazen look
 Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
 As if its ebb he measured by a book,
 Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;
 In which was wrote of many a fallen land,
 Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven:
 And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—
 "Lo, DESTINY and TIME! to whom by Heaven
 The guidance of the earth is for a season
 given."—

XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away;
 And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
 That right-hand Giant 'gan his club¹ upway,
 As one that startles from a heavy sleep.
 Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
 "Once descended with the force of thunder,
 And hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap.
 The marble boundary was rent asunder,
 And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and
 wonder.

XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,
 Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid,
 Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
 As by some skilful artist's hand portray'd:
 There, crossed by many a wild Sierra's shade,
 And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye;
 There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
 Or deep-embrown'd by forests huge and high,
 Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly mur-
 mur'd by.

XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage,
 Pass'd forth the band of masquers trimly led,
 In various forms, and various equipage,
 While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed;
 So, to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,
 Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,
 Showing the fate of battles ere they bled,
 And issue of events that had not been;
 And, ever and anon, strange sounds were heard be-
 tween.

¹ Mss.—"Arm—mace—club."

² See Appendix, Note G.

³ "Oh, who could tell what deeds were wrought that day:
 Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
 Hatred, and madness, and despair, and fear,
 Horror, and wounds, and agony, and death,
 The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks, and groans,
 And prayers, which mingled in the din of arms,
 In one wild uproar of terrific sounds."

SOUTHEY'S *Roderick*, vol. ii. p. 171.

⁴ See Appendix, Note H.

⁵ "Upon the banks
 Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs

XIX.

First shrill'd an unrepeat'd female shriek!—
 It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,
 For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek.—
 Then answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,
 Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
 The Tschir war-cry, and the Lellie's yell;²
 Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.
 Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—
 "The Moor!" he cried, "the Moor!—ring out the
 'Tocsin bell!"

XX.

"They come! they come! I see the groaning land:
 White with the turbans of each Arab horde;
 Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,
 Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
 The choice they yield, the Koran or the Sword:
 See how the Christians rush to arms again!
 In yonder shout the voice of conflict roars.³
 The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—
 Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause
 of Spain!"

XXI.

"By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!
 Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
 The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—
 Is not yon steed Orelia's?—Yes, 'tis mine!⁴
 But never was she turn'd from battle-line:
 Lo! where the recreant spurs o'erstock and stone!
 Curses pursue the slave, and wrath divine! [tone,
 Rivers ingulph him!—"Hush!" in shuddering
 The Prelate said;—"rash Prince, yon vision'd form's
 thine own."

XXII.

Just then, a torrent cross'd the fiercer's course;
 The dangerous ford the King's Likeness tried;
 But the deep eddies whirl'd both man and horse.
 Swept like benighted peasant down the tide;⁵
 And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,
 As numerous as their native locust band;
 Berber and Ismael's sons the spoils divide,
 With naked scimitars mete out the land,
 And for the bondsmen base the freeborn natives
 brand.

And flanks incarnadined, his postrel smear'd
 With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane
 Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
 Aspersed like dew-drops; trembling there he stood,
 From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
 His tremulous voice, far-echoing, loud, and shrill.
 A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seem'd
 To call the master whom he lov'd so well,
 And who had thus again forsaken him.
 Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
 Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and cham
 Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
 Had wielded it so well that glorious day?"

SOUTHEY'S *Roderick*.

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to enclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;
Then, menials, to their misbelieving foes,
Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine;
Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,
By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine
Echo'd, for holy hymn and organ-tone,
The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering
mean.

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick?—E'en as one who spies
Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable
woof,
And hears around his children's piercing cries,
And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;
While cruel Conscience brings him bitter proof,
His folly or his crime have caused his grief;
And while above him nods the crumbling roof,
He curses earth and Heaven—himself in chief—
Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's relief!

XXV.

That scythe-arm'd Giant turn'd his fatal glass
And twilight on the landscape closed her
wings;
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings;
And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs,
Bazaars resound as when their marts are met,
In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,
And on the land as evening seem'd to set,
The Imaun's chant was heard from mosque or minaret.¹

XXVI.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came,²
The visionary scene was wrapp'd in smoke,
Whose sulphurous wreaths were cross'd by sheets of
flame;
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,
Till Roderick deem'd the fiends had burst their yoke,
And wav'd 'gainst heaven the infernal gonfalone!
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was
her tone.

XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—
The Christians have regain'd their heritage;
Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray
And many a monastery decks the stage,
And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.
The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—
The Genii those of Spain for many an age;
This clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright,
And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was
night.³

XXVIII.

VALOUR was harness'd like a Chief of old.
Arm'd at all points, and prompt for knightly gage;⁴
His sword was temper'd in the Ebro cold,
Morona's eagle plume adorn'd his crest,
The spoils of Africa's lion bound his breast.
Fierce he stepp'd forward and flung down his
gage;
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.
Him follow'd his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master, sung the dangerous Art-hunage.

XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,
In look and language proud as proud might be,
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights, and fame:
Yet was that barefoot monk more proud than
he;
And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,
Till ermin'd Age and Youth in arms renown'd,
Honouring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly kiss'd
the ground.

XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless
knight,
Who ne'er to King or Kaiser veil'd his crest,
Victorious still in battle or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stoop'd ever to that Anchorite's behest;
Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world
alop,
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

¹ "The manner, in which the pageant disappears is very beautiful."—*Quarterly Review*.

² "We come now to the Second Period of the Vision; and we cannot avoid notifying with much commendation the dexterity and graceful ease with which the first two scenes are connected. Without abruptness, or tedious apology for transition, they melt into each other with very harmonious effect; and we strongly recommend this example of skill, perhaps, exhibited without any effort, to the imitation of contemporary poets."—*Monthly Review*.

³ "These allegorical personages, which are thus described are sketched in the true spirit of Spenser; but we are not sure that we altogether approve of the association of such imaginary beings with the real events that pass over the stage: and these, as well as the form of ambition which precedes the path of Bonaparte, have somewhat the air of the Lilliputians of the Luxembourg gallery, whose naked limbs and tridents, thunderbolts and caducei, are so singularly contrasted with the ruffs and whiskers, the queens, archbishops, and cardinals of France and Navarre."—*Quarterly Review*.

⁴ "Armed at all points, exactly cap-a-pee."—*Enc. Cyc.*

XXXI.

Off his proud galleys sought some new-found world,
That latest sees the sun, or first the morn;
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he hurl'd,—
Ingots of ore from rich Potosí borne,
Crowns by Caciques, cigarettes by Omrahs worn,
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul;
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Bedabbled all with blood.—With grisly scowl
The Hermit mark'd the stains, and smiled beneath
his cowl.

XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
Tribute to Heaven of gratitude and praise;
And at his word the choral hymns awake,
And many a hand the silver censer away,
But with the incense-breath these censers raise,
'Tis steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;
The groans of prison'd victims mar the lays,
And shrieks of agony confound the quire;
While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darken'd scenes
expire.

XXXIII.

Prelied light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revolved that measured sand;
Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepared,
Gay Xeros summons forth her vintage band;
When for the light bolero ready stand
The mozo blithe, with gay muchacha met,¹
He conscious of his brother's cap and band,
Sho of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tips a perch'd to spring, and shake the castanet.

XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene became;
For VALOUR had relax'd his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,
Lay stretch'd, full loth the weight of arms to
And soften'd BIGOTRY, upon his book, [brook;
Patter'd a task of little good or ill:
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning-hook,
Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry segundillo.²

¹ See Appendix, Note I.

² "The third scene, a peaceful state of indolence and obscurity, where, though the court was degenerate, the peasant was merry and contented, as introduced with exquisite lightness and gaiety."—*Quarterly Review*

"The three grand and comprehensive pictures in which Mr. Scott has delineated the state of Spain, during the three periods to which we have alluded, are conceived with much genius, and executed with very considerable, though unequal felicity. That of the Moorish dominion is drawn, we think, with the greatest spirit. The reign of Chivalry and Superstition we do not think so happily represented, by a long and laboured description of two allegorical personages called Bigotry and Valour. Nor is it very easy to conceive how Don Roderick was to lose the fortunes of his country, merely by inspecting the physiognomy and furnishing of these two figures. The truth seems to be, that Mr. Scott has been

XXXV.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,³
Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold;
And, careless, saw his rule become the spoil
Of a loose Female and her minion bold.
But peace was on the cottage and the fold,
From court intrigue, from bickering faction far;
Beneath the chestnut-tree love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar, [star.
Sweet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the evening

XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand,
When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
Came slowly overshadowing Israel's land,⁴
A while, perchance, bedeck'd with colours shewn,
While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
Linning with purple and with gold its shroud,
Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud,
Then sheeted ran burst down, and whirlwinds howl'd
aloud:—

XXXVII.

Even so, upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,
Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign hand,
And He, their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,
And offer'd peaceful front and open hand,
Veiling the perjured treachery he plann'd,
By Friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,
Until he won the passes of the land;
Then burst were honour's oath, and friendship's
ties! [his prize.
He clutch'd his vulture-grasp, and call'd fair Spain

XXXVIII.

An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore;
And well such diadem his heart became.
Who n'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
Or check'd his course for pity or shame;
Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his name;
Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's kingly tone.

tempted on this occasion to extend a mere metaphor into an allegory; and to prolong a figure which might have given great grace and spirit to a single stanza, into the heavy subject of seven or eight. His representation of the recent state of Spain, we think, displays the talent and address of the author to the greatest advantage; for the subject was by no means inspiring, nor was it easy, we should imagine, to make the picture of decay and inglorious indolence so engaging."—*Edinburgh Review*, which then quotes stanzas xxxiv. and xxxv.

³ "The opening of the third period of the *Vision* is, perhaps necessarily, more abrupt than that of the second. No circumstance, equally marked with the alteration in the whole system of ancient warfare, could be introduced in this compartment of the poem; yet, when we have been told that 'Valour had relaxed his ardent look,' and that 'Bigotry' was 'softened,' we are reasonably prepared for what follows."—*Monthly Review*

⁴ See I. Kings, chap. xvii. v. 41—45.

XXXIX

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came,
The spark, that, from a suburb-hevel's hearth
Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.
And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—
The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,
That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,
And by destruction bids its fume endure,
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.¹

XL.

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form;
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor show'd,
With which she beckon'd him through fight and storm,
And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate road,
Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he trod.
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
It was AMBITION bade her terrors wake,
Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.

No longer now she spurn'd at mean revenge,
Or staid her hand for conquer'd foeman's moan;
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
By Cesar's side she cross'd the Rubicon.
Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,
As when the banded powers of Greece were task'd
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon:
No scenery veil her modern minion ask'd,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend unmask'd.

XLII.

That Prelate mark'd his march—On banners blazed
With battles won in many a distant land,
On eagle-standards and on arms he gaz'd:
"And hopest thou then," he said, "thy power
shall stand?
O, thou hast builded on the shifting sand,
And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's flood;
And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand,
Gore-molsten'd trees shall perish in the bud,
And by a bloody death, shall die the Man of Blood!"²

¹ "We are as ready as any of our countrymen can be, to designate Bonaparte's invasion of Spain by its proper epithets, but we must decline to join in the author's declamation against the low birth of the invader; and we cannot help reminding Mr. Scott that such a topic of censure is unworthy of him, both as a poet and as a Briton."—*Monthly Review*.

"The picture of Bonaparte, considering the difficulty of all contemporary delineations, is not ill executed."—*Edinburgh Review*.

² "We are not altogether pleased with the lines which fol-

XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckon'd from his train
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, "Cas-
tile!"³
Not that he loved him—No!—In no man's weal,
Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd that sullen heart;
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
That the poor Puppet might perform his part,
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.

But on the Natives of that Land misused,
Not long the silence of amazement hung,
Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith abused;
For, with a common shriek, the general tongue
Exclaim'd, "To arms!"—and fast to arms they sprung.
And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land!
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,
As burst th' awakening Nazrite his band,
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clench'd his
dreadful hand.⁴

XLV.

That Mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Satrap that begot him round,
Now doff'd his royal robe in act to fly,
And from his brow the diadem unbound.
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,
From Tarick's wall to Bilboa's mountains
blown,
These martial satellites hard labour found,
To guard a while his substituted throne—
Light recking of his cause, but battling for their
own.

XLVI.

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall,
Stately Seville responsive war-shot flung,
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;
Galicia bade her children fight or fall,
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,
Valencia roared her at the battle-call,
And, foremost, still where Valour's sons are
met,
First started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

low the description of Bonaparte's birth and country. In historical truth, we believe, his family was not plebeian; and, setting aside the old saying of '*genus et progenies*,' the poet is here evidently becoming a chorus to his own scene, and explaining a fact which could by no means be inferred from the pageant that passes before the eyes of the King and Prelate. The Archbishop's observation on his appearance is free, however, from every objection of this kind."—*Quarterly Review*.

³ See Appendix. Note K.

⁴ See Book of Judges, Chap. xv. v. 9-16.

XLVII.

But unappall'd and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march, of victory secure;
Skilful their force to sever or unite,
And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to ensure,
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure;
While nought against them bring the unprac-
tised foe, [dom's blow
Save hearts for Freedom's cause, and hands for Free-

XLVIII.

Proudly they march—but, O! they march not forth
By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,
As when their Eagles, sweeping through the North,
Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign!
Far other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain;
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,
New Patriot armies started from the slain,
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide,
And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,
Remain'd their savage waste. With blade and
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale, [brand,
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claim'd for blood the retribution due.
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murd'rous
hand; [threw,
And Down, when o'er the scene her beams she
Midst ruins they had made, the spoilers' corpses knew.

L.

What minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell,
Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea,
How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,
Still honour'd in defeat as victory!
For that sad pageant of events to be,
Show'd every form of light by field and flood;
Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,
Beheld, while riding on the tempest scud, [blood!
The waters choked with slain, the earth bedrench'd with

LI.

Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honour due!
For never hath the harp of Minstrel rung,
Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true!

Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shatter'd ruins knew,
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sack'd streets the foe withdrew
And when at length stern fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody
tomb.¹

LII.

Yet raise thy head, sad city! Though in chains,
Enthral'd thou canst not be! Arise, and claim
Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns,
For what thou worshipp'st!—thy sainted dame,
She of the Column, honour'd be her name,
By all, whate'er thou creed, who honour love!
And like the sacred relics of the flame,
That gave some martyr to the bless'd above,
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove!

LIII.

Nor thine alone such woe. Gerona fair!
Faithful to death thy heroes shall be sung,
Manning the towers while o'er their heads the air
Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung;
Now thicker dark'ning where the mine was sprung.
Now briefly lighten'd by the cannon's flare,
Now arch'd with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,
And redd'ning now with conflagration's glare,
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

LIV.

While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
While the earth shook, and darken'd was the sky
And wide Destruction stunn'd the listening ear,
Appall'd the heart, and stupified the eye,—
Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,
In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,
Whene'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,
Whether it hail the wine cup or the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, and each heart be light.

LV.

Don'toderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud—
A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.
From mast and stern St. George's symbol flow'd,
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd.
And flank'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
And the wild beach return'd the seaman's jovial
cheer.²

¹ See Appendix, Note L.

² See Appendix, Note M.

MS.—“Don Roderick turn'd him at the sudden cry.”

MS.—“Right for the shore unnumbered barges row'd.”

³ Compare with this passage, and the Valour, Bigotry, and Ambition of the previous stanza, the celebrated personification of War, in the first canto of *Childe Harold*.—

“Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands.

His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,

With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,

And eye that scorseth all it glares upon:

Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon

Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet

Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done.

For on this morrow three potent nations meet

To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!
The billows foam'd beneath a thousand oars,
Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,
Legions on legions bright'ning all the shores.
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean
come!

LVII.

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light;
Far glance the light of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing
mead,¹
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.²

LVIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,³
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For yon fair battalions shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
And hers their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with
the laws.

LIX.

And, O! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land!
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave;⁴

"By heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mail'd embroidery,
Their various arms, that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share,
The grave shall bear the choicest prize away,
And havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

"Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orison on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies,
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Afo met—as at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilise the field that each pretends to grieve."

1 MS. — "the dusty mead."

But ne'er in battle-field throb'd heart so brave,
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid!

LX.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy.
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,⁴
And moves to death with military glee:
Boast, Erin, boast them! lameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough nature's children, humorous as she:
And HE, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is thine
own.

LXI.

Now on the scene Vimora should be shown,
On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,
And see Busaco's crest with lightning blaze:⁵
But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise!
Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs
room?
And dare her wild-flowers mingle with the bays,
That claim a long eternity to bloom
Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's
tomb!

LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil
That hides futurity from anxious hope,
Bidding beyond its scenes of glory hail,
And painting Europe rousing at the tale
Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd,
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings unfurl'd,
To Freedom and Revenge awakes an injured World!⁶

² "The landing of the English is admirably described; nor is there any thing finer in the whole poem than the following passage, (stanzas lv. lvi. lvii.) with the exception always of the three concluding lines, which appear to us to be very nearly as bad as possible."—JEFFREY.

³ "The three succeeding stanzas (lviii. lix. lx.) are elaborate; but we think, on the whole, successful. They will probably be oftener quoted than any other passage in the poem."—JEFFREY.

⁴ MS. L. "His jest each careless comrade round him flings."

⁵ For details of the battle of Vimora, fought 21st Aug. 1808—of Corunna, 16th Jan. 1809—of Talavera, 28th July 1809—and of Busaco, 27th Sept. 1810—See Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, volume vi. under these dates.

⁶ "The nation will arise regenerate;
Strong in her second youth and beautiful,
And like a spirit that hath shaken off
The clog of dull mortality, shall Spain
Arise in glory."—Southey's *Roderick*.

LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,
 Since Fate has mark'd futurity her own :
 Yet fate reigns to worth the glorious past,
 The deeds recorded, and the laurels won.
 Then, though the Vault of Destiny¹ be gone,
 King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,
 Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun,
 Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,
 One note of pride, and fire, a Patriot's parting strain !²

The Vision of Don Roderick.

CONCLUSION.

I.

" Who shall command Estrella's mountain-tale³
 Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to him ?
 Who, when Gasconne's vex'd gulf is raging wild,
 Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry ?
 His magic power let such vain boaster try,
 And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
 And Biscay's whirlwinds hush his lullaby,
 Let him stand forth and bar mine eagle's way,
 And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay."

II.

" Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers
 They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
 And their own sea hath whelm'd yon red-cross
 Powers !"

Thus, on the summit of Aiverca's rock,
 To Marshall, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader
 spoke.

While downward on the land his legions press,
 Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
 And smiled like Eden in her summer dress ;—
 Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.⁴

¹ See Appendix, Note N.

² " For a more introduction to the exploits of our English commanders, the story of Don Roderick's sins and confessions,—the minute description of his army and attendants,—and the whole interest and machinery of the enchanted vault, with the greater part of the Vision itself, are far too long and elaborate. They withdraw our curiosity and attention from the objects for which they had been bespoken, and gradually engage them upon a new and independent series of romantic adventures in which it is not easy to see how Lord Wellington and Bonaparte can have any concern. But, on the other hand, no sooner is this new interest excited, no sooner have we surrendered our imaginations into the hands of this dark chanter, and heated our fancies to the proper pitch for sympathising in the fortunes of Gothic kings and Moorish invaders, with their imposing accompaniments of harness'd knights, ravished dunces, and enchanted statues, than the

III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
 Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the
 land,
 Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
 Though Britons arm, and WELLINGTON command
 No ! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
 An adamantine barrier to his force ;
 And from its base shall wheel his shatter'd band,
 As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
 Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course."

IV.

Yet not because Alcorn's mountain-hawk
 Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
 In numbers confident, yon Chief shall bank
 His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood :
 For full in view the promised conquest stood.
 And Lisbon's matrons from their walls, might
 sum
 The myriads that had half the world subdued,
 And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
 That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc come."

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll,
 Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey,
 As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold—
 But in the middle path a Lion lay !
 At length they move—but not to battle-fray,
 Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly fight
 Beacons of infamy, they light the way
 Where cowardice and cruelty unite
 To damn with double shame their ignominious flight."

VI.

O triumph, for the Friends of Lust and Wrath !
 Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
 What wanton horrors wash'd their wretched path !
 The peasant butcher'd in his rum'd cot,
 The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
 Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame.
 Woman to infamy ;—no crime forgot,

whole romantic group vanishes at once from our sight ; and we are hurried, with minds yet disturbed with those powerful apparitions, to the comparatively sober and cold narration of Bonaparte's Villanies, and to draw battles between mere mortal combatants in English and French uniforms. The vast and elaborate vestibule, in short, in which we had been so long detained,

" Where wonders wild of Arabian-combure
 With Gothic imagery of darker stature."

has no corresponding palace attached to it ; and the long novitiate we are made to serve to the mysterious powers of romance is not repaid, after all, by an introduction to their awful presence."—JENNENS.

³ MS.—" Who shall command the torrent's headlong tide

⁴ See Appendix, Note U.

By which inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to man, and scorn of God's great name!

VII.

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor orist to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye; then fiercer grasp'd his gun.
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay;
Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,
Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,
Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more worth-
less lay.¹

VIII.

But thou—unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain!
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-chain!
Vainglorious fugitive!² yet turn again!
Behold, where, named by some prophetic Seer,
Flows Honour's Fountain,³ as foredoom'd the stain
From thy dishonour'd name and arms to clear,—
Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favour here!

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid;
Those chief that never heard the lion roar!
Within whose souls lives not a trace portray'd,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore!
Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more;
Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole;
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his soul.

X.

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Asquava's ruin,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!⁴
And what avails thee that, for CAMERON slain,⁵
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein,

And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the flocks of heaven.

XI.

Go, baffled boaster! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own;
Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown,
By British skill and valour were outvied;
Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON!⁶
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—
God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide.

XII.

But you, ye heroes of that well-fought day,
How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,
His need to each victorious leader pay,
Or bid on every brow the laurels won!⁷
Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;
And he, perchance, the minstrel-note might own,
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic
rave.

XIII.

Yes! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame:
Hark! Albuera thunders BENERFORD,⁸
And Red Barossa shouts for daunt! BENERFORD
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame!
For never, upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver vic-
tors crown'd!

XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,⁹
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage
steel'd,¹⁰
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,

¹ See Appendix, Note P.

² The MS. has, for the preceding five lines—

“And in pursuit vindictive hurried on,
And O, survivors said! to you belong
Tributes from each that Britain calls her son,
From all her nobles, all her wealthier throng,
To her poor peasant mite, and minstrel's poorer song.”

³ See Appendix, Note Q.

⁴ The literal translation of *Poentes d' Honore*.

⁵ See Appendix, Note R.

⁶ See Appendix, Note S.

⁷ On the 23th of April 1811, Scott writes thus to Mr. Morritt:—“I rejoice with the heart of a Scotoman in the success of Lord Wellington, and with all the pride of a scot to boot. I have been for three years proclaiming him as the only man we had a trust to—a man of talent and genius—not deterred by ob-

stacles, nor fettered by prejudices, not immured within the pedantries of his profession—but playing the general and the hero when most of our military commanders would have exhibited the drill sergeant, or at best the adjutant. These campaigns will teach us what we have long needed to know, that success depends not on the nice drilling of regiments, but upon the grand movements and combinations of an army. We have been hitherto polishing hinges, when we should have studied the mechanical union of a huge machine. Now, our army begin to see that the grand secret, as the French call it, consists only in union, joint exertion, and concerted movement. This will enable us to meet the dogs on fair terms as to numbers, and for the rest, ‘My soul and body on the action both.’”—*Life*, vol. III. p. 313.

⁸ See Appendix, Editor's Note T.

⁹ MS.—“O who shall grudge you chief the victor's bays.”

¹⁰ See Appendix, Note U.

And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—
Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,
If it forget thy worth, victorious BERESFORD!

XV.¹

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist
away,
Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—
He gaged but life on that illustrious day;
But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,
He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.

XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whoso wish Heaven for his country's weal denied;²
Danger and life he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia! still³
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground,

¹ MS.—“Not greater on that mount of strife and blood,
While Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist away,
And tides of gore stain'd Albuera's flood,
And Poland's shatter'd lines before him lay,
And clarions hail'd him victor of the day.
Not greater when he toil'd yon legions to array,
'Twas life he pen'd in that stubborn game,
And life 'gainst honour when did soldier weigh?
But, self devoted to his generous aim,
I'd rather than his life, the hero pledged his fame.”

² MS.—“Nor be his meed o'erpast who eagerly tried
With valour's wreath to hide affection's wound,
To whom his wish Heaven for our weal denied.”

³ MS.—“From war to war the wanderer went his round,
Yet was his soul in Caledonia still;
Hers was his thought,” &c.

⁴ MS.—“fairly rill”
“These lines excel the noisier and more general panegyrics of the commanders in Portugal, as much as the sweet and thrilling tones of the harp surpass an ordinary flourish of drums and trumpets.”—*Quarterly Review*.

“Perhaps it is our nationality which makes us like better the tribute to General Graham—though there is something, we believe, in the softness of the sentiment that will be felt, even by English readers, as a relief from the exceeding clamour and loud boastings of all the surrounding stanzas.”—*Edinburgh Review*.

⁵ See Appendix, Note V.

⁶ “Now, strike your sails, ye idly mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent
And wants supplide; and then again abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent.
Well may she speede, and fairly finish her intent!”
Fuërie Queene, Book I. Canto 12.

He dream'd 'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hull,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.⁴

XVII.

6 hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell!
By Wallace's side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber, own'd its fame,
Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout
of GREENE!⁵

XVIII.

But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,
(With Spenser's parable I close my tale.)⁶
By shoal and rock hath steer'd my venturous bark,
And landward now I drive before the gale.
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
And as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag and bind my skiff to land.⁷

⁷ “No comparison can be fairly instituted between compositions so wholly different in style and designation as the present poem and Mr. Scott's former productions. The present poem neither has, nor, from its nature, could have the interest which arises from an eventful plot, or a detailed delineation of character, and we shall arrive at a far more accurate estimation of its merits by comparing it with ‘The Bard’ of Gray, or that particular scene of Ariosto, where Bradamante beholds the wonders of Merlin's tomb. To this it has many strong and evident features of resemblance, but in our opinion, greatly surpasses it both in the dignity of the objects represented, and the picturesque effect of the machinery.”

“We are inclined to rank The Vision of Don Roderick, not only above ‘The Bard,’ but, (excepting Adam's Vision from the Mount of Paradise, and the matchless beauties of the sixth book of Virgil,) above all the historical and poetical prospects which have come to our knowledge. The scenic representation is at once gorgeous and natural; and the language, and imagery, is altogether as spirited, and bears the stamp of more care and polish than even the most celebrated of the author's former productions. If it please us less than these, we must attribute it in part perhaps to the want of contrivance, and in a still greater degree to the nature of the subject itself, which is deprived of all the interest derived from suspense or sympathy, and, as far as it is connected with modern politics, represents a scene too near our immediate inspection to admit the interposition of the magic glass of fiction and poetry.”—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1811.

“The Vision of Don Roderick has been received with less interest by the public than any of the author's other performances; and has been read, we should imagine, with some degree of disappointment even by those who took it up with the most reasonable expectations. Yet it is written with very considerable spirit, and with more care and effort than most of the author's compositions;—with a degree of effort, indeed, which could scarcely have failed of success, if the author had not succeeded so splendidly on other occasions without any

effort at all, or had chosen any other subject than that which fills the cry of our alehouse politicians, and supplies the gabble of all the *guidances* in this country,—our depending campaigns in Spain and Portugal,—with the exploits of Lord Wellington and the spoils of the French armies. The nominal subject of the poem, indeed, is the Vision of Don Roderick, in the eighth century; but this is obviously a mere prelude to the grand piece of our recent battles,—a sort of machinery devised to give dignity and effect to their introduction. In point of fact, the poem begins and ends with Lord Wellington; and being written for the benefit of the plundered Portuguese, and upon a Spanish story, the thing could not well have been otherwise. The public, at this moment, will listen to nothing, about Spain, but the history of the Spanish war; and the old Gothic king, and the Moors, are considered, we dare say, by Mr. Scott's most impatient readers, as very tedious interlopers in the proper business of the piece. . . . The Poem has scarcely any story, and scarcely any characters; and consists, in truth, almost entirely of a series of descriptions, intermingled with plaudits and execrations. The descriptions are many of them, very fine, though the style is more turgid and verbose than in the better parts of Mr. Scott's other productions; but the invectives and acclamations are too vehement and too frequent to be either graceful or impressive. There is no climax or progression to relieve the ear, or stimulate the imagination. Mr. Scott sets out on the very highest pitch of his voice, and keeps it up to the end of the measure. There are no grand swells, therefore, or overpowering bursts in his song. All, from first to last, is loud, and clamorous, and obtrusive,—indiscriminately noisy, and often ineffectually exaggerated. He has fewer new images than in his other poetry—his tone is less natural and varied—and he moves, upon the whole, with a slower and more laborious pace.”—JEFFREYS, *Edinburgh Review*, 1811.

“The Edinburgh Reviewers have been down on my poor Don hand to fiat; but, truly, as they are too fastidious to approve of the campaign, I should be very unreasonable if I expected them to like the celebration of it. I agree with them, however, as to the lumbering weight of the stanza, and I shrewdly suspect it would require a very great poet indeed to prevent the tedium arising from the recurrence of rhymes. Our language is unable to support the expenditure of so many for each stanza; even Spenser himself, with all the license of using obsolete words and uncommon spellings, sometimes fatigues the ear. They are also very wroth with me for omitting

the merits of Sir John Moore; but as I never exactly discovered in what these lay, unless in conducting his advance and retreat upon a plan the most likely to verify the desponding speculations of the foresaid reviewers, I must hold myself excused for not giving praise where I was unable to see that much was due.”—Scott to Mr. Morritt, Sept. 28, 1811. *Life*, vol. iii. p. 328.

“The Vision of Don Roderick had features of novelty, both as to the subject and the manner of the composition, which excited much attention, and gave rise to some sharp controversy. The main fable was indeed from the most picturesque region of old romance, but it was made throughout the vehicle of feelings directly adverse to those with which the Whig critics had all along regarded the interference of Britain in behalf of the nations of the Peninsula; and the silence which, while celebrating our other generals on that scene of action, had been preserved with respect to Scott's own gallant countryman, Sir John Moore, was considered or represented by them as an odious example of genius hoodwinked by the influence of party. Nor were there wanting persons who affected to discover that the charms of Scott's poetry had to a great extent evaporated under the severe test to which he had exposed it, by adopting, in place of those comparatively light and easy measures in which he had hitherto dealt, the most elaborate one that our literature exhibits. The production, notwithstanding the complexity of the Spenserian stanza, had been very rapidly executed; and it shows, accordingly, many traces of negligence. But the patriotic inspiration of it found an echo in the vast majority of British hearts; many of the Whig oracles themselves acknowledged that the difficulties of the metre had been on the whole successfully overcome; and even the hardest critics were compelled to express unqualified admiration of various detached pictures and passages, which, in truth, as no one now disputes, neither he nor any other poet ever excelled. The whole setting or framework—whatever relates in short to the last of the Goths himself—was, I think, even then unanimously pronounced admirable; and no party feeling could blind any man to the heroic splendour of such stanzas as those in which the three equally gallant elements of a British Army are contrasted.”—LOCKHART, *Life* vol. iii. p. 319.

See Appendix, Editor's Note, T.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

*And Catterack's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch
rung!—P. 268.*

This locality may startle those readers who do not recollect that the web of the ancient poetry preserved in Wales refers less to the history of the Principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the north-west of England, and south-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Catterack, lamented by the celebrated Aeneas, is supposed, by the learned Dr Leyden, to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick Forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,

"Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright," &c.

But it is not so generally known that the champions, mourned in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Deira, or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century.—*Tuker's History of the Anglo-Saxons*, edition 1799, vol. 1. p. 222. Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argoed, in Cumberland, and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo-Saxons. As for Merlin Wylt, or the Savage, his name of Caledonia, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood, appropriate him to Scotland. Fordun dedicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his *Scoto-Chronicon*, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drumelzier, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name (*quasi Tunnulus Merlini*) from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shown, and appears, from the following quotation, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities:—"There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn called Pausayl runs by the east side of this churchyard into the Tweed; at the side of which burn, a little below the churchyard, the famous prophet Merlin is said to be buried. The particular place of his grave, at the root of a thorn tree, was shown me, many years ago, by the old and reverend minister of the place, Mr Richard Brown; and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scots rhyme, to this purpose:—

"When Tweed and Pausayl meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have."

For, the same day that our King James the Sixth was crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with the Pausayl at the said grave, which was never before observed to full out.—*Pennycuik's Description of Tweeddale*. Edin. 1718, iv. p. 28.

NOTE B.

— *Minchmore's haunted spring.—P. 268.*

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the faeries still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation; and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

NOTE C.

— *The rude villager, his labour done,
In verse spontaneous chants some favour'd name.—P. 263.*

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Barretti and other travellers.

NOTE D.

— *Kindling at the deeds of Grame.—P. 266.*

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprise the Southern reader of its legitimate sound;—Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

NOTE E.

*What! all Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shroud and prayer the night away?
And as e his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?—P. 266.*

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors, Caba of Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the Caliph's lieutenant

in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik, the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. Voltaire, in his *General History*, expresses his doubts of this popular story, and Gibbon gives him some countenance; but the universal tradition is quite sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The Spaniards, in detestation of Florida's memory, are said, by Cervantes, never to bestow that name upon any human female, reserving it for their dogs. Nor is the tradition less inveterate among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called "The Cape of the Caba Rumia, which, in our tongue, is the Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the loss of Spain, lies buried there, and they think it ominous to be forced into that bay, for they never go in otherwise than by necessity."

NOTE F.

*And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fate a Spanish King shall see*—P. 267

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more marvellous at each step from its original simplicity, is not ill exemplified in the account of the "Fated Chamber" of Don Roderick, as given by his namesake, the historian of Toledo, continued with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the same subterranean discovery. I give the Archbishop of Toledo's tale in the words of Nonius, who seems to intimate, (though very modestly,) that the *fatale palatium* of which so much had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre.

"Extra muros, septentrionem versus, vestigia magni olim theatri sparsa videntur. Auctor est Rodericus, Toletanus Archiepiscopus ante Arabum in Hispaniam irruptionem, hic *fatale palatium* fuisse; quod invicti et cetera ferri robora claudobant, ne reseratum Hispaniæ exodium adiret; quod in satis non vulgus solum, sed et prudentissimi quique credebant. Sed Rodericus ultimus Gothorum Regis animam infelix curiositas subit, sciendū quid sub tot ventis clausa observaretur; ingentes ibi superiorum regum opes et arduos thesauros servari ratus. Seras et pœculos perfringi curat, invitis omnibus; nihil præter arculam repertum, et in ea intenu, quo explicato novæ et insolentes hominum facies habitusque apparere, cum inscriptione Latina, *Hispaniæ exodium ab ista gente imminere*; Vultus habitusque Maurorum erant. Quamobrem ex Africa tantam cladem instare regi ceterisque præsumit; nec falso ad Hispaniæ annales etiamnum quæritur."—*Hispania Lutoric. Nonij. cap. lix.*

But, about the term of the expulsion of the Moors from Grenada, we find, in the "*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo*," a (pretended) translation from the Arabic of the sage Alcaide Abulacem Tarif Abentarique, a legend which puts to shame the modesty of the historian Roderick, with his chest and prophetic posture. The custom of ascribing a pretended Moorish original to these legendary histories, is ridiculed by Cervantes, who affects to translate the History of the Knight of the Woful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli. All have been indebted to the *Historia Verdadera* for some of the imagery employed in the text, the following literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisitive reader:—

"One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure, though much dilapidated by time, which consumed

all: four estadaos (i. e. four times a man's height) below it, there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut out of the solid rock, lined with a strong covering of iron, and fastened with many locks; above the gate some Greek letters are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning, were thus interpreted, according to the exposition of learned men:—'The King who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things.'—Many Kings desired to know the mystery of this tower, and sought to find out the manner with much care; but when they opened the gate, such a tremendous noise arose in the cave, that it appeared as if the earth was bursting, many of those present sickened with fear, and others lost their lives. In order to prevent such great perils, (as they supposed a dangerous enchantment was contained within,) they secured the gate with new locks, concluding, that, though a King was destined to open it, the fated time was not yet arrived. At last King Don Rodrigo, led on by his evil fortune and unlucky destiny, opened the tower; and some bold attendants, whom he had brought with him, enraged, although agitated with fear. Having proceeded a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terrified with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The King was greatly moved, and ordered many torches, not contented that the tempest in the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted. Then the King entered, not without fear, before all the others. They discovered, by degrees, a splendid hall, apparently built in a very sumptuous manner; in the middle stood a Bronze Statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it such heavy blows, that the noise in the cave was occasioned by the motion of the air. The King, greatly affrighted and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained a sight of what was contained in it. The statue ceased to strike the floor, and the King, with his followers, somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into the hall, and on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall, 'Unfortunate King, thou hast entered here in evil hour.' On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed, 'By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy subjects foully degraded.' On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said, 'I call upon the Arabs.' And upon his breast was written, 'I do thy office.' At the entrance of the hall there was placed a round bowl, from which a great noise, like the fall of waters, proceeded. They found no other thing in the hall and when the King, sorrowful and greatly affected, had scarcely turned about to leave the cavern, the statue again commenced its accustomed blows upon the floor. After they had mutually promised to conceal what they had seen, they again closed the tower, and blocked up the gate of the cavern with earth, that no memory might remain in the world of such a portentous and evil-boding prodigy. The ensuing midnight they heard great cries and clamour from the cave, resounding like the noise of battle, and the ground shaking with a tremendous roar; the whole edifice of the old tower fell to the ground, by which they were greatly affrighted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream.

"The King having left the tower, ordered wise men to explain what the inscriptions signified, and having consulted upon and studied their meaning, they declared that the statue of bronze, with the motion which it made with its battle-axe, signified Time, and that its office, alluded to in the inscription on its breast, was, that he never rests a single moment. The words on the shoulders, 'I call upon the Arabs,' they expounded, that, in time, Spain would be conquered by the Arabs. The words upon the left wall signified the destruction of King Rodrigo; those on the right, the dreadful calamities which were to fall upon the Spaniards and Caba, and that the unfortunate King would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally, the letters on the portal indicated, that good would betide to the conquerors, and evil to the conquered of

which experience proved the truth."—*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo*. Quinta impresion. Madrid, 1654, iv. p. 28.

NOTE G.

The Tebir war-cry and the Lelle's yell.—P. 288.

The Tebir (derived from the words *Alla arbar*, God is most mighty) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the *Siege of Damascus* :—

"We heard the Tebir; so these Arabs call
Thou shout of onset, when, with loud appeal,
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest."

The *Lehe*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *alla illa Alla*, the Mahomedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr. W. Stewart Ross, in the romance of *Partenope*, and in the *Crusade of St. Lewis*.

NOTE H.

*Oh Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!—
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The sceptred crown mounts to quit the field—
Is not yon steed Orelia?—Yes, 'tis mine!*—P. 263.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florenda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 714, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif, who bequeathed the well-known name of Gibraltar (*Gibet al Tarik*, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714, they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army, to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and Manana gives the following account of the action :—

"Both armies being drawn up, the King, according to the custom of the Gothic kings when they went to battle, appeared in an ivory chariot, clothed in cloth of gold, encouraging his men; Tarif, on the other side, did the same. The armies, thus prepared, waited only for the signal to fall on; the Goths gave the charge, their drums and trumpets sounding, and the Moors received it with the noise of kettle-drums. Such were the shouts and cries on both sides, that the mountains and valleys seemed to meet. First, they began with slings, darts, javelins, and lances, then came to the sword; a long time the battle was dubious; but the Moors seemed to have the worst, till D. Oppas, the archbishop, having to that time concealed his treachery, in the heat of the fight, with a great body of his followers went over to the infidels. He joined Count Julian, with whom was a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The King performed the part not only of a wise general, but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing on fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their backs. At length, seeing no hopes left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and mounting on a horse called Orelia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still stood, mistaking him, were most part put to the sword, the rest betook themselves to flight. The camp was immediately

entered, and the baggage taken. What number was killed was not known: I suppose they were so many it was hard to count them; for this single battle robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Goths. The King's horng, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadaleite, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river."—*MARIANA'S History of Spain*, book vi. chap. 8.

Orelia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation, was celebrated for her speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and also by Cervantes.

NOTE I.

*When for the light bolero ready stand,
The mozo blithe, with gay muchacha met.*—P. 270.

The bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Mozo* and *muchacha* are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

NOTE K.

While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castile!"—P. 271.

The heralds, at the coronation of a Spanish monarch, proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word *Castilla*, *Castilla*, *Castilla*; which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Bonaparte.

NOTE L.

High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.—P. 272.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are not enough to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders,—those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted warfare in the Peninsula. There are, however, another class of persons, who, having themselves the highest idea of courage or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the heroic Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and un subdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of a few months. While these gentlemen plead for clemency to Bonaparte, and crave

"Respect for his great place, and bid the devil
Be duly honoured for his burning throne,"

it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigour, has been too obvious;

that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated discomfiture, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily adopted government, should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world—that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, sudismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their pectious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to beseech and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them, is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month; but that a resistance which has been continued for so long a space, when the usurper, except during the short-lived Austrian campaign, had no other enemies on the continent, should be now less successful, when repeated defeats have broken the reputation of the French armies, and when they are likely (it would seem almost in desperation) to seek occupation elsewhere, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humour of severely censuring our allies, gallant and devoted as they have shown themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not instantly adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well if we endeavoured first to resolve the previous questions,—1st, Whether we do not at this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than those of Portugal, which were so promptly condemned as totally inadequate to assist in the preservation of their country? 2d, Whether, independently of any right we have to offer more than advice and assistance to our independent allies, we can expect that they should renounce entirely the national pride, which is inseparable from patriotism, and at once condescend not only to be saved by our assistance, but to be saved in our own way? 3d, Whether, if it be an object (as undoubtedly it is a main one), that the Spanish troops should be trained under British discipline, to the flexibility of movement, and power of rapid concert and combination, which is essential to modern war; such a confirmation is likely to be produced by abusing them in newspapers and periodical publications? Lastly, since the undoubted authority of British officers makes us now acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the providence of God, the valour of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have hitherto averted from us, it may be modestly questioned whether we ought to be too forward to estimate and condemn the feeling of temporary stupefaction which they create; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman who, while he had himself never snuffed a candle with his fingers, was disposed severely to criticize the conduct of a martyr, who winced a little among his flames.

NOTE M.

They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.—

P. 272

The interesting account of Mr. Vaughan has made most

readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza.¹ The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great eloquence and precision in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1809,—a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated of with attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative:—

"A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and then, as in the former siege, the war was carried on in the streets and houses; but the French had been taught by experience, that in this species of warfare the Spaniards derived a superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them, and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering Zaragoza was to destroy it house by house, and street by street; and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners, and eight companies of sappers, carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines; these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, theft miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime, the bombardment was incessantly kept up. 'Within the last 48 hours,' said Palafox in a letter to his friend General Doyle, '6000 shells have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third, rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege, above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town, the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy."

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, "scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest, in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night, the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination."

"When once the pestilence had begun, it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil, the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the ruses and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th, above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which

¹ See Narrative of the Siege of Zaragoza, by Richard Charles Vaughan, Esq. 1800. The Right Honourable R. C. Vaughan is now British Minister at Washington. 1833.

was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the ashes and body of the church strewn with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which the tremendous shock, and their own unexpected escape, occasioned, renewed the fight with rekindled fury: fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, and citizens, and soldiers, came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying."

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth!—"Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth, yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept, (his own or his neighbours') upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation, in the street, or in the market place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted."

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved, for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."—WODSWORTH on the Convention of Cintra.

NOTE N.

The Vault of Destiny.—P. 274

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled, *La Virgen del Sagrario*. The scene opens with the noise of the chase, and Recundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Gentle to inform Recundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play, we are informed that Don Roderick had renewed the barrier, and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprized by the prodigies which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

NOTE O.

*While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress:—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.*—P. 274.

I have ventured to apply to the movements of the French army that sublime passage in the prophecies of Joel, which seems applicable to them in more respects than that I have adopted in the text. One would think their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of political intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture:—

"2. A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains: a great people and a strong, there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations. 3. A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them. 4. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they runne. 5. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains, shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battle array. 6. Before their face shall the people be much pained; all faces shall gather blackness. 7. They shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his wayes, and they shall not break their ranks. 8. Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path: and when they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded. 9. They shall run to and fro in the cities; they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up upon the houses: they shall enter in at the windows like a thief. 10. The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and the starres shall withdraw their shining."

In verse 20th also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colours, into a "land barren and desolate," and the disaster with which God afflicted them, by saying "magnified themselves to do great things," there are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena;—Divine Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

NOTE P.

*The rusted sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.*—P. 274.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contributed the heads, feet, &c. of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiery. Rice, vegetables, and bread, where it could be had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and carried home the relics to the famished house-

hells. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity, and in many instances, when reduced themselves to short allowances, from having out-marched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving inhabitants, who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, burnt by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it?—It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

NOTE Q.

Fain-glorious fugitive!—P. 75.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the *faufarronnade* proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 30th March 1811, their rear-guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry, (who were indeed many miles in the rear,) and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed "God save the King." Their minstrelsy was, however, defanged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

NOTE R.

*Fainly thy squadrons hide Asuara's plain,
And from the flying thunderers as they roar,
With frantic charge and twelvefold odds, in vain!—P. 75.*

In the severe action of Fuentes d' Honoro, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in no wise checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mangled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsey, (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman,) who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons, contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy.

concerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons; and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners, (almost all intoxicated,) remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of war, to the sword of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manœuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

NOTE S.

*And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,
Held from his plumed ranks the yell was given.—P. 75.*

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d' Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged, with irrepressible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Bonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account of the attack and defence of this village, in which he says the British lost many officers, and Scotch.

NOTE T.

But you, ye heroes of that well-fought day, &c.—P. 75.

[The Edinburgh Reviewer offered the following remarks on what he considered as an unjust omission in this part of the poem:—

"We are not very apt," he says, "to quarrel with a poet for his politics; and really supposed it next to impossible that Mr Scott should have given us any ground of dissatisfaction on this score, in the management of his present theme. Lord Wellington and his fellow-soldiers well deserved the laurels they have won;—nor is there one British heart, we believe, that will not feel proud and grateful for all the honours with which British genius can invest their names. In the praises which Mr Scott has bestowed, therefore, all his readers will sympathize; but for those which he has withheld, there are some that will not so readily forgive him: and in our eyes we will confess, it is a sin not easily to be expiated, that in a poem written substantially for the purpose of commemorating the brave who have fought or fallen in Spain or Portugal—and written by a Scotchman—there should be no mention of the name of Moore!—of the only commander-in-chief who has fallen in this memorable contest;—of a commander who was acknowledged as the model and pattern of a British soldier, when British soldiers stood most in need of such an example;—and was, at the same time distinguished not less for every manly virtue and generous affection, than for skill and gal-

lantry in his profession. A more pure, or a more exalted character, certainly has not appeared upon that scene which Mr. Scott has sought to illustrate with the splendour of his genius; and it is with a mixture of shame and indignation that we find him grudging a single ray of that profuse and readily yielded glory to gild the grave of his lamented countryman. To offer a lavish tribute of praise to the living, whose task is still incomplete, may be generous and munificent;—but to departed merit, it is due in strictness of justice. Who will deny that Sir John Moore was all that we have now said of him? or who will doubt that his untimely death in the hour of victory would have been eagerly seized upon by an impartial poet, as a noble theme for generous lamentation and eloquent praise? But Mr. Scott's political friends have fancied it for their interest to calumniate the memory of this illustrious and accomplished person,—and Mr. Scott has permitted the spirit of party to stand in the way, not only of poetical justice, but of patriotic and generous feeling.

"It is this for which we grieve, and feel ashamed;—this hardening and deadening effect of political animosities, in cases where policies should have nothing to do;—this apparent perversion, not merely of the judgment, but of the heart;—this implacable resentment, which was not only with the living, but with the dead;—and thinks it a reason for defrauding a departed warrior of his glory, that a political antagonist has been zealous in his praise. These things are lamentable, and they cannot be alluded to, without some emotions of sorrow and resentment. But they affect not the fame of him on whose account these emotions are suggested. The wars of Spain, and the merits of Sir John Moore, will be commemorated in a more impartial and a more imperishable record, than the Vision of Don Roderick; and his humble monument in the Citadel of Corunna will draw the tears and the admiration of thousands, who concern not themselves about the exploits of his more fortunate associates."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xviii. 1811.

The reader who desires to understand Sir Walter Scott's deliberate opinion on the subject of Sir John Moore's military character and conduct, is referred to the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, vol. vi. chap. xli. But perhaps it may be neither unamusing nor uninteresting to consider, along with the diatribe just quoted from the *Edinburgh Review*, some reflections from the pen of Sir Walter Scott himself on the injustice done to a name greater than Moore's in the noble stanzas on the Battle of Waterloo, in the third canto of *Childe Harold*—an injustice which did not call forth any rebuke from the *Edinburgh critics*. Sir Walter, in reviewing this canto, said,

"Childe Harold arrives on Waterloo—a scene where all men, where a poet especially, and a poet such as Lord Byron, must needs pause, and amid the quiet simplicity of whose scenery is excited a moral interest, deeper and more potent even than that which is produced by gazing upon the sublimest efforts of Nature in her most romantic recesses.

"That Lord Byron's sentiments do not correspond with ours, is obvious, and we are sorry for both our sakes. For our own,—because we have lost that note of triumph with which his harp would otherwise have rung over a field of glory such as Britain never reaped before; and on Lord Byron's account,—because it is melancholy to see a man of genius duped by the mere cant of words and phrases, even when facts are most broadly confronted with the truth. If the poet has mixed with the original, wild, and magnificent creations of his imagination, prejudices which he could only have caught by the contagion which he most professes to despise, it is he himself that must be the loser. If his lofty muse has soared in all her brilliancy over the field of Waterloo without dropping even one leaf of laurel on the head of Wellington, his merit can dispense even with the praise of Lord Byron. And as when the images of Brutus were excluded from the triumphal procession, his memory became only the more powerfully impressed on the souls of the Romans—the name of the Bri-

tish hero will be but more eagerly recalled to remembrance by the very lines in which his praise is forgotten."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xvi. 1816. En.

NOTE U.

*O who shall grudge him Albuera's days,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steerd,
And raised fur Lustania's fallen shield.*—P. 276.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a disinterested observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportunity of information; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriotism of our ancient allies had been underrated, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honourable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.

NOTE V.

*A race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has wak'd the battle-swell.*

—the conquering shout of Grème.—P. 276.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Grème, or Grahams. They are said, by tradition, to have descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Grème's Dyke. Sir John the Grème, "the hardy, wight, and wise," is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderne, Kilcuthie, and Tibbottinur, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killycrankie is famous for the action between King William's forces and the Highlanders in 1689.

"Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired."

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes, and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General Grahame may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr. Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the Victor of Barossa.

Rokeby:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

NOTICE TO EDITION 1833.

SIR WALTER SCOTT commenced the composition of *ROKEBY* at Abbotsford, on the 15th of September 1812, and finished it on the last day of the following December.

The reader may be interested with the following extracts from his letters to his friend and printer, Mr. Ballantyne.

Abbotsford, 28th Oct. 1812.

"DEAR JAMES.—I send you to-day better than, the third sheet of Canto II., and I trust to send the other three sheets in the course of the week. I expect that you will have three cantos complete before I quit this place—on the 11th of November. Surely, if you do your part, the poem may be out by Christmas; but you must not dandle over your typographical scruples. I have too much respect for the public to neglect any thing in my poem to attract their attention; and you misunderstood me much, when you supposed that I designed any new experiments in point of composition. I only meant to say, that knowing well that the said public will never be pleased with exactly the same thing a second time, I saw the necessity of giving a certain degree of novelty, by throwing the interest more on *character* than in my former poems, without certainly meaning to exclude either incident or description. I think you will see the same sort of difference taken in all my former poems, of which I would say, if it is fair for me to say any thing, that the force in the *Lay* is thrown on style, in *Marmion* on description, and in the *Lady of the Lake* on incident."

3d November.—"As for my story, the conduct of the plot, which must be made natural and easy, prevents my introducing any thing light for some time. You must advert, that in order to give poetical effect to any incident, I am often obliged to be much longer than I expected in the detail. You are too much like the country squire in the what d'ye call it, who commands that the play should not only be a tragedy and comedy, but that it should be crowned with a spice of your pastoral. As for what is popular, and what people like, and so forth, it is all a joke. *Be interesting*; do the thing well, and the only difference will be, that people will like what they never liked before, and will like it so much the better for the

novelty of their feelings towards it. Dulness and tameness are the only irreparable faults."

December 31st.—"With kindest wishes on the return of the season, I send you the last of the copy of *Rokeby*. If you are not engaged at home, and like to call in, we will drink good luck to it, but do not derange a family party.

"There is something odd and melancholy in concluding a poem with the year, and I could be almost silly and sentimental about it. I hope you think I have done my best. I assure you of my wishes the work may succeed; and my exertions to get out in time were more inspired by your interest and John's, than my own. And so *adieu la plume*. W. S."

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

Between the publication of "*The Lady of the Lake*," which was so eminently successful, and that of "*Rokeby*," in 1813, three years had intervened. I shall not, I believe, be accused of ever having attempted to usurp a superiority over many men of genius, my contemporaries; but, in point of popularity, not of actual talent, the caprice of the public had certainly given me such a temporary superiority over men, of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to loose the shoe-latch. On the other hand, it would be absurd affectation in me to deny, that I conceived myself to understand, more perfectly than many of my contemporaries, the manner most likely to interest the great mass of mankind. Yet, even with this belief, I must truly and fairly say, that I always considered myself rather as one who held the beta, in time to be paid over to the winner, than as having any pretence to keep them in my own right.

In the meantime years crept on, and not without their usual depredations on the passing generation. My sons had arrived at the age when the paternal home was no longer their best abode, as both were destined to active life. The field-sports, to which I was peculiarly attached, had now less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years attended to farming, a knowledge of which

us, or at least was then, indispensable to the comfort of a family residing in a solitary country-house; but although this was the favourite amusement of many of my friends, I have never been able to consider it as a source of pleasure. I never could think it a matter of passing importance, that my cattle or crops were better or more plentiful than those of my neighbours, and nevertheless I began to feel the necessity of some more quiet out-door occupation, different from those I had hitherto pursued. I purchased a small farm of about one hundred acres, with the purpose of planting and improving it, to which property circumstances afterwards enabled me to make considerable additions; and thus an era took place in my life, almost equal to the important one mentioned by the Vicar of Wakefield, when he removed from the Blue-room to the Brown. In point of neighbourhood, at least, the change of residence made little more difference. Abbotsford, to which we removed, was only six or seven miles down the Tweed, and lay on the same beautiful stream. It did not possess the romantic character of Ashiestiel, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadow-land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape-gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own, like Uncle Toby's Bowling-green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the gratification was long postponed, an early wish of mine to connect myself with my mother-earth, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. I can trace, even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodsley's account of Shenstone's Leasowes, and I envied the poet much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds, than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to boot. My memoir, also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old almanack of Charles the Second's time (when every thing down to almanacks affected to be smart), in which the reader, in the month of June, is advised for health's sake to walk a mile or two every day before breakfast, and, if he can possibly so manage, to let his exercise be taken upon his own land.

With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent—the smallest of possible cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader; I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and, although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to com-

fort myself with the Spanish proverb, "Time and I against any two."

The difficult and indispensable point, of finding a permanent subject of occupation, was now at length attained; but there was annexed to it the necessity of becoming again a candidate for public favour; for, as I was turned improver on the earth of the every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated.

I meditated, at first, a poem on the subject of Bruce, in which I made some progress, but afterwards judged it advisable to lay it aside, supposing that an English story might have more novelty; in consequence, the precedence was given to "Rokeby."

Its subject and scenery could have influenced the fate of a poem, that of "Rokeby" should have been eminently distinguished; for the grounds belonged to a dear friend, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy for many years, and the place itself united the romantic beauties of the wilds of Scotland with the rich and smiling aspect of the southern portion of the island. But the Cavaliers and Roundheads, whom I attempted to summon up to tenant this beautiful region, had for the public neither the novelty nor the peculiar interest of the primitive Highlanders. This, perhaps, was scarcely to be expected, considering that the general mind sympathizes readily and at once with the stamp which nature herself has affixed upon the manner of a people living in a simple and patriarchal state; whereas it has more difficulty in understanding or interesting itself in manners founded upon those peculiar habits of thinking or acting, which are produced by the progress of society. We could read with pleasure the tale of the adventures of a Cossack or a Mongol Tartar, while we only wonder and stare over those of the lovers in the "Pleasant Chinese History," where the embarrassments turn upon difficulties arising out of unintelligible delicacies peculiar to the customs and manners of that affected people.

The cause of my failure had, however, a far deeper root. The manner, or style, which, by its novelty, attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been three times before them, exhausted the patience of the reader, and began in the fourth to lose its charms. The reviewers may be said to have apostrophized the author in the language of Parnell's Edwin:—

'And here reverse the charm, he cries,
And let it fairly now suffice,
The gambol has been shown."

The licentious combination of rhymes, in a manner not perhaps very congenial to our language, had not been confined to the author. Indeed, in most similar cases, the inventors of such novelties have their reputation destroyed by their own imitators, as Acton fell under the fury of his own dogs. The present author, like Bobadil, had taught his trick of fence to a

hundred gentlemen, (and ladies,!) who could fence very neatly, or quite as well as himself. For this there was no remedy; the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favour. What has been said of the metre only, must be considered to apply equally to the structure of the Poem and of the style. The very best passages of any popular style are not, perhaps, susceptible of imitation, but they may be approached by men of talent; and those who are less able to copy them, at least lay hold of their peculiar features, so as to produce a strong burlesque. In either way, the effect of the manner is rendered cheap and common; and, in the latter case, ridiculous to boot. The evil consequences to an author's reputation are at least as fatal as those which come upon the musical composer, when his melody falls into the hands of the street ballad-singer.

Of the unfavourable species of imitation, the author's style gave room to a very large number, owing to an appearance of facility to which some of those who used the measure unquestionably leaned too far. The effect of the more favourable imitations, composed by persons of talent, was almost equally unfortunate to the original minstrel, by showing that they could overshoot him with his own bow. In short, the popularity which once attended the *School*, as it was called, was now fast decaying.

Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when "*Robey*" appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that art of attracting popularity, which the present writer had hitherto preceded better men than himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little visitation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the "*First two Cantos of Childe Harold*." I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the "*Hours of Idleness*," nor the "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*," had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possess-

ed; and there was some appearance of that labour in the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to those subjects of exaltation by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition:—

"How happily the days of *Thalaba* went by!"

Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the peace I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief diversion. Neither was I disposed to choose the alternative of sinking into a mere editor and commentator though that was a species of labour which I had practised, and to which I was attached. But I could not endure to think that I might not, whether known or concealed, do something of more importance. My inmost thoughts were those of the Trojan Captain in the galley race,—

"Non jam, prima peto, Lethæus, neque vincere certo,
Quanquam O!—sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti;
Extremum pudeat rediisse: hoc vincite, cives,
Et prohibete nefas."—ÆN. lib. v. 194.

I had, indeed, some private reasons for my "*Quanquam O!*" which were not worse than those of *Mne-*

1 "Scott found peculiar favour and imitation among the fair sex: there was Miss Holford, and Miss Mitford, and Miss Francis: but, with the greatest respect be it spoken, none of his imitators did much honour to the original, except Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, until the appearance of the '*Bride of Triermain*' and '*Harold the Dauntless*,' which, in the opinion of some, equalled, it got surpassed, him; and lo! after three or four years, they turned out to be the Master's own compositions."—*Byron's Works*, vol. iv. p. 96.

2 "These two Cantos were published in London in March 1812, and immediately placed their author on a level with the very highest names of his age. The impression they created was more uniform, decise, and triumphant, than any that

had been witnessed in this country for at least two generations. 'I awoke one morning,' he says, 'and found myself famous.' In truth, he had fixed himself, at a single bound, on a summit, such as no English poet had ever before attained, but after a long succession of painful and comparatively neglected efforts."—*Advertisement to Byron's Life and Works*, vol. viii.

3 "I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Though yet—but ah! that haughty wish is vain!
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be last, the lags of all the race!—
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace."

DAVID

these. I have already hinted that the materials were collected for a poem on the subject of Bruce, and fragments of it had been shown to some of my friends, and received with applause. Notwithstanding, therefore, the eminent success of Byron, and the great chance of his taking the wind out of my sails,¹ there was, I judged, a species of cowardice in desisting from the task which I had undertaken, and it was time

enough to retreat when the battle should be more decidedly lost. The sale of "*Rokeby*," excepting as compared with that of "*The Lady of the Lake*," was in the highest degree respectable; and as it included fifteen hundred quartos,² in those quarto-road-ing days, the trade had no reason to be dissatisfied.

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, April 1830.

¹ "George Ellis and Murray have been talking something about Scott and me, George *pro Scoto*,—and very right too. If they want to depose him, I only wish they would not set me up as a competitor. I like the man—and admire his works to what Mr. Braham calls *Entusiasmus*. All such stuff can only

vex him, and do me no good."—*Byron's Diary*, Nov. 1815—*Works*, vol. II. p. 259.

² The 4to. Edition was published by John Ballantyne and Co. £2, 2s. in January, 1813.

Rokeby:

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

TO
JOHN B. S. MORRITT, Esq.,

THIS POEM,

THE SCENE OF WHICH IS LAID IN HIS BEAUTIFUL DEMESSE OF ROKEBY,

IS INSCRIBED, IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP, BY

WALTER SCOTT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that Vicinity.

The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five Days, Three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and beginning of the Sixth Canto.

The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen, without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the Fictitious Narrative now presented to the Public.¹

Rokeby.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE MOON is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud;
Or Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,²
She changes as a guilty dream,

When conscience, With remorse and fear,
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seems now the blush of shame,
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame,
Shifting that shade, to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow;
Then sorrow's livery dums the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees,
Then from old Balliol's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,

¹ Dec. 31, 1812.

² "Behold another lay from the harp of that indefatigable minstrel, who has so often provoked the censure, and extorted the admiration of his critics, and who, regardless of both, and following every impulse of his own inclination, has yet raised himself at once, and apparently with little effort, to the pinnacle of public favour.

"A poem thus recommended may be presumed to have already reached the whole circle of our readers, and we believe that all those readers will concur with us in considering Rokeby as a composition, which, if it had preceded, instead of following, *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*, would have contributed, as effectually as they have done, to the establishment of Mr. Scott's high reputation. Whether, timed as it

now is, it be likely to satisfy the just expectations which that reputation has excited, is a question which, perhaps, will not be decided with the same unanimity. Our own opinion is in the affirmative, but we confess that this is our revised opinion, and that when we concluded our first perusal of *Rokeby*, our gratification was not quite unmingled with disappointment. The reflections by which this impression has been subsequently modified, arise out of our general view of the poem; of the interest inspired by the fable; of the masterly delineations of the characters by whose agency the plot is unravelled; and of the spirited nervous consciousness of the narrative."—*Quarterly Review*, No. xvi.

³ See Appendix, Note A.

Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall,¹
Liste to the breeze's bodding sound,
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

II.

Those towers, which in the changeful gleam²
Throw murky shadows on the stream,
Those towers of Barnard hold a guest,
The emotions of whose troubled breast,
In wild and strange confusion driven,
Rival the flitting rack of heaven.
Ere sleep stern OSWALD'S senses tied,
Oft had he changed his weary side,
Composed his limbs, and vainly sought
By effort strong to banish thought.
Sleep came at length, but with a train
Of feelings trac³ and fancies vain,
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,
The expected future with the past.
Conscience, anticipating time,
Already rues the enacted crime,
And calls her furies forth, to shake
The sounding scourge and hissing snake;
While her poor victim's outward throes
Beat witness to his mental woes,
And show what lesson may be read
Beside a sinner's restless bed.

III.

Thus Oswald's labouring feelings trace
Strange changes in his sleeping face,
Rapid and ominous as these
With which the moonbeams tinge the Tides.
There might be seen of shame the blush,
There anger's dark and fiercer flush,
While the perturbed sleeper's hand
Seem'd grasping dagger-knife, or brand.

¹ This couplet is not in the Original MS.

² MS. — "shifting pluck."

³ MS. — "Of feelings real, and fancies vain."

⁴ MS. — "Nor longer nature bears the shock,
That pang the slumberer awoke."

⁵ There appears some remembrance betwixt the visions of
Jewald's sleep and the waking-dream of the slumberer. —

"He stood.—Some dread was on his face.
Soon Hatred settled in its place;
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient Anger's hasty blush,
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubting to return or fly;
Impatient of his flight delay'd,
Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade;
That sound had burst his waking-dream,
As slumber starts at owl's screech."

Relax'd that grasp, the heavy sigh,
The tear in the half-opening eye,
The pallid cheek and brow, confess'd
That grief was busy in his breast;
Not paused that mood—a sudden start
Impell'd the life-blood from the heart:
Features convulsed, and mutterings dread,
Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead.
That pang the painful slumber broke,⁴
And Oswald with a start awoke.⁵

IV.

He woke, and fear'd again to close
His eyelids in such dire repose;
He woke,—to watch the lamp, and tell
From hour to hour the castle-bell.
Or listen to the owl's cry,
Or the sad breeze th^t whistles by,
Or catch, by fits, the tuneless rhyme
With which the warder cheats the time,
And envying think, how, when the sun
Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,
Couch'd on his straw, and fancy free,
He sleeps like careless infancy.

V.

Far town-ward sounds a distant tread,
And Oswald, starting from his bed,
Hath caught it, though no human ear,
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,
Could e'er distinguish horse's clank,
Until it reach'd the castle bank.⁶
Now nigh and plain the sound appears,
The warder's challenge now he hears,⁷
Then clanking chains and levers tell,
That o'er the moat the draw-bridge fell,
And, in the castle court below,
Voices are heard, and torches glow,

The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
Away, away, for life he rides.

'Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then sped as if by death pursued,
But in that instant o'er his soul,
Winters of memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time,
A life of pain, an age of crime."

BYRON'S Works, vol. ix. p. 157.

⁶ MS. — "Till underneath the castle bank
Nigh and more nigh the sound appears.
The warder's challenge next he hears."

⁷ See Appendix, Note B.

"The natural superiority of the instrument over the employer, of bold, unhesitating, practised vice, over timid, selfish, crafty iniquity, is very finely painted throughout the whole of this scene, and the dialogue that ensues. That the mind of Wycliffe, wrought to the utmost agony of suspense, has given such acuteness to his bodily organs, as to enable him to distinguish the approach of his hired bravo, while at a distance beyond the reach of common hearing, is grandly misapprehended, and admirably true to nature."—Critical Review

As marshalling the stranger's way,
Straight for the room where Oswald lay;
The cry was,—¹ "Tidings from the host,
'Of weight—a messenger comes post."
Stiffing the tumult of his breast,
His answer Oswald thus express'd—
"Bring food and wine, and trim the fire;
Admit the stranger, and retire."

VI.

The stranger came with heavy stride,²
The morion's plumes his visage hale,
And the buff-coat, an ample fold,
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.³
Full slender answer deigned he
To Oswald's anxious courtesy,
But mark'd, by a disdainful smile,
He saw and scorn'd the petty wile.
When Oswald changed the torch's place,
Anxious that on the soldier's face⁴
Its partial lustre might be thrown,
To show his looks, yet hide his own.
His guest, the while, laid low aside
The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide,
And to the torch glanced broad and clear
The corslet of a cuirassier;
Then from his brows the casque he drew,
And from the dank plume dash'd the dew,
From gloves of mail relieved his hands,⁵
And spread them to the kindling brands,
And, turning to the genial board,⁶
Without a health, or pledge, or word
Of meet and social reverence said,
Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed;⁷
As free from ceremony's sway,
As famish'd wolf that tears his prey.

VII.

With deep impatience, tinged with fear,
His host beheld him gorge his cheer,
And quaff the full carouse, that lent
His brow a fiercer hardiment.
Now Oswald stood a space aside,
Now paced the room with hasty stride
In feverish agony to learn
Tidings of deep and dread concern,

Curving each moment that his guest
Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.⁸
Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,
The end of that uncouth repast,
Almost he seem'd their haste to rue,
As, at his sign, his train withdrew,
And left him with the stranger, free
To question of his mystery.
Then did his silence long proclaim
A struggle between fear and shame.

VIII.

Much in the stranger's mien appears,
To justify suspicious fears.
On his dark face a scorching clime.
And toil, had done the work of time,
Roughen'd the brow, the temples bare,
And sable hairs with silver shared,
Yet left—what age alone could tame—
The lip of pride, the eye of flame;⁹
The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd,
The eye, that seem'd to scorn the world.
That lip had terror never blench'd;
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd
The flash severe of swarthy glow,
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woo.
Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornade and earthquake, flood and storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,¹⁰
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd them all.

IX.

But yet, though BERTRAM's harden'd look,
Unmoved, could blood and danger brook,
Still worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face;
For evil passions, cherish'd long,
Had plough'd them with impressions strong.
All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
Light folly, past with youth away,
But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,
The weeds of vice without their flower.
And yet the soul in which they grew,
Had it been tamed when life was new,

¹ MS.—"The cry was,—Heringham comes post,
With tidings of a battle lost."
As one that roused himself from rest,
His answer," &c.

² MS.—"with heavy pace,
The plumed morion hid his face."

³ See Appendix, Note C.

⁴ MS.—"That fell upon the stranger's face."

⁵ MS.—"he freed his hands."

⁶ MS.—"Then turn'd to the replenish'd board."

⁷ "The description of Bertram which follows, is highly picturesque; and the rude air of conscious superiority with which he treats his employer, prepares the reader to enter into the full spirit of his character. These, and many other little cir-

cumstances, which none but a poetical mind could have conceived, give great relief to the stronger touches with which this excellent sketch is completed."—Critical Review.

⁸ MS.—"Protracted o'er his savage feast.
Yet with alarm he saw at last."

⁹ "As Roderick rises above Marston, so Bertram ascends above Roderick Dhu in awfulness of stature and strength of colouring. We have trembled at Roderick; but we look with doubt and suspicion at the very shadow of Bertram—and, as we approach him, we shrink with terror and antipathy from

"The lip of pride, the eye of flame."

British Critic.

¹⁰ See Appendix, Note D.

Had depth and vigour to bring forth¹
The harder fruits of virtuous worth.
Not that, e'en then, his heart had known
The gentler feelings' kindly tone;
But lavish waste had been refined
To bounty in his chasten'd mind,
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,
Been lost in love of glory's meed,
And, frantic then no more, his pride
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

X.
Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd,
Clogg'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd,
Still knew his daring soul to soar,
And mastery o'er the mind he bore;
For meaner guilt, or heart less hard,
Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard²
And this felt Oswald, while in vain
He strove, by many a winding train,
To lure his sullen guest to show,
Unask'd, the news he long'd to know,
While on far other subject hung
His heart, than falter'd from his tongue.³
Yet nought for that his guest did deign
To note or spare his secret pain,
But still, in stern and stubborn sort,
Return'd him answer dark and short,
Or started from the theme, to range
In loose digression wild and strange,
And forced the embarrass'd host to buy,
By query close, direct reply.

XI.
A while he glozed up'n the cause
Of Commons, Covenant, and Laws,
And Church Reform'd—but felt rebuke
Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look,
Then stammer'd—"Has a field been fought?
Has Bertram news of battle brought?
For sure a soldier, famed so far
In foreign fields for feats of war,

On eve of fight no'er left the host,
Until the field were won and lost.
"Here, in your towers by circling Tees,
You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease;⁴
Why deem it strange that others come
To share such safe and easy home,
From fields where danger, death, and toil,
Are the reward of civil broil?"—⁵
"Nay, mock not, friend! since well we know
The near advances of the foe,
To mar our northern army's work,
Encamp'd before beleagu'r'd York;
Thy horse with valiant Fairfax lay,⁶
And must have fought—how went the day?"—

XII.
"Wouldst hear the tale!—On Marston heath,⁷
Met, front to front, the ranks of death;
Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and now
Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow;
On either side loud clamours ring,
'God and the Cause'—'God and the King!'
Right English all, they rush'd to blows,
With nought to win, and all to lose.
I could have laugh'd—but lack'd the time—
To see, in phrensy sublime,
How the fierce zealots fought and bled,
For king or state, as humour led;
Some for a dream of public good,
Some for church-tippet, gown and hood,
Draining their veins, in death to claim
A patriot's or a martyr's name.—
Led Bertram Risingham the hearts,⁸
That counter'd there on adverse parts,
No superstitious fool had I
Sought El Dorados in the sky!
Chili had heard me through her states,
And China oped her silver gates,
Rich Mexico I had march'd through,
And seek'd the splendours of Peru,
Till sunk Pizarro's daring name,
And, Cortez, thine, in Bertram's fame."—⁹

¹ MS.—"Shew'd depth and vigour to bring forth
The noblest fruits of virtuous worth.
Then had the lust of gold accurst
Been lost in glory's nobler thirst,
And deep revenge for trivial cause,
Been zeal for freedom and for laws,
And, frantic then no more, his pride
Had ta'en fair honour for its guide."

² MS. — "stern regard."

³ "The 'nastery' obtained by such a being as Bertram over the timid wickedness of inferior villains, is well delineated in the conduct of Oswald, who, though he had not hesitated to propose to him the murder of his kinsman, is described as fearing to ask him the direct question, whether the crime has been accomplished. We must confess, for our own parts, that we did not, till we came to the second reading of the canto, perceive the propriety, and even the moral beauty, of this circumstance. We are now quite convinced that, in introducing it, the poet has been guided by an accurate perception of the intricacies of human nature. The scene between King John

and Hubert may probably have been present to his mind when he composed the dialogue between Oswald and his terrible agent, but it will be observed, that the situations of the respective personages are materially different; the mysterious caution in which Shakspeare's usurper is made to involve the proposal of his crime, springs from motives undoubtedly more obvious and immediate, but not more consistent with truth and probability, than that with which Wycliffe conceals the drift of his fearful interrogatories."—*Critical Review*

⁴ MS.—"Safe sit you, Oswald, and at ease."

⁵ MS.—"A ward the meed of civil broil."

⁶ MS.—"Thy horsemen on the outposts lay."

⁷ See Appendix, Note E.

⁸ MS.—"Led I but half of such bold hearts,

And counter'd there," &c.

⁹ The Quarterly Reviewer, (No. xvi.) thus states the cause of the hesitation he had had in arriving at the ultimate opinion, that *Rokeby* was worthy of the "high praise" already quoted, from the commencement of his article:—"We confess, then, that in the language and versification of this poem, we were, in

"Still from the purpose wilt thou stray!
Good gentle friend, how went the day!"—

XIII.

"Good am I deem'd at trumpet-sound,
And good where goblets dance the round,
Though gentle ne'er was join'd, till now,
With rugged Bertram's breast and brow.—
But I resume. The battle's rage
Was like the strife which currents wage,
Where Orinoco, in his pride,
Rolls to the main no tribute tide,
But 'gainst broad ocean urges far
A rival sea of roaring war;
While, in ten thousand eddies driven,
The billows fling their foam to heaven,
And the pale pilot seeks in vain,
Where rolls the river, where the main.
Even thus upon the bloody field,
The eddying tides of conflict wheel'd
Ambiguous, till that heart of flame,
Hot Rupert, on our squadrons came
Hurling against our spears a line
Of gallants, fiery as their wine;
Then ours, though stubborn in their zeal,
In zeal's despite began to reel.
What wouldst thou more?—in tumult tost,
Our leaders fell, our ranks were lost.
A thousand men, who drew the sword
For both the Houses and the Word,
Preach'd forth from hamlet, grange, and down,
To curb the crosier and the crown,
Now, stark and stiff, lie stretch'd in gore,
And ne'er shall rail at mitre more.—
Thus far'd it, when I left the fight,
With the good Cause and Commons' right."

XIV.

"Disastrous news!" dark Wycliffe said;
Assumed despondence bent his head.
While troubled joy was in his eye,
The well-earn'd sorrow to belie.—
"Disastrous news!—when needed most,
Told ye not that your chiefs were lost?"

Complete the woful tale, and say,
Who fell upon that fatal day;
What leaders of repute and name
Bought by their death a deathless fame.
If such my direct foeman's doom,
My tears shall dew his honour'd tomb.—
No answer!—Friend, of all our host,
Thou know'st whom I should hate the most,
Whom thou too, once, wert wont to hate,
Yet leavest me doubtful of his fate."
With look unmoved;—"Of friend or foe,
Aught," answer'd Bertram, "would'st thou know
Demand in simple terms and plain,
A soldier's answer shalt thou gain;—
For question dark, or riddle high,
I have nor judgment nor reply."

XV.

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd,
Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast;
And brave, from man so meanly born,
Roused his hereditary scorn.
"Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt!
Philip of Mortham, lives he yet?
False to thy patron or thine oath,
Trait'rous or perjured, one or both.
Slave! hast thou kept thy promise plight,
To slay thy leader in the fight!"
Then from his seat the soldier sprung,
And Wycliffe's hand he strongly wrung;
His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,
Forced the red blood-drop from the nail—
"A health!" he cried; and, ere he quaff'd,
Flung from him Wycliffe's hand, and laugh'd:
—"Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speaks thy heart!
Now play'st thou well thy genuine part!
Worthy, but for thy craven fear,
Like me to roam a bucanier.
What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,
If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine?
What carest thou for beleaguer'd York,
If this good hand have done its work?
Or what, though Fairfax and his best
Are reddening Marston's swarthy breast."

"And, Cotter, thine, in Bertram's fame."

the first instance, disappointed. We do not mean to say that either is invariably faulty; neither is it within the power of accident that the conceptions of a vigorous and highly cultivated mind, should uniformly invest themselves in trivial expressions, or in dissonant rhymes; but we do think that those golden lines, which spontaneously fasten themselves on the memory of the reader are more rare, and that instances of a culpable and almost slovenly inattention to the usual rules of diction and of metre, are more frequent in this, than in any preceding work of Mr. Scott. In support of this opinion, we adduce the following quotation, which occurs in stanza xii. : and in the course of a description which is, in some parts, unusually splendid—

'Led Bertram Ringham the hearts,'

"The author, surely, cannot require to be told, that the feebleness of these jingling couplets is less offensive than their obacurity. The first line is unintelligible, because the conditional word 'if,' on which the meaning depends, is neither expressed nor implied in it; and the third line is equally faulty, because the sentence, when restored to its natural order, can only express the exact converse of the speaker's intention. We think it necessary to remonstrate against these barbarous inversions, because we consider the rules of grammar as the only shackles by which the Hudibrastic metre, already so licentious, can be confined within tolerable limits."

1 MS.—"The doubtful tides of battle reel'd."

2 MS.—"Chose death in preference to shame"

If Philip Mortham with them lie,
Lending his life-blood to the dye?—¹
Nay, then! and as to comrades free
Carousing after victory,
When tales are told of blood and fear,
That boys and women² shrink to hear,
From point to point I frankly tell³
The deed of death as it befell.

XVI.

"When purposed vengeance I forego,
Term me a wretch, nor deem me too:
And when an insult I forgive,⁴
Then brand me as a slave, and live!—
Philip of Mortham is with those
Whom Bertram Risingham calls foes;
Or whom more sure revenge attends,⁵
If number'd with ungrateful friends.
As was his wont, ere battle glow'd,
Along the marshall'd ranks he rode,
And wore his vizor up the while.
I saw his melancholy smile.
When, full opposed in front, he knew
Where ROKBY's kindred banner flew.
'And thus,' he said, 'will friends divide'—
I heard, and thought how, side by side,
We two had turn'd the battle's tide,
In many a well-debated field,
Where Bertram's breast was Philip's
shield.
I thought on Darien's deserts pale,
Where death bestrides the evening gale,
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,
And fearless faced the deadly dew;
I thought on Quariana's cliff,
Where, rescued from our foundering ship,
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore
Exhausted Mortham to the shore;
And when his side an arrow found,
I suck'd the Indian's venom'd wound.
These thoughts like torrents rush'd along,
To sweep away my purpose strong."

XVII.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.
When Mortham bade me, as of yore,
Be near him in the battle's roar,
I scarcely saw the spears laid low,
I scarcely heard the trumpets blow;

Lost was the war in inward strife,
Debating Mortham's death or life.
'Twas then I thought, how, lured to come,
As partner of his wealth and home,
Years of piratic wandering o'er,
With him I sought our native shore.
But Mortham's lord grew far estranged
From the bold heart with whom he ranged;
Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,
Sadden'd and dimm'd descending years;
The wily priests their victim sought,
And damn'd each free-born⁷ deed and thought
Thou must I seek another home,
My license shook his sober dome;
If gold he gave, in one wild day
I revell'd thrice the sum away.
An idle outcast then I stray'd,
Unfit for tillage or for trade,
Deem'd, like the steel of rusted lance,
Useless and dangerous at once.
The women fear'd my hardy look,
At my approach the peaceful shook;
The merchant saw my glance of flame,
And lock'd his hoards when Bertram came;
Each child of coward peace kept far
From the neglected son of war."

XVIII.

"But civil discord gave the call,
And made my trade the trade of all.
By Mortham urged, I came again
His vassals to the fight to train.
What guerdon waited on my care?
I could not cait of creed or prayer;
Sour fanatics each trust obtain'd,
And I, dishonour'd and disclaim'd,
Gain'd but the lugh and happy lot,
In these poor arms to front the shot!—
All this thou know'st, thy gestures tell;
Yet hear: it o'er, and mark it well.
'Tis honour bids me now relate
Each circumstance of Mortham's fate."

XIX.

"Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part,
Glance quick as lightning through the heart.
As my spur press'd my courser's side,
Philip of Mortham's cause was tried,
And, ere the charging squadrons mix'd,
His plea was cast, his doom was fix'd."

¹ MS.—"And heart's-blood lend to aid the dye?
'It, then' and as to comrades boon
Carousing for achievement won."

² MS.—"That boys and cowards," &c.

³ MS.—"Frank, as from mate to mate, I tell
What way the deed of death befell."

⁴ MS.—"Name when an insult I forgave,
and I, Oswald Wycliffe, call me slave."

⁵ MS.—"Whom surest his revenge attends,
'If number'd once among his friends."

⁶ MS.—"These thoughts rush'd on, like torrent's sweep,
To sweep my steen resolve away."

⁷ MS.—"Each liberal deed."

⁸ MS.—"But of my labour what the meed?
I could not cait of church or creed."

I watch'd him through the doubtful fray,
That changed as March's moody day,¹
Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,²
Fierce Rupert thunder'd on our flank.
'Twas then, midst tumult, smoke, and strife,
Where each man fought for death or life,
'Twas then I fired my petronel,
And Mortham, steed and rider, fell.
One dying look he upward cast,
Of wrath and anguish—'twas his last.
Think not that there I stopp'd, to view
What of the battle should ensue;
But ere I clear'd that bloody press,
Our northern horse ran masterless;
Monckton and Mitton told the news.³
How troops of roundheads choked the Ouse,⁴
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,
Spurring his palfrey northward, past,
Cursing the day when zeal or meed
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.⁵
Yet when I reach'd the banks of Swale,
Had rumour learn'd another tale;
With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day:⁶
But whether false the news, or true,
Oswald, I reck as light as you."

XX.

Not then by Wycliffe might be shown,
How his pride startled at the tone
In which his compeer, fierce and free,
Asserted guilt's equality.
In smoothest terms his speech he wove,
Of endless friendship, faith, and love;
Promised and wov'd in courteous sort,
But Bertram bro' his professions short.
"Wycliffe, be sure not here I stay,
No, scarcely till the rising day;
Warn'd by the legends of my youth,"
I trust not an associate's truth.
Do not my native dales prolong
Of Percy Rede the tragic song.
Train'd forward to his bloody fall,
By Girsoufield, that treacherous Hall?⁷
Oft, by the Pringle's haunted side,
The shepherd sees his spectre glide.
And near the spot that gave me name,
The moated mound of Risingham,⁸
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,

Some ancient sculptors' art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone;⁹
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,
With quiver'd back,¹⁰ and kilted knee.
Ask how he died, that hunter bold,
The tameless monarch of the wild,
And age and infancy can tell,
By brother's treachery he fell.
Thus warn'd by legends of my youth,
I trust to no associate's truth.

XXI.

"When last we reason'd of this deed,
Nought, I bethink me, was agreed,
Or by what rule, or when, or where,
The wealth of Mortham we should share;
Then list, while I the portion name,
Our differing laws give each to claim.
Thou, vassal sworn to England's throne,
Her rules of heritage must own;
They deal thee, as to nearest heir,
Thy kinsman's lands and livings fair,
And these I yield:—do thou revere
The statutes of the Bucanier.¹¹
Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn
To all that on her waves are borne,
When falls a mate in battle broil,
His comrade heirs his portion'd spoil;
When dies in fight a daring foe,
He claims his wealth who struck the blow;
And either rule to me assigns
Those spoils of Indian seas and mines,
Hoarded in Mortham's caverns dark;
Ingot of gold and diamond spark,
Chalice and plate from churches borne,
And gems from shrieking beauty torn,
Each string of pearl, each silver bar,
And all the wealth of western war.
I go to search, where, dark and deep,
Those Trans-atlantic treasures sleep.
Thou must along—for, lacking thee,
The heir will scarce find entrance free;
And then farewell. I haste to try
Each varied pleasure wealth can buy;
When cloyed each wish, these wars afford
Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword."

XXII.

An undecided answer hung
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.

¹ MS.—"That changed as with a whirlwind's sway."

² ——— "dashing
On thy war-horse through the ranks,
Like a stream which burst its banks."
Byron's Works, vol. x. p. 275.

³ MS.—"Hot Rupert on the spur pursues;
Whole troops of fiends choked the Ouse."

⁴ See Appendix, Note F.

⁵ See Appendix, Note G.

⁶ MS.—"Warn'd by the legends of my youth
To trust to no associate's truth."

⁷ See Appendix, Note H.

⁸ MS.—"Still by the spot that gave me name,
The moated camp of Risingham,
A giant form the stranger sees,
Half hid by rifted rocks and trees."

⁹ See Appendix, Note I.

¹⁰ MS.—"With bow in hand," &c.

¹¹ See Appendix, Note K.

Despite his craft, he heard with awe
This ruffian stabber fix the law;
While his own troubled passions veer
Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear:—
Joy'd at the soul that Bertram flies,
He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,
And fear'd to wend with him alone.
At length, that middle course to steer,
To cowardice and craft so dear,
"His charge," he said, "would ill allow
His absence from the fortress now;
WILFRID on Bertram should attend,
His son should journey with his friend."

XXIII.

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,
And wreathed to savage smile his frown.
"Wilfrid, or thou—'tis one to me,
Whichever bears the golden key.
Yet think not but I mark, and smile
To mark, thy poor and selfish wile!
If injury from me you fear,
What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee here!
I've sprung from walls more high than these,
I've swam through deeper streams than Tees.
Might I not stab thee, ere one yell
Could rouse the distant sentinel?
Start not—it is not my design,
But, if it were, weak fence were, thine;
And, trust me, that, in time of need,
This hand hath done more desperate deed.
Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son;
Time calls, and I must needs be gone."

XXIV.

Nought of his sire's ungoverned part
Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart;
A heart too soft from early life
To hold with fortune needful strife.
His sire, while yet a hardier race¹
Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace,
On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand,
For feeble heart and forceless hand;
But a fond mother's care and joy
Were centred in her sickly boy.
No touch of childhood's frolic mood
Show'd the elastic spring of blood;

¹ MS.—"while yet around him stood
A numerous race of hardier mood."

² "And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost,
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast."

BEATTIE'S *Minstrel*.

³ MS.—"Was love, but friendship in his phrase."

⁴ "The prototype of Wilfrid may perhaps be found in Beattie's Edwin; but in some essential respects it is made more true to nature than that which probably served for its original. The possibility may perhaps be questioned, (its great improbability is unquestionable,) of such excessive refinement,

Hour after hour he loved to pore
On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore,
But turn'd from martial scenes and light,
From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight,
To ponder Jaques' moral strain,
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain;
And weep himself to soft repose
O'er gentle Desdemona's wees.

XXV.

In youth he sought not pleasures found
By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound,
But loved the quiet joys that wake
By lonely stream and silent lake;
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
Where all is cliff and copse and sky;
To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.
Such was his wont; and there his dream
Soar'd on some wild fantastic theme,
Of faithful love, or ceaseless spring,
Till Contemplation's wearied wing
The enthusiast could no more sustain,
And sail he sunk to earth again.

XXVI.

He loved—as many a lay can tell,
Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell;
For his was minstrel's skill, he caught
The art unteachable, untaught;
He loved—his soul did nature frame
For love, and fancy nursed the flame;
Vainly he loved—for seldom swam
Of such soft mould is loved again;
Silent he loved—in every gaze
Was passion,³ friendship in his phrase.
So mused his life away—till died
His brethren all, their father's pride.
Wilfrid is now the only heir⁴
Of all his stratagems and care;
And destined, darkling, to pursue
Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.⁵

XXVII.

Wilfrid must love and woo⁶ the bright
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.
To love her was an easy host,
The secret empress of his breast;

such over-strained, and even morbid sensibility, as are portrayed in the character of Edwin, existing in so rude a state of society as that which Beattie has represented,—but these qualities, even when found in the most advanced and polished stages of life, are rarely, very rarely, united with a robust and healthy frame of body. In both these particulars, the character of Wilfrid is exempt from the objections to which we think that of the Minstrel liable. At the period of the Civil Wars, in the higher orders of Society, intellectual refinement had advanced to a degree sufficient to give probability to its existence. The remainder of our argument will be best explained by the beautiful lines of the poet," (stanza xxv. and xxvi.)—*Critical Review*.

⁶ MS.—"And first must Wilfrid woo," &c.

To woo her was a harder task
To one that durst not hope or ask.
Yet all Matilda could, she gave
In pity to her gentle slave;
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,
And praise, the poet's best reward!
She read the tales his taste approved,
And sung the lays he framed or loved;
Yet, loth to nurse the fatal flame
Of hopeless love in friendship's name,
In kind caprice she oft withdrew
The favouring glance to friendship due,¹
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,
And gave the dangerous smiles again.

XXVIII.

So did the suit of Wilfrid stand,
When war's loud summons ~~becked~~ the land.
Three banners, floating o'er the Tees,
The wo-forboding peasant sees;
In concert oft they braved of old
The bordering Scot's incursion bold;²
Frowning defiance in their pride,³
Their vassals now and lords divide.
From his fair hall on Greta banks,
The Knight of Rokeby led his ranks,
To aid the valiant northern Earls,
Who drew the sword for royal Charles.
Mortham, by marriage near allied,—
His sister had been Rokeby's bride,
Though long before the civil fray,
In peaceful grave the lady lay,—
Philip of Mortham raised his band,
And march'd at Fairfax's command;
While Wycliffe, bound by many a train
Of kindred art with wily Vane,⁴
Less prompt to brave the bloody field,
Made Barnard's battlements his shield,
Secured them with his Lunedale powers,
And for the Commons held the towers.

XXIX.

The lovely heir of Rokeby's Knight⁵
Waits in his halls the event of fight;
For England's war revealed the claim
Of every unprotected name,
And spared, amid its fiercest rage,
Childhood and womanhood and age.

But Wilfrid, son to Rokeby's foe,
Must the dear privilege forego,
By Greta's side, in evening grey,
To steal upon Matilda's way,
Striving,⁶ with fond hypocrisy,
For careless step and vacant eye;
Calming each anxious look and glance,
To give the meeting all to chance,
Or framing, as a fair excuse,
The book, the pencil, or the muse:⁷
Something to give, to sing, to say,
Some modern tale, some ancient lay.
Then, while the long'd-for minutes
last,—

Ah! minutes quickly over-past!—⁸
Recording each expression free,
Of kind or careless courtesy,
Each friendly look, each softer tone,⁹
As food for fancy when alone.
All this is o'er—but still, unseen,
Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood green,⁷
To watch Matilda's wonted round,
While springs his heart at every sound.
She comes!—'tis but a passing sight,
Yet serves to cheat his weary night;
She comes not!—He will wait the hour,
When her lamp lightens in the tower;⁸
'Tis something yet, if, as she ¹⁰ast,
Her shade is o'er the lattice cast.
'What is my life, my hope?' he said:
"Alas! a transitory shade."

XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove
For mastery in vain with love,
Forcing upon his thoughts the sum
Of present woe and ills to come,
While still he turn'd impatient ear
From Truth's intrusive voice severe.
Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,
In all but this, unmoved he view'd
Each outward change of ill and good:
But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild,
Was Fancy's spoil'd and wayward child;
In her bright⁹ car she bade him ride,
With one fair form to grace his side,
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,¹⁰
Flung her high spells around his seat,

¹ MS.—"The fuel found her favour threw"

² MS.—"Now frowning dark on different side,
Their vassals and their lords divide."

³ MS.—"Dame Alice and Matilda bright,
Daughter and wife of Rokeby's Knight,
Wait in his halls," &c.

⁴ MS.—"But Wilfrid, when the strife arose,
And Rokeby and his son were foes,
Was doom'd each privilege to lose,
Of kindred friendship and the muse"

⁵ MS.—"Aphig, with fond hypocrisy,
The careless step," &c.

⁶ The MS has not this complet.

⁷ MS.—"May Wilfrid haunt the
Wilfrid haunts Scargill's } thickets green"

⁸ MS.—"watch the hour,
That her lamp kindles in her tower"

⁹ MS.—"wild car."

¹⁰ MS.—"Or in some fair but lone retreat,
Flung her wild spells around his seat.
For him her opiates gave to
opiate } draughts bade } flow,
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,
Taught him to turn impatient ear
From truth's intrusive voice severe"

Bathed in her dews his languid head,
 Her fairy mantle o'er him spread,
 For him her opiates gave to flow,
 Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,
 And placed him in her circle, free
 From every stern reality,
 Till, to the Visionary, seem
 Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

f⁴ XXXI.

Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
 Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
 Pity and woe! for such a mind
 Is soft, contemplative, and kind;
 And woe to those who train such youth,
 And spare to press the rights of truth,
 The mind to strengthen and amaze,
 While on the stithy glows the steel!
 O teach him, while your lessons last,
 To judge the present by the past;
 Remind him of each wish pursued,
 How rich it glow'd with promised good;
 Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,
 How soon his hopes possession cloy'd!
 Tell him, we play unequal game,
 Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim;¹
 And, ere he strip him for her race,
 Show the conditions of the chase.
 Two sisters by the goal are set,
 Cold Disappointment and Regret;
 One disenchant the winner's eyes,
 And strips of all its worth the prize.
 While one augments its gaudy show,
 More to enhance the sleeper's woe.²
 The victor sees his fairy gold,
 Transform'd, when won, to drossy mold,
 But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,
 And rue, as gold, that glittering dross.

¹ In the MS. after this couplet, the following lines conclude the stanza.—

"That all who on her visions press,
 Find disappointment dog success:
 But, miss'd their wish, lamenting hold
 Her gilding false for sterling gold."

² "Soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways,
 And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
 The young adventurer unsafely plays,
 Eyes, dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
 In modest Truth no light nor beauty find;
 And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze
 That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
 More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined?"

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart;
 And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight;
 To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
 But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
 And often, where no real life affright,
 Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
 Assault with equal or superior might,

XXXII.

More wouldst thou know—yon tower survey,
 Yon couch unpress'd since parting day,
 Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam
 Is mingling with the cold moonbeam,
 And yon thin form!—the hectic red
 On his pale cheek unequal spread;³
 The head reclined, the loosen'd hair,
 The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.—
 See, he looks up;—a woful smile
 Lightens his wo-worn cheek a while,—
 'Tis fancy wakes some idle thought,
 To gild the ruin she has wrought;
 For, like the bat of Indian brakes,
 Her pinions fan the wound she makes,
 And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
 She drinks his life-blood from the vein.⁴
 Now to the lattice turn his eyes,
 Vain hope! to see the sun arise.
 The moon with clouds is still o'ercast,
 Still howls by fits the stormy blast:
 Another hour must wear away,
 Ere the East kindle into day,
 And hark! to waste that weary hour,
 He tries the minstrel's magic power.

XXXIII.

Song.

TO THE MOON.⁵

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,
 Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!
 Hail, though the mists that o'er thee stream
 Lend to thy brow their sullen dye!⁶
 How should thy pure and peaceful eye
 Untroubled view our scenes below,
 Or how a tearless beam supply
 To light a world of war and woe!

And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
 And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal
 pain."

SEATTLE.

³ MS.—"On his pale cheek in crimson glow;
 The short and painful sighs that show
 The shrivell'd lip, the teeth's white row.
 The head reclined," &c.

⁴ MS.—"the sleeper's pain,
 Drinks his dear life-blood from the vein."

⁵ "The little poem that follows is, in our judgment, one of the best of Mr. Scott's attempts in this kind. He, certainly, is not in general successful as a song-writer; but, without any extraordinary effort, here are pleasing thoughts, polished expressions, and musical verification."—*Monthly Review*

⁶ MS.—"Are tarnishing thy lovely dye!
 A sad excuse let Fancy try—
 How should so kind a planet show
 Her stainless silver's lustre high,
 To light a world of war and woe!"

Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now,
As once by Greta's fairy side;
Each little cloud that dimm'd thy brow
Did then an angel's beauty hide.
And of the shades I then could chide,
Still are the thoughts to memory dear.
For, while a softer strain I tried,
They hid my blush, and calm'd my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene
Was form'd to light some lonely dell,
By two fond lovers only seen,
Reflected from the crystal well,
Or sleeping on their mossy cell,
Or quivering on the lattice bright,
Or glancing on their couch, to tell
How swiftly wanes the summer night!

XXXIV.

He starts—a step at this lone hour!
A voice!—his father seeks the tower,
With haggard look and troubled sense,
Fresh from his dreadful conference.
“Wilfrid!—what, not to sleep address’d!
Thou hast no cares to chase thy rest.
Mortham has fall’n on Marston-moor;
Bertram brings warrant to secure
His treasures, bought by spoil and blood,
For the State’s use and public good.
The menials will thy voice obey;
Let his commission have its way.
In every point, in every word.”
Then, in a whisper,—“Take thy sword!
Bertram is—what I must not tell.
I hear his hasty step—farewell!”

Book II.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

FAR in the chambers of the west,
The gale had sigh’d itself to rest;

1 MS.—“Here’s Roughton brings tidings sure,
Mortham has fall’n on Marston moor;
And he hath warrant to secure.” &c.

2 MS.—“See that they give his warrant way.”

3 With the MS. of stanzas xxviii. to xxxiv. Scott thus addresses his printer:—“I send you the whole of the canto I wish Keble and you would look it over together, and consider whether, upon the whole matter, it is likely to make an impression. If it does really come to good, I think there are no limits to the interest of that style of composition; for the variety of life and character are boundless.”

“I don’t know whether to give Matilda a mother or not. Decency requires she could have one; but she is as likely to be in my way as the gude man’s mother, according to the proverb, is always in that of the gude wife. Yours truly, W. S.”
Abbotsford, (Nov. 1832.)

The moon was cloudless now and clear,
But pale, and soon to disappear.
The thin grey clouds wax dimly light
On Brusleton and Houghton height;
And the rich dale, that eastward lay,
Waited the wakening touch of day.
To give its woods and cultured plain,
And towers and spires, to light again.
But, westward, Stanmore’s shapeless swell,
And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell,
And rock-begirdled Gilmansear,
And Arkingarth, lay dark as far;
While, as a livelier twilight falls,
Emerge proud Barnard’s banner’d walls.
High crown’d he sits, in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

II.

What prospects, from his watch-tower high,
Gleam gradual on the warder’s eye!—
Far sweeping to the east, he sees
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
And tracks his wanderings by the steam
Of summer vapours from the stream;
And ere he paced his destined hour
By Brackenbury’s dungeon-tower,
These silver mists shall melt away,
And dew the woods with glittering spray.
Then in broad lustre shall be shown
That mighty trench of living stone,
And each huge trunk that, from the side,
Reclines him o’er the darksome tide,
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebbly oakh, nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
Condemn’d to mine a channell’d way,
O’er solid sheets of marble grey.

III.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
Shall rush upon the dawning sight;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam:

“We cannot close the first Canto without bestowing the highest praise on it. The whole design of the picture is excellent; and the contrast presented to the gloomy and fearful opening by the calm and innocent conclusion, is masterly. Never were two characters more clearly and forcibly set in opposition than those of Bertram and Wilfrid. Oswald completes the group; and, for the moral purposes of the painter, is perhaps superior to the others. His is admirably designed

—‘That middle course to steer
To cowardice and craft so dear.’”

Monthly Review

4 See Appendix, Note L.

5 MS.—“Betwixt the gate and Ballo’s tower

6 MS.—“Those deep-hewn banks of living stone”

Staindrop, who, from her silvan bowers,¹
 Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;
 The rural brook of Egliston,
 And Balder, named from Odin's son;
 And Greta, to whose banks ere long
 We lead the lovers of the song;
 And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
 And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
 And last and least, but loveliest still,
 Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.
 Who in that dim-wood glen hath stray'd,
 Yet long'd for Roslin's magic glade?
 Who, wandering there, hath sought to
 change
 Even for that vale so stern and strange,
 Where Cartland's Cragg, fantastic rent,
 Through her green copse like spires are sent?
 Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,
 Thy scenes and story to combine!
 Thou hast him, who by Roslin strays,
 Lest to the deeds of other days;²
 'Mid Cartland's Cragg thou show'st the
 cave,
 The refuge of thy champion brave;³
 Giving each rock its storied tale,
 Pouring a lay for every dale,
 Knitting, as with a moral band,
 Thy native legends with thy land.
 To lend each scene the interest high
 Which genius beams from Beauty's eye.

IV.

Bertram awaited not the sight,
 Which sun-rise shows from Barnard's height,
 But from the towers, preventing day,
 With Wilfrid took his early way.
 While misty dawn, and moonbeam pale,
 Still mingled in the silent dale.
 By Barnard's bridge of stately stone,
 The southern bank of Tees they won:
 Their winding path then eastward cast,
 And Egliston's grey ruins pass'd;⁴
 Each on his own deep visions bent,
 Silent and sad they onward went.
 Well may you think that Bertram's mood,⁵
 To Wilfrid savage seem'd and rude;
 Well may you think bold Risingham
 Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame;
 And small the intercourse, I ween,
 Such uncongenial souls between.

¹ MS.—"Staindrop, who, on her silvan way,
 Salutes proud Raby's turrets grey."

² See Notes to the song of Fair Rosabelle, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

³ Cartland Cragg, near Lanark, celebrated as among the favourite retreats of Sir William Wallace.

⁴ See Appendix, Note M.

⁵ MS.—"For brief the intercourse, I ween,
 Such uncongenial souls between;
 Well may you think stern Risingham
 Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame;

V.

Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer way,
 Through Rokeby's park and chase that
 lay,
 And, skirting high the valley's ridge,
 They cross'd by Greta's ancient bridge
 Descending where her waters wind
 Free for a space and unconfined,
 As, 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood glen,
 She seeks wild Mortham's deeper den.
 There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound,
 Raised by that Legion's long renown'd,
 Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,
 Of pious, faithful, conquering fame,
 "Stern sons of woe!" said Wilfrid sigh'd,
 Behold the boast of Roman pride!
 What now of all your toils are known?
 A grassy trench, "broken stone!"—
 This to himself; for moral strain
 To Bertram were address'd in vain.

VI.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh
 Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high⁷
 Were northward in the dawning seen
 To rear them o'er the thickest green.
 O then, though Spenser's self had stray'd
 Beside him through the lovely glade,
 Lending his rich luxuriant glow
 Of fancy, all its charms to show,
 Pointing the stream rejoicing free,
 As captive set at liberty,
 Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,⁸
 And clamouring joyful on her road;
 Pointing where, up the sunny banks,
 The trees retire in scatter'd ranks,
 Save where, advanced before the rest,
 On knoll or hillock rears his crest,
 Lonely and huge, the giant Oak,
 As champions, when their band is broke,
 Stand forth to guard the rearward post,
 The bulwark of the scatter'd host—
 All this, and more, might Spenser say,
 Yet waste in vain his magic lay,
 While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower,
 Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

VII.

The open vale is soon passed o'er,
 Rokeby, though high, is seen no more;⁹

And nought of mutual interest lay
 To bind the comrades of the way."

⁶ See Appendix, Note N.

⁷ See Appendix, Note O.

⁸ MS.—"Flashing to heaven her sparkling spray
 And clamouring joyful on her way."

⁹ MS.—"And Rokeby's tower is seen no more;
 Sinking 'mid Greta's thickets green,
 The journeyers seek another scene."

Sinking mid Greta's thickets deep,
A wild and darker course they keep,
A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As o'er the foot of Minstral trode !¹
Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,
Deeper and narrower grew the dell ;
It seem'd some mountain, rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of limestone grey
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
Yielding, along their rugged base,²
A flinty footpath's niggard space,
Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
May hear the headlong torrent rave,
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit.³
May view her chase her waves to spray,
O'er every rock that bars her way,
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain !

VIII.

The cliffs that rear their haughty head
High o'er the river's darksome bed,
Were now all naked, wild, and grey,
Now waving all with greenwood spray;
Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splinter'd and uneven,
The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven:
Og, too, the ivy swath'd their breast,⁴
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air.
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold,
When revell'd loud the feudal route,
And the arch'd halts return'd their shout;
Such and more wild is Greta's roar,
And such the echoes from her shore.
And so the ivied banners gleam,⁶
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.

¹ See Appendix, Note P.

* MÆ.—“Yielding their rugged base beside
A { flinty
 niggar } path by Greta's tide.”

MS — "That flings the foam from curb and bit,
Chafing her waves to {tawny
whiten} wrath,
spungy
O'er every rock that bars her path,
Till down her boiling eddies ride," &c.

4 M.S.—"The frequent ivy wreathed their breast,
And wreathed its tendrils round their crest,
Or from their summit bade them fall,
And tremble o'er the Greta's brawl."

MS.—“ And so the ivy's banners { green,
gleam,
{ Waved wildly trembling o'er the scene,
{ Waved wild above the clamorous stream.”

IX

Now from the stream the rocks recede,
But leave between no sunny mead,
No, nor the spot of pebbly sand,
Oft found by such a mountain strand;
Forming such warm and dry retreat,
As fancy deems the lonely seat,
Where hermit, wandering from his cell,
His rosary might love to tell.
But here, 'twixt rock and river, grew
A dismal grove of sable yew,
With whose sad tints were mingled seen
The blighted fir's sepulchral green.
Seem'd that the trees their shadows cast,
The earth that nourish'd them to blast;
For never knew that swarthy grove
The verdant hug that fairies love;
Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower.
Arose within its baleful bower:
The dark and sable earth receives
Its only carpet from the leaves,
That, from the withering branches cast,
Bestrew'd the ground with every blast.
Though now the sun was o'er the hill,
In this dark spot 'twas twilight still,
Save that on Greta's farther side
Some straggling beams through copsewood glide:
And wild and savage contrast made
That dingle's deep, and funeral shade,
With the bright tints of early day,
Which, glimmering through the ivy spray,
On the opposing summit lay.

X₂

The lated peasant shunn'd the dæli ;
For Superstition wont to tell
Of many grisly sound and sight,
Scaring its path at dead of night.
When Christmas logs blaze high and wild,
Such wonders speed the festal tide ;
While Curiosity and Fear,
Pleasure and Pain, sit crouching near,
Till childhood's cheek no longer glows,
And village maidens lose the rose.

6 MS. ———— "a torrent's strand;
Where in the warm and dry retreat,
My fancy form some hermit's seat."

7 MS.—“A darksome grove of funeral yew,
Where trees a baleful shadow cast,
The ground that nourish'd them to blast
Mingled with whoso and tints were seen
The blighted fir's sepulchral green.”

8 MS.—"In this dark grove 'twas twilight still,
 'Save that upon the rocks opposed
 Sore straggling beams of morn reposed,
 And wild and savage contrast made
 That bleak and dark funereal shade
 With the bright tints of early day,
 Which, struggling through the green wood sprav,
 Upon the rock's wild summit lay "

'The thrilling interest rises higher;
The circle closes nigh and nigher,
And shuddering glance is cast behind,
As louder moans the wintry wind.
Believe, that sitting scene was laid
For such wild tales in Northam glade;
For who had seen, on Greta's side,
By that dim light fierce Bertram stride,
In such a spot, at such an hour,—
If touch'd by Superstition's power,
Might well have deem'd that Hell had given
A murderer's ghost to upper Heaven,
While Wilfrid's form had seem'd to glide
Like his pale victim by his side.

XI.

Nor think to village swains alone
Are these unearthly terrors known;
For not to rank nor sex confined
Is this in æge of the mind:
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,
'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'd,
Have quaked, like aspen leaves in May,
Beneath its universal sway.
Bertram had listed many a tale
Of wonder in his native dale,
That in his secret soul retain'd
The credence they in childhood gain'd:
Nor less his wild adventurous youth
Relieved in every legend's truth;
Learn'd when, beneath the tropic gale,
Full swell'd the vessel's steady sail,
And the broad Indian moon her light
Pour'd on the watch of middle night,
When seamen love to hear and tell
Of portent, prodigy, and spell:¹
What gales are told on Lapland's shore,²
How whistle rask-bids tempests roar,³
Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,
Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light;⁴
Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm;
When the dark scud comes driving hard,
And lower'd is every topsail-yard,

And canvass, wove in earthly looms,
No more to brave the storm presumes!
Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,
Top and top-gallant hoisted high,
Full spread and crowded every sail,
The Demon Frigate braves the gale;⁵
And well the doom'd spectators know
The harbinger of wreck and woe.

XII.

Then, too, were told, in stifled tone,
Marvels and omens all their own;
How, by some desert isle or key,⁶
Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty,
Or where the savage pirate's mood
Repaid it home in deeds of blood,
Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear
Appall'd the list'ning Bucavier,
Whose light-arm'd shallop anchor'd lay
In ambush by the lonely bay.
The groan of grief, the shriek of pain,
Ring from the moonlight groves of cane;
The fierce adventurer's heart they scare,
Who wearies memory for a prayer,
Curses the road-stead, and with gale
Of early morning lifts the sail,
To give, in thirst of blood and prey,
A legend for another bay.

XIII.

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child,
Train'd in the mystic and the wild,
With this on Bertram's soul at times
Rush'd a dark feeling of his crimes;
Such to his troubled soul their form,
As the pale Death-ship to the storm,
And such their omen dim and dread,
As shrieks and voices of the dead,—
That pang, whose transitory force⁷
Hover'd 'twixt horror and remorse;
That pang, perchance, his bosom press'd,
As Wilfrid sudden he address'd:—
"Wilfrid, this gien is never trode
Until the sun rides high abroad;

¹ MS.—"The interest rises high and high."

² The MS. has not the two following couplets.

³ "Also I shall shew very briefly what force conjurers and witches have in constraining the elements enchanted by them or others, that they may exceed or fall short of their natural order: premising this, that the extreme land of North Finland and Lapland was so taught withcraft formerly in heathenish times, as if they had learned this cursed art from Zoroastres the Persian; though other inhabitants by the sea-coasts are reported to be bewitched with the same madness; for they exercise this devilish art, of all the arts of the world, to admiration, and in this, or other such like mischief, they commonly agree. The Finlanders were wont formerly, amongst their other errors of gentleness, to sell winds to merchants that were stopt on their coasts by contrary weather; and when they had their price they knit three magical knots, and like to the laws of Cassius, bound up with a fling, and they

gave them unto the merchants: observing that rule, that when they unloosed the first, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second a stronger wind; but when they untied the third, they should have such cruel tempests, that they should not be able to look out of the fore-castle to avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to pull down the sails, nor stand at the helm to govern the ship; and they made an unhappy trial of the truth of it who denied that there was any such power in those knots."—OLAF MAGNUS'S *History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals*. Lond. 1658, fol. p. 47.—[See Note to *The Pirate*, "Sale of Wind," *Waverley Novels*, vol. xxiv. p. 136.]

⁴ See Appendix, Note Q.

⁵ *Ibid*, Note B.

⁶ See Appendix, Note S.

⁷ *Ibid*, Note T.

⁸ MS.—"Its fell, though transitory force,
Hovers, 'twixt pity and remorse."

Yet twice have I beheld to-day
A Form, that seem'd to dog our way;
Twice from my glance it seem'd to flee,
And shroud itself by cliff or tree.
How think'st thou!—Is our path way-laid?
Or hath thy sire my trust betray'd?
If so!—Ere, starting from his dream,
That turn'd upon a gentler theme,
Wilfrid had roused him to reply,
Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,
"Whate'er thou art, thou now shalt stand!"—
And forth he darted, sword in hand.

XIV.

As bursts the levin in its wrath,¹
He shot him down the sounding path;
Rock, wood, and stream, rang wildly out,
To his loud step and savage shout.²
Seems that the object of his race
Hath scaled the cliffs; his frantic chase
Sidelong he turns, and now 'tis bent
Right up the rock's tall battlement;
Straining each sinew to ascend,
Foot, hand, and knee, their aid must lend.
Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay,
Views from beneath, his dreadful way:
Now to the oak's warp'd roots he clings,
Now trusts his weight to ivy strings;
Now, like the wild-goat, must he dare
An unsupported leap in air;³
Hid in the shrubby rain-course now,
You mark him by the crashing bough,
And by his corslet's sullen clank,
And by the stones spurn'd from the bank,
And by the hawk scared from her nest,
And ravens croaking o'er their guest,
Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay
The tribute of his bold essay.

XV.

See, he emerges!—desperate now⁴
All farther course—Yon beetling brow,
In craggy nakedness sublime,
What heart or foot shall dare to climb!
It bears no tendril for his grasp,
Presents no angle to his grasp:

Sole stay his foot may rest upon,
Is yon earth-bedded jetting stone.
Balanced on such precarious prop,⁵
He strains his grasp to reach the top.
Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,
By heaven, his faithless footstool shakes!
Beneath his tottering bulk it bends,
It sways, . . . it loosens, . . . it descends!
And downward holds its headlong way,
Crashing o'er rock and copsewood spray.
Loud thunders shake the echoing dell!—
Fell it alone!—alone it fell.
Just on the very verge of fate,
The hardy Bertram's falling weight
He trusted to his sinewy hands,
And on the top unharm'd he stands!—⁶

XVI.

Wilfrid a safer path pursued;
At intervals where, roughly flew'd,
Rude steps ascending from the dell
Render'd the cliffs accessible.
By circuit slow he thus attain'd
The height that Rasingham had gain'd,
And when he issued from the wood,
Before the gate of Mortham stood.⁷
'Twas a fair scene! the sunbeam lay
On battled tower and portal gay:
And from the grassy slope he sees
The Greta flow to meet the Teos;
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,
She caught the morning's eastern red,
And through the softening vale below
Roll'd her bright waves, in easy glow,
All blushing to her bridal bed,⁸
Like some shy maid in convent bred;
While linnets, lark, and blackbird gay,
Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.

XVII.

'Twas sweetly sung that roundelay;
That summer morn shone blithe and gay;
But morning beam, and wild-bird's call,
Awaked not Mortham's silent hall.⁹
No porter, by the low-brow'd gate,
Took in the wonted niche his seat;

¹ MS.—"As bursts the levin-bolt {in its} wrath."

² MS.—"To his fierce step and savage shout,
Seems that the object of his {race} chase
Had scaled the cliffs; his desperate chase."

³ MS.—"A desperate leap through empty air;
Hid in the copse-clad rain-course now."

⁴ MS.—"See, he emerges!—desperate now
Toward the naked beetling brow,
His progress—heart and foot must fail
Yon upmost crag's bare peak to scale."

⁵ MS.—"Perch'd like an eagle on its top,
Balanced on its uncertain prop."

Just as the perilous stretch he makes,
By heaven, his tottering footstool shakes."

⁶ Opposite to this line, the MS. has this note, meant to amuse Mr. Ballantyne:—"If my readers will not allow that I have climbed Parnassus, they must grant that I have turned the *Little Nine Steps*."—[See note to Redgauntlet.—*Waverley Novels*, vol. xxiv. p. 6.]

⁷ See Appendix, Note U.

⁸ MS.—"As some fair maid in cloister bred,
Is blushing to her bridal bed."

⁹ "The beautiful prospect commanded by that eminence seen under the cheerful light of a summer's morning, is finely contrasted with the silence and solitude of the place."—*Critical Review*.

So the paved court no peasant drew;
Waked to their toil no menial crew;
The maiden's carol was not heard,
As to her morning task she fared:
In the void offices around,
Hung not a hoof, nor bay'd a hound;
Nor eager steed, with shrilling neigh,
Accused the lagging groom's delay;
Untrimm'd, undress'd, neglected now,
Was alley'd walk and orchard bough;
All spoke the master's absent care,¹
All spoke neglect and disrepair.
South of the gate, an arrow flight,
Two mighty elms their limbs unite,
As if a canopy to spread
O'er the lone dwelling of the dead;
For their huge boughs in arches bent
Above a massive monument,
Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise,
With many a scutcheon and device:
There, spent with toil and sunk in gloom,
Bertram stood pondering by the tomb.

XVIII.

"It vanish'd, like a fitting ghost!
Behind this tomb," he said, "'twas lost—
This tomb, where oft I deem'd lies stored
Of Mortham's Indian wealth the hoard.
'Tis true, the aged servants said
Here his lamented wife is laid;²
But weightier reasons may be guess'd
For their lord's strict and stern behest,
That none should on his steps intrude,
Whene'er he sought this solitude.—
An ancient mariner I knew,
What time I sail'd with Morgan's crew,
Who oft, 'mid our carousals, spake
Of Raleigh, Forkisher, and Drake;
Adventurous hearts! who barter'd, bold,
Their English steel for Spanish gold.
Trust not, would his experience say,
Captain or comrade with your prey;
But seek some charnel, when, at full,
The moon gilds skeleton and skull:
There dig, and tomb your precious heap;
And bid the dead your treasure keep;³
Sure stewards they, if fitting spell
Their service to the task compel.
Lacks there such charnel?—kill a slave,⁴
Or prisoner, on the treasure-grave;
And bid his discontented ghost
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.—

¹ MS.—"All spoke the master absent far,
All spoke {neglect and } civil war.
Close by the gate, an arch combined,
Two haughty elms their branches twined"

² MS.—"Here lies the partner of his bed;
But weightier reasons should appear
For all his moonlight wanderings here.

Such was his tale. Its truth, I ween,
Is in my morning vision seen."

XIX.

Wilfrid, who scorn'd the legend wild,
In mingled mirth and pity smiled,
Much marvelling that a breast so bold
In such fond tale belief should hold;⁵
But yet of Bertram sought to know
The apparition's form and show.—
The power within the guilty breast,
Oft vanquish'd, never quite suppress'd,
That unsubdu'd and lurking lies
To take the felon by surprise,
And force him, as by magic spell,
In his despite his guilt to tell,—⁶
That power in Bertram's breast awoke;
Scarce conscious he was heard, he spoke;
"'Twas Mortham's form, from foot to head!
His morion, with the plume of red,
His shape, his mien—'twas Mortham, right
As when I slew him in the fight."
"Thou slay him!—thou!"—With conscious start
He heard, then mann'd his haughty heart—
"I slew him!—I!—I had forgot
Thou, stripling, knew'st not of the plot.
But it is spoken—nor will I
Deed done, or spoken word, deny.
I slew him; I! for thankless pride;
'Twas by this hand that Mortham died!"

XX.

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,
Averse to every active part,
But most averse to martial breil,
From danger shrunk, and turn'd from toil;
Yet the meek lover of the lyre
Nursed one brave spark of noble fire,
Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,
His blood beat high, his hand wax'd strong.
Not his the nerves that could sustain,
Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain;
But, when that spark blazed forth to flame,⁷
He rose superior to his frame.
And now it came, that generous mood:
And, in full current of his blood,
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.
"Should every fiend, to whom thou'rt sold,
Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.—
Arouse there, ho! take spear and sword!
Attack the murderer of your Lord!"

"And for the sharp rebuke they got,
That pried around his favourite spot."

³ See Appendix, Note V.

⁴ MS.—"Lacks there such charnel-vault?—a slave,
Or prisoner, slaughter on the grave."

⁵ MS.—"Should faith in such a fable hold."

⁶ See Appendix, Note W.

⁷ MS.—"But, when blazed forth that noble flame."

XXI.

A moment, fix'd as by a spell,
Stood Bertram—It seem'd miracle,
That one so feeble, soft, and tame
Set grasp on warlike Risingham.¹
But when he felt a feeble stroke,²
The fiend within the ruffian woke:
To wrench the sword from Wilfrid's hand,
'To dash him headlong on the sand,
Was but one moment's work,—one more
Had drench'd the blade in Wilfrid's gore;
But, in the instant it arose,
To end his life, his love, his woes,
A warlike form, that mark'd the scene,
Presents his rapier sheathed between,
Parries the fast-descending blow,
And steps 'twixt Wilfrid and his foe;
Nor then unscabbarded his brand,
But, sternly pointing with his hand,
With monarch's voice forbade the fight,
And motion'd Bertram from his sight.
“Go, and repent,”—he said, “while time
Is given thee; add not crime to crime.”

XXII.

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,
As on a vision Bertram gazed!
'Twas Mortham's bearing, bold and high,³
His snowy frame, his falcon eye,
His look and accent of command,
The martial gesture of his hand,
His stately form, spare-built and tall,
His war-bleach'd locks—'twas Mortham
all.
Through Bertram's dizzy brain career'd
A thousand thoughts, and all of fear;
His wavering faith received not quite
The form he saw as Mortham's sprite,
But more he fear'd it, if it stood
His lord, in living flesh and blood.—
What spectre can the charnel send,
So dreadful as an injured friar!
Then, too, the habit of command,
Used by the leader of the band,
When Risingham, for many a day,
Had march'd and fought beneath his sway,
Tamed him—and, with reverted face,
Backwards he bore his sullen pace;⁴

Of stopp'd, and oft on Mortham stared,
And dark as rated mastiff glared;
But when the tramp of steeds was heard,
Plunged in the glen, and disappear'd;—
Nor longer there the Warrior stood,
Retiring eastward through the wood;⁵
But first to Wilfrid warning gives,
“Tell thou to none that Mortham lives.”

XXIII.

Still rung these words in Wilfrid's ear,
Hinting he knew not what of fear;
When nearer came the coursers' tread,
And, with his father at their head,
Of horsemen arm'd a gallant power—
Rein'd up their steeds before the tower.
“Whence these pale looks, my son?” he said:
“Where's Bertram?—Why that raked blade!”
Wilfrid ambiguously replied,
(For Mortham's charge his honour tied.)
“Bertram is gone—the villain's word
Avouch'd him murderer of his lord!
Even now we fought—but, when your tread
Announced you nigh, the felon fled.”
In Wycliffe's conscious eye appear
A guilty hope, a guilty fear;
On his pale brow the dowdrop broke,
And his lip quiver'd as he spake:—

XXIV.

“A murderer!—Philip Mortham died
Amid the battle's wildest tide.
Wilfrid, or Bertram rave, or you!
Yet, grant such strange confession true,
Pursuit were vain—let him fly far—
Justice must sleep in civil war.”
A gallant Youth rode near his side,
Brave Rokeby's page, in battle-tried;
That morn, an embassy of weight
He brought to Barnard's castle gate,
And follow'd now in Wycliffe's train,
An answer for his lord to gain.
His steed, whose arch'd and sable neck
An hundred wreaths of foam bedeck,
Chafed not against the curb more high
Than he at Oswald's cold reply;
He bit his lip, implored his saint,
(His the old faith!)—then burst restraint.

¹ “The sudden impression made on the mind of Wilfrid by this avowal, is one of the happiest touches of moral poetry. The effect which the unexpected burst of indignation and valour produces on Bertram, is as finely imagined.”—*Critical Review*.—“This most animating scene is a worthy companion to the encounter of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, in the *Lady of the Lake*.”—*Monthly Review*.

² MS.—“At length, at slight and feeble stroke,
That rased the skin, his {fiend} {rage} awake.”

³ MS.—“'Twas Mortham's spare and snowy frame,
His falcon eye, his glance of flame.”

⁴ MS.—“A thousand thoughts, and all of fear,
Dizzied his brain in wild career;
Doubting, and not receiving quite,
'The form he saw as Mortham's sprite,
How more he fear'd it, if it stood
His living lord, in flesh and blood.”

⁵ MS.—“Slow he retreats with sullen pace.”

⁶ MS.—“Retiring through the thickest wood.”

⁷ MS.—“Rein'd up their steeds by Mortham tower.”

XXV.

"Yes! I beheld his bloody fall,
By that base traitor's dastard ball,
Just when I thought to measure sword,
Presumptuous hope! with Mortham's lord
And shall the murderer 'scape, who slew
His leader, generous, brave, and true!¹
Escape, while on the dew you trace
The marks of his gigantic pace!
No! ere the *dew* that dew shall dry,²
False Risingham shall yield or die.—
Ring out the castle *larum* bell!
Arouse the peasants with the knell!
Meantime disperse—ride, gallants, ride!
Beset the wood on every side.
But if among you one there be,
That honours Mortham's memory,
Let him dismount and follow me!
Else on your crests sit fear and shame,
And *fox*, suspicion dog your name!"

XXVI.

Instant to earth young REDMOND sprung;
Instant on earth the harness rung
Of twenty men of Wycliffe's band,
Who waited not their lord's command.
Redmond his spurs from buskins drew,
His mantle from his shoulders threw.
His pistols in his belt he placed,
The green-wood gain'd, the footsteps traced,
Shouted like huntsman to his hounds,
"To cover, hark!"—and in he bounds.
Scarcely heard was Oswald's anxious cry,
"Suspicion! yes—puffage him—fly—
But venture not, in useless strife,
On ruffian desperate of his life,
Whoever finds him, shoot him dead!³
Five hundred nobles for his head!"

XXVII.

The horsemen gall'd, to make good
Each path that issued from the wood.
Loud from the thickets rung the shout
Of Redmond and his eager route;

¹ MS.—"Yes! I beheld him *foully slain*,
By that base traitor *of his train*"

² MS.—"A knight, so generous, brave and true"

³ MS.—"that dew shall drain,
False Risingham shall be kill'd or ta'en"

⁴ MS.—To the Printer—"On the disputed line, it may stand thus,—

"Whoever finds him, strike him dead;"
Or, —

"Who first shall find him, strike him dead."

But I think the addition of *flow*, or any such word, will impair the strength of the passage. Oswald is too anxious to use epithets, and is hallooing after the men, by this time entering the wood. The simpler the line the better. In my humble opinion, shoot him dead, was much better than any other. It implies. Do not even approach him: kill him at a distance.

With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire,
And envying Redmond's martial fire,⁴
And emulous of fame.—But where
Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir!
He, bound by honour, law, and faith,
Avenger of his kinsman's death!—
Leaning against the elmin tree,
With drooping head and slacken'd knee,
And clenched teeth, and close-clasp'd hands,
In agony of soul he stands!
His downcast eye on earth is bent,
His soul to every sound is lent;
For in each shout that cleaves the air,
May ring discovery and despair."

XXVIII.

What 'vail'd it him, that brightly play'd
The morning sun on Mortham's glade!
All seems in giddy round to ride,
Like objects on a stormy tide,
Seen eddying by the moonlight dim,
Imperfectly to sink and swim.
What 'vail'd it, that the far domain,
Its battled mansion, hill, and plain,
On which the sun so brightly shone,
Envied so long, was now his own!⁵
The lowest dungeon, in that hour,
Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,⁶
Had been his choice, could such a doom
Have open'd Mortham's bloody tomb!
Forced, too, to turn unwilling ear
To each surmise of hope or fear,
Murmur'd among the rustics round,
Who gather'd at the *larum* sound,
He dared not turn his head away,
E'en to look up to heaven to pray,
Or call on help, in bitter mood,
For one sharp death-shot from the wood!

XXIX.

At length, o'erpast that dreadful space,
Backstraggling came the scatter'd chase;
Jaded and weary, horse and man,
Return'd the troopers, one by one.

leave it, however, to you, only saying, that I never shun common words when they are to the purpose. As to your criticisms, I cannot but attend to them, because they touch passages with which I am myself discontented.—W. S."

⁵ MS.—"Jealous of Redmond's noble fire."

⁶ "Opposed to this animated picture of ardent courage and ingenious youth, that of a guilty conscience, which immediately follows, is indescribably terrible, and calculated to achieve the highest and noblest purposes of dramatic fiction."
—Critical Review.

⁷ "The contrast of the beautiful morning and the prospect of the rich domain of Mortham, which Oswald was come to seize, with the dark remorse and misery of his mind, is powerfully represented: (*Non domus est fundus!*" &c. &c.)—Monthly Review.

⁸ See Appendix Note K.

Wilfrid, the last, arrived to say,
All trace was lost of Bertram's way,
Though Redmond still, up Brignal wood,¹
The hopeless quest in vain pursued.—
O, fatal doom of human race!
What tyrant passions passions chase!
Remorse from Oswald's brow is gone,
Avarice and pride resume their throne;²
The pang of instant terror by,
They dictate us their slave's reply:—

XXX.

"Ay—let him range like hasty hound!
And if the grim wolf's lair be found,
Small is my care how goes the game
With Redmond, or with Risingham.—
Nay, answer not, thou simple boy!
Thy fair Matilda, all so coy
To thee, is of another mood
To that bold youth of Erin's blood.
Thy ditties will she freely praise,
And pay thy pains with courtly phrase.
In a rough path will oft command—
Accept at least—thy friendly hand;
His she avoids, or, urged and pray'd,
Unwilling takes his proffer'd aid,
While conscious passion plainly speaks
In downcast look and blushing cheeks.
Whene'er he sings, will she glide nigh,
And all her soul is in her eye;
Yet doubts she still to tender free
The wonted words of courtesy.
There are strong signs!—yet wherefore
sigh,
And wipe, effeminate, thine eye?
Thine shall she be, if thou attend
The counsels of thy sire and friend.

XXXI.

"Scarce wert thou gone, when peep of light³
Brought genuine news of Marston's fight.
Brave Cromwell turn'd the doubtful tide,
And conquest bless'd the rightful side;
Three thousand cavaliers he dead,
Rupert and that bold Marquis fled;
Nobles and knights, so proud of late,
Must fine for freedom and estate.
Of these, committed to my charge,
Is Rokeby, prisoner at large;
Redmond, his page, arrived to say
He reaches Barnard's towers to-day.

Right heavy shall his ransom be,
Unless that maid compound with thee!⁴
Go to her now—he bold of cheer,
While her soul floats 'twixt hope and fear;
It is the very change of tide,
When best the female heart is tried—
Pride, prejudice, and modesty,
Are in the current swept to sea;⁵
And the bold swain, who plies his oar,
May lightly row his bark to shore."⁶

Rokeby.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

THE hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;⁷
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assign'd.
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam:
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likeness and their lineage spare.
Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,⁸
Since Numrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

II.

The Indian, prowling for his prey,
Who hears the settlers track his way,
And knows in distant forest far
Camp his red brethren of the war;
He, when each double and disguise
To baffle the pursuit he tries,
Low crouching now his head to hide,
Where swampy streams through rushes glide,⁹
Now hovering with the wither'd leaves
The foot prints that the dew receives:¹⁰

¹ MS.—"Though Redmond still, as unsubdued."

² The MS. adds:—

"Of Mortham's treasure now he dreams,
Now nurses more ambitious schemes."

³ MS.—"This Redmond brought, at peep of light,
The news of Marston's happy fight."

⁴ See Appendix, Note Y.

⁵ MS.—"In the warm ebb are swept to sea."

⁶ MS.—"The {lower
meaner} tribes of earth and air,
In the wild chase their kindred spare."

The second couplet interpolated.

⁷ MS.—"Invasion, flight, and ambuscade."

⁸ MS.—"Where the slow waves through rushes glide."

⁹ See Appendix, Note Z.

He, skill'd in every silvan guile,
Knows not, nor tries, such various wile,
As Risingham, when on the wind
Arose the loud pursuit behind.
In Redesdale his youth had heard
Each art her wily dalesmen dared,
When Rookens-edge, and Redswair high,
To bugle rung and blood-hound's cry,
Announcing Jfidwood-axe and spear,
And Lid'sdale riders in the rear;
And well his venturous life had proved
The lessons that his childhood loved.

III.

Oft had he shown, in climes afar,
Each attribute of roving war;
The sharpen'd ear, the piercing eye,
The quick resolve in danger nigh;
The speed, that in the flight or chase,
Outstripp'd the Charib's rapid race;
The steady brain, the sinewy limb,
To leap, to climb, to dive, to swim;
The iron frame, inured to bear
Each dire inclemency of air.
Nor less confirm'd to undergo
Fatigue's faint chill, and famine's throes.
These arts he proved, his life to save,
In peril oft by land and wave,
On Arawaca's desert shore,
Or where La Plata's billows roar.
When oft the sons of forgetful Spain
Track'd the marauder's steps in vain.
These arts, in Indian warfare tried,
Must save him now by Creta's side.

IV.

'Twas then, in hour of utmost need,
He proved his courage, art, and speed.
Now slow he stalk'd with stealthy pace,
Now started forth in rapid race,
Oft doubling back in maze of train,
To blind the trace the dews retain;
Now clomb the rocks projecting high,
To laffle the pursuer's eye;
Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound
The echo of his footsteps drown'd.
But if the forest verge he nears,
There trample steeds, and glimmer spears,
If deeper down the copse he drew,
He heard the rangers' loud halloo,
Beating each cover while they came,
As if to start the silvan game.

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 A.

² MS.—"Where traces in the dew remain."

³ MS.—"And oft his soul within him rose,
Prompting to rush upon his foes,
And oft, like tiger toil-beset,
That in each pause finds foe and net," &c.

⁴ In the MS. the stanza concludes thus:—

'Twas then—like tiger close beset.
At every pass with toil and net,
'Counter'd, where'er he turns his glare,
By flashing arms and torches' flare,
Who meditates, with furious bound,
To burst on hunter, horse, and hound,—
'Twas then that Bertram's soul arose,
Prompting to rush upon his foes:
But as that crouching tiger, cow'd
By brandish'd steel and shouting crowd,
Retreats beneath the jungle's shroud,
Bertram suspends his purpose stern,
As if couches in the brake and fern,
Hiding his face, lest foemen spy
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.⁵

V.

Then Bertram might the bearing trace
Of the bold youth who led the chase;
Who paused to list for every sound,
Clumb every height to look around,
Then rushing on with flaked sword,
Each dingle's bosky depths explored.
'Twas Redmond—by the azure eye:
Twas Redmond—by the locks that fly
Disorder'd from his glowing cheek;
Mien, face, and form, young Redmond
A form more active, light, and strong,
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along;
The modest, yet the manly mien,
Might grace the court of maiden queen
A face more fair you well might find,⁶
For Redmond's knew the sun and wind
Nor boasted, from their tinge when free
The charm of regularity;
But every feature bore the power
To aid the expression of the hour:
Whether gay wit, and humour sly,
Danced laughing in his light-blue eye;
Or bended brow, and glance of fire,
And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's ire;
Or soft and sadden'd glances show
Her ready sympathy with woe;
Or in that wayward mood of mind,
When various feelings are combined,
When joy and sorrow mingle near,
And hope's bright wings are check'd by
fear,
And rising doubts keep transport down,
And anger lends a short-lived frown;
In that strange mood which maids approve
Even when they dare not call it love;

⁵ "Suspending yet his purpose stern,
He couch'd him in the brake and fern;
Hiding his face, lest foemen spy
The sparkle of his swarthy eye."

⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 B.

⁷ These six couplets were often quoted by the late Lord Kinnecker as giving, in his opinion an excellent portrait of the author himself.—*ib.*

With every change his features play'd,
As aspens show the light and shade.¹

VI.

Well Risingham young Redmond knew :
And much he marvel'd that the crew,
Roused to revenge bold Mortham dead,
Were by that Mortham's foeman led ;
For never felt his soul the woe,
That wails a generous foeman low,
Far less that sense of justice strong,
That wrecks a generous foeman's wrong.
But small his leisure now to pause ;
Redmond is first, whatever the cause :²
And twice that Redmond came so near
Where Bertram couch'd like hunted deer.
The very boughs his steps displace,
Rustled against the ruffian's face,
Who, desperate, twice prepared to start.
And plunge his dagger in his heart !
But Redmond turn'd a different way,
And the bent boughs resumed their sway.
And Bertram held it wise, unseen,
Deeper to plunge in coppice green.
Thus, circled in his coil, the snake,
When roving hunters beat the brake,
Watches with red and glistering eye,
Prepared, if heedless step draw nigh,
With forked tongue and venom'd fang
Instant to dart the deadly pang ;
But if the intruders turn aside,
Away his coils unfolded glide,
And through the deep savannah wind,
Some undisturb'd retreat to find.

VII.

But Bertram, as he backward drew,
And heard the loud pursuit renew,
And Redmond's hoarse on the wind,
Oft mutter'd in his savage mind—
" Redmond O'Neale ! were thou and I
Alone this day's event to try,
With not a second here to see,
But the grey cliff and oaken tree,—
That voice of thine, that shouts so loud,
Should ne'er repeat its summons proud !
No ! nor e'er try its melting power
Again in maiden's summer bow." ³
Eluded, now behind him die,
Faint and more faint, each hostile cry :

He stands in Scargill wood alone,
Nor hears he now a harsher tone
Than the hoarse cushat's plaintive cry,
Or Greta's sound that murmurs by ;
And on the dale, so lone and wild,
The summer sun in quiet smiled.

VIII.

He listen'd long with anxious heart,
Ear bent to hear, and foot to start,⁴
And, while his stretch'd attention glows,
Refused his weary frame repose.
'Twas silence all—he laid him down,
Where purple heath profusely strown,
And throatwort, with its azure bell,⁵
And moss and thyme his cushion swell.
There, spent with toil, he listless eyed
The course of Greta's playful tide ;
Beneath, her banks now eddying dun,
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,
As, dancing over rock and stone,
In yellow light her currents shone,
Matching in hue the favourite gem
Of Albin's mountain-diadem.
Then, tired to watch the current's play,
He turn'd his weary eyes away,
To where the bank opposing show'd
Its huge, square cliffs through shaggy wood.⁶
One, prominent above the rest,
Rear'd to the sun its pale grey breast ;
Around its broken summit grew
The hazel rude, and sable yew ;
A thousand varied lichens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten side,
And round its rugged basis lay,
By time or thunder rent away,
Fragments, that, from its frontlet torn,
Were mantled now by verdant thorn.
Such was the scene's wild majesty,
That fill'd stern Bertram's gazing eye.⁶

IX.

In sullen mood he lay reclined,
Revolving, in his stormy mind,
The felon deed, the fruitless guilt,
His patron's blood by treason spilt ;
A crime, it seem'd, so dire and dread,
That it had power to wake the dead.
Then, pondering on his life betray'd⁷
By Oswald's art to Redmond's blade,

¹ In the MS. this image comes after the line "to aid the expression of the hour," and the couplet stands :

" And like a flexile aspen play'd
Alternately in light and shade "

² MS.—" The chase he head'd whatever the cause "

³ MS ————" and limbs to start,
And, while his stretch'd attention glows,
Scarce felt his weary frame repose "

⁴ The *Campanula latifolia*, grand throatwort, or Canterbury

bury bells, grows in profusion upon the beautiful banks of the river Greta, where it divides the manors of Brignall and Scargill, about three miles above Greta Bridge.

⁵ MS. ————" show'd,

With many a rocky fragment rude,
Its old grey cliffs and shaggy wood."

⁶ The MS. adds :

" Yet as he gazed, he fell'd to find
According image touch his mind."

⁷ MS ——" Then thought he on his life betray'd "

In treacherous purpose to withhold,
 So seem'd it, Mortham's promised gold,
 A deep and full revenge he vow'd
 On Redmond, forward, fierce, and proud;
 Revenge on Wilfrid—on his sire
 Redoubled vengeance, swift and dire!—
 If, in such mood, (as legends say,
 And well believed that simple day,
 The Enemy of Man has power
 To profit by the evil hour,
 Here stood a wretch, prepared to change
 His soul's redemption for revenge!¹
 But though his vows, with such a fire
 Of earnest and intense desire
 For vengeance dark and fell, were made,²
 As well might reach hell's lowest shade,
 No deeper clouds the grove embrown'd,
 No nether thunders shook the ground;—
 The demon knew his vassal's heart,
 And spared temptation's needless art.³

X.

Of, mingled with the dreful theme,
 (Same Mortham's form—Was it a dream?
 Or had he seen, in vision true,
 That very Mortham whom he slew?
 Or had in living flesh appear'd
 The only man on earth he fear'd?—
 To try the mystic cause intent,
 His eyes, that on the cliff were bent,
 'Counter'd at once a dazzling glance,
 Like sunbeam flash'd from sword or lance.
 At once he started as for fight,
 But not a foeman was in sight;⁴
 He heard the cushat's murmur hoarse,
 He heard the river's sounding course;
 The solitary woodlands lay,
 As slumbering in the summer ray.
 He gazed, like lion roused, around,
 Then sunk again upon the ground.
 'Twas but, he thought, with fitful gleams,
 Glanced sudden from the sparkling streams;
 Then plunged him from his gloomy train
 Of ill-connected thoughts again,
 Until a voice behind him cried,
 "Bertram! well met on Greta side."

XI.

Instant his sword was in his hand,
 As instant sunk the ready brand;

Yet, dubious still, opposed he stood
 To him that issued from the wood:
 "Guy Denzil—is it thou?" he said;
 "Do we two meet in Scargill shade!—
 Stand back a space—thy purpose show,
 Whether thou comest as friend or foe.
 Report hath said, that Denzil's name
 From Rokeby's band was razed with shame."⁵
 "A shame I owe that hot O'Neale,
 Who told his knight, in peevish zeal,
 Of my marauding on the clowns
 Of Calverley and Bradford downs.⁶
 I reck not. In a war to strive,
 Where, save the leaders, none can thrive,
 Suits ill my mood; and better game
 Awaits us both, if thou'rt the same
 Unscrupulous, bold Risingham,⁷
 Who watched with me in midnight dark,
 To snatch a deer from Rokeby-park.
 How think'st thou?"—"Speak thy purpose
 out;

I love not mystery or doubt."

XII.

"Then, list.—Not far there lurk a crew
 Of trusty comrades, stanch and true,
 Glean'd from both factions—Roundheads, freed
 From cant of sermon and of creed;
 And Cavaliers, whose souls, like mine,
 Spurn at the bonds of discipline.
 Wiser, we judge, by dale and dale,
 A warfare of our own to hold,
 Than breathe our last on battle-down,
 For cloak or surplice, mace or crown.
 Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,
 A chief and leader we yet.—
 Thou'rt a wanderer, it is said;
 For Mortham's death, thy steps way-laid,⁸
 Thy head at price—so say our spies,
 Who range the valley in disguise.
 Join then with us—though wild debate
 And wrangling rend our infant state,
 Each to an equal lot to bow,
 Will yield to chief renown'd as thou."

XIII.

"Even now," thought Bertram, passion-stirr'd,
 "I call'd on hell, and hell has heard!⁹
 What lack I, vengeance to command,
 But of stanch comrades such a band!"¹⁰

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 C.

² MS.—"For deep and dark revenge were made

As well might wake hell's lowest shade."

³ "Bertram is now alone: the landscape around is truly grand, partially illuminated by the sun, and we are reminded of the scene in the Hobbers, in which something of a similar contrast is exhibited between the beauties of external nature and the agitations of human passion. It is in such pictures that Mr. Scott delights and excels."—*Monthly Review*. One is surprised that the reviewer did not quote Milton rather than Schiller;

"The fiend . . .

Saw undelighted all delight."—*Ed.*

⁴ MS.—"Look'd round—no foe was in sight."

⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 D.

⁶ MS.—"Unscrupulous, gallant Risingham."

⁷ MS.—"Thy head at price, thy steps way-laid."

⁸ "I but half wish'd
 To see the devil, and he's here already."—*Orway*.

⁹ MS.—"What lack I, my revenge to quench,
 But such a band of comrades stanch?"

Thus Denzil, vow'd to every evil,
Might read a lesson to the devil.
Well, be it so! each knave and fool
Shall serve as my revenge's tool."—
Aloud, "I take thy proffer, Guy,
But tell me where thy comrades lie?"—
"Not far from hence," Guy Denzil said;
"Descend, and cross the river's bed,
Where rises yonder cliff so grey."—
"Do thou," said Bertram, "lead the way."
Then mutter'd, "It is best make sure;
Guy Denzil's faith was never pure."
He follow'd down the steep descent,
Then through the Greta's streams they went.
And, when they reach'd the farther shore,
They stood the lonely cliff before.

XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within
The flinty rock a murmur'd din;
But when Guy pull'd the wilding spray,
And brambles, from its base away,¹
He saw, appearing to the air,
A little entrance, low and square,
Like opening cell of hermit lone,
Dark, winding through the living stone.
Here enter'd Denzil, Bertram here;
And loud and louder on their ear,
As from the bowels of the earth,
Resounded shouts of boisterous mirth.
Of old, the cavern strait and rude,
In slaty rock the peasant hew'd;
And Brignall's woods, and Scargill's vale,
E'en now, o'er many a sister cave,²
Where, far within the darksome rift,
The wedge and lever pry'd their flint.
But war had silenced rural trade,
And the deserted mine was rude
The banquet-hall and fortress too,
Of Denzil and his desperate crew.—
There Guilt his anxious revel kept;
There, on his sordid pallet, slept
Guilt-born Excess, the goblet drain'd
Still in his slumbering grasp retain'd;
Regret was there, his eye still cast
With vain repining on the past;
Among the feasters waited near
Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear,

And Blasphemy, to frenzy driven,
With his own crimes reproaching heaven;
While Bertram show'd, amid the crew,
The Master-Fiend that Milton drew.

XV.

Hark! the loud revel wakes again,
To greet the leader of the train.
Behold the group by the pale lamp,
That struggles with the earthy damp.
By what strange features Vice hath known,
To single out and mark her own!
Yet some there are, whose brows retain
Less deeply stamp'd her brand and stain.
See yon pale stripling!³ when a boy,
A mother's pride, a father's joy!
Now, 'gainst the vault's rude walls reclined,
An early image fills his mind:
The cottage, once his sire's, he sees,
Embower'd upon the banks of Tees;
He views sweet Winston's woodland scene,
And shares the dances on Gainford-green.
A tear is springing—but the zest
Of some wild tale, or brutal jest,
Hath to loud laughter stirr'd the rest.
On him they call, the aptest mate
For jovial song and merry feat:
Fast flies his dream—with dauntless air,
As one victorious o'er Despair,
He hurls the rudely cup go round,
Till sense and sorrow both are drown'd;
And soon, in merry wassail, he,⁴
The life of all their revelry,
Peals his loud song!—The muse has found
Her blossoms on the wildest ground,
'Mid noxious weeds at random strow'd,
Themselves all profitless and rude.—
With desperate merriment he sung,
The cavern to the chorus rung;
Yet mingled with his reckless glee
Remorse's bitter agony.

XVI.

Song.

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.

¹ MS.—"But when Guy Denzil pull'd the spray,
And brambles, from its roots away,
He saw, forth issuing to the air."

² See Appendix, Note 2 E.

³ "We should here have concluded our remarks on the characters of the drama, had not one of its subordinate personages been touched with a force of imagination, which renders it worthy even of prominent regard and attention. The poet has just presented us with the picture of a gang of banditti, on which he has bestowed some of the most gloomy coloring of his powerful pencil. In the midst of this horri-

ble group, is distinguished the exquisitely natural and interesting portrait which follows:—

"See yon pale stripling!" &c."

Critical Review

⁴ MS.—"And soon the loudest wassailer he,
And life of all their revelry."

⁵ Scott revisited Rokeby in 1812, for the purpose of refreshing his memory; and Mr. Morritt says,—"I had, of course, had many previous opportunities of testing the almost conscientious fidelity of his local descriptions; but I could not help being singularly struck with the lights which this visit threw on that characteristic of his compositions. The mem-

And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—

CHORUS.

"O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down?
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May."

CHORUS.

Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."

XVII.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear,

CHORUS.

"And, O! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

XVIII.

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,¹
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,²
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

CHORUS.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen."

When Edmund ceased his simple song,
Was silence on the sullen throng,
Till waked some ruder mate their gloe
With note of coarser minstrelsy.
But, far apart, in dark divan,
Denzil and Bertram many a plan,
Of import foul and fierce, design'd,
While still on Bertram's grasping mind
The wealth of murder'd Mortham hung;
Though hail be fear'd his daring tongue,
When it should give his wishes birth,³
Might raise a spectre from the earth!

XIX.

At length his prodigious tale he told:
When scornful, smiled his comrade bold;
For, train'd in license of a court,
Religion's self was Denzil's sport;
Then judg'd in what contempt he held
The visionary tales of old!
His awe for Bertram scarce repress'd:
The unbeliever's sneering jest.
"Twere hard," he said, "for sage or seer,⁴
To spell the subject of your fear;
Nor do I boast the art renown'd,
Vision and omen to expound.

ing after he arrived he said, 'You have often given me materials for romance—now I want a good robber's cave as I can old church of the right sort' We rode out, and he found what he wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignall and the ruined Abbey of Eghston. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil; and could not help saying, that as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but I understood him when he replied, 'that in nature herself no two scenes were exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination

as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas—whoever trusted to imagination, would soon find his own mind circumscribed, and contracted to a few favourite images.'—*Life of Scott*, vol. iv. p. 19.

¹ MS.—"The goblin-light on fen or mead."

² MS.—"And were I with my true love set
Under the greenwood bough.

What once I was she must forget,
Nor think what I am now."

³ MS.—"give the project birth."

⁴ MS.—"Twere hard, my friend," he said, 'to spell
The morning vision that you tell;
Nor am I seer, for art renown'd,
Dark dreams and omens to expound.
Yet if my faith I must afford,'" &c.

Yet, faith if I must needs afford
To spectre watching treasured board,
As bandog keeps his master's roof,
Bidding the plunderer stand aloof,
This doubt remains—thy goblin gaunt
Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt;
For why his guard on Mortham hold,
When Rokeby castle hath the gold
Thy patron won on Indian soil,¹
By stealth, by piracy, and spoil?"—

XX.

At this he paused—for angry shame
Lower'd on the brow of Rivingham.
He blush'd to think, that he should seem
Assertor of an airy dream,
And gave his wrath another theme.
"Denzil," he says, "though lowly laid,
Wrong not the memory of the dead;
For, while he lived, at Mortham's look
Thy very soul, Guy Denzil, shook!
And when he tax'd thy breach of word
To yon fair Rose of Allenford,
I saw thee crouch like chasten'd hound,²
Whose back the huntsman's lash hath found.
Nor dare to call his foreign wealth
The spoil of piracy or stealth;
He won it bravely with his brand,
When Spain waged warfare with our land.³
Mark, too—I brook no idle jeer,
Nor couple Bertram's name with fear;
Mine is but half the demon's lot,
Ere I believe, but tremble not.—
Enough of this.—Say, why this hoard
Thou deem'st at Rokeby castle stored;
Or think'st that Mortham would bestow
His treasure with his faction's foe?"

XXI.

Soon quench'd was Denzil's ill-timed mirth;⁴
Rather he would have seen the earth
Give to ten thousand spectres birth,
Than venture to awake to flame
The deadly wrath of Rivingham.
Submit he answer'd,—“Mortham's mind,
Thou know'st, to joy was ill inclined.
In youth, 'tis said, a gallant free,
A lusty reveller was he;
But since return'd from over sea,
A sullen and a silent mood
Hath numb'd the current of his blood.
Hence he refused each kindly call
To Rokeby's hospitable hall,

And our stout knight, at dawn of morn
Who loved to hear the bugle-horn,
Nor less, when eve his oaks embrown'd,
To see the ruddy cup go round,
Took umbrage that a friend so near
Refused to share his chase and cheer;
Thus did the kindred barons jar,
Ere they divided in the war.
Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair
Of Mortham's wealth is destined heir.”—

XXII.

“Destined to her! to yon slight maid!
The prize my life had wellnigh paid,
When 'gainst Laroche, by Cayo's wave,
I fought my patron's wealth to save!—⁵
Denzil, I knew him long, yet ne'er
Knew him that joyous cavalier,
Whom youthful friends and early fame
Call'd soul of gallantry and game.
A moody man, he sought our crew,
Desperate and dark, whom no one knew;
And rose, as men with us must rise,
By scorning life and all its ties.
On each adventure rash he roved,
As danger for itself he loved;
On his sad brow nor mirth nor wine
Could e'er one wrinkled knit untwine;
Ill was the omen if he smiled,
For 'twas in peril stern and wild;
But when he laugh'd, each luckless mate
Might hold our fortune desperate.⁶
Foremost he fought in every broil,
Then scornful turned him from the spoil;
Nay, often strove to bar the way
Between his comrades and their prey;
Preaching, even then, to such as we,
Hot with our dear-bought victory,
Of mercy and humanity.

XXIII.

“I loved him well—his fearless part,
His gallant leading, won my heart.
And after each victorious fight,
'Twas I that wrangled for his right,⁷
Redeem'd his portion of the prey
That greedier mates had torn away:
In field and storm thrice saved his life,
And once amid our comrades' strife.—⁸
Yes, I have loved thee! Well hath proved
My toil, my danger, how I loved!
Yet will I mourn no more thy fate,
Ingrate in life, in death ingrate.

¹ MS. ———— “hath his gold,

The gold he won on Indian soil.”

² MS. ———— “like rented hound.” ³ See App. Note 2 F.

⁴ MS. ———— “Denzil's mood of mirth;

He would have rather seen the earth,” &c.

⁵ The MS. has not this couplet.

“There was a laughing devil in his sneer,

That raised emotions both of rage and fear;

And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,

Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd farewell.”

BYRON'S Works, vol. ix. p. 272.

⁷ MS. ———— “And when {the} bloody fight was done,

I wrangled for the share he won.

⁸ See Appendix, Note 2 G.

Rise if thou canst!" he look'd around,
And sternly stamp'd upon the ground—
"Rise, with thy bearing proud and high,
Even as this morn it met mine eye,
And give me, if thou darest, the lie!"
He paused—then, calm and passion-freed,
Bade Denzil with his tale proceed.

XXIV.

"Bertram, to thee I need not tell,
What thou hast cause to wot so well,¹
How Superstition's nets were twined
Around the Lord of Mortham's mind!²
But since he drove thee from his tower,
A maid he found in Greta's bower,
Whose speech, like David's harp, had sway,
To charm his evil fiend away.
I know not if her features moved
Remembrance of the wife he loved;
But he would gaze upon her eye,
Till his mood soften'd to a sigh.
He, whom no living mortal sought
To question of his secret thought,
Now every thought and care confus'd
To his fair niece's faithful breast;
Nor was there aught of rich and rare,
In earth, in ocean, or in air,
But it must deck Matilda's hair.
Her love still bound him unto life;³
But then awoke the civil strife,
And menials bore, by his commands,
Three coffers, with their iron bands,
From Mortham's vault, at midnight deep,
To her lone bower in Rokeby-Keep,
Ponderous with gold and plate of pride.⁴
His gift, if he in battle died."

XXV.

"Then Denzil, as I guess, lavs train,
These iron-banded chests to gain;
Else, wherefore should he hover here,⁵
Where many a peril waits him near,
For all his feats of war and peace,
For plunder'd boors, and harts of grease?⁶
Since through the hamlets as he fared,
What hearth has Guy's marauding spared,
Or where the chase that hath not rung?⁷
With Denzil's bow, at midnight strung!"
"I hold my wont—my rangers go,
Even now to track a milk-white doe."⁸

¹ MS.—"To thee, my friend, I need not tell,
What thou hast cause to know so well."

² MS.—"Around thy captain's moody mind."

³ MS.—"But it must be Matilda's share
This, too, still bound him unto life."

⁴ MS.—"From a strong vault in Mortham tower,
In secret to Matilda's bower,
Ponderous with ore and gems of pride."

⁵ MS.—"Then may I guess thou hast some train,
These iron-banded chests to gain:
Else, why should Denzil hover here?"

By Rokeby-hall she takes her lan,
In Greta wood she harbours fair,
And when my huntsman marks her way,
What think'st thou, Bertram, of the prey?
Wore Rokeby's daughter in our power,
We rate her ransom at her dower."

XXVI.

"Tis well!—there's vengeance in the thought
Matilda is by Wiltrid sought;
And hot-brain'd Redmond, too, 'tis said,
Pays lover's homage to the maid.
Bertram she scorn'd—If met by chance,
"She turn'd from me her shuddering glance,
Like a nice dame, that will not brook
On what she hates and loathes to look;
She told to Mortham she could ne'er
Behold me without secret fear,
Foreboding evil;—She may rue
To find her prophecy fall true!—
The war has weeded Rokeby's train,
Few followers in his halls remain;
If thy scheme miss, then, brief and bold,
We are enow to storm the hold;
Bear off the plunder, and the dame,
And leave the castle all in flame."

XXVII.

"Still art thou Valour's venturesome son!
Yet ponder first the risk to run:
The menials of the castle, true,
And stubborn to their charge, though few;⁹
The wall to scale—the moat to cross—
The wicket-gate—the inner tower!"
—"Fool! if we blench for toys like these,
On what fair guerlon ~~we~~ ^{we} seize!"¹⁰
Our hardest venture, to explore
Some wretched peasant's fenceless door,
And the best prize we bear away,
The earnings of his sordid day."
"A while thy haste taunt forbear:
In sight of road more sure and fair,
Thou wouldst not choose, in blindfold wrath,
Or wantonness, a desperate path!
List, then;—for vantage or assault,
From gilded vane to dungeon-vault,
Each pass of Rokeby-house I know:
There is one postern, dark and low,
That issues at a secret spot,¹¹
By most neglected or forgot.

⁶ Deer in season.

⁷ MS.—"that doth not know
The midnight clank of Denzil's bow.
—I hold my sport," &c.

⁸ See Appendix, Note 2 H.

⁹ MS.—"The menials of the castle few,
But stubborn to their charge, and true."

¹⁰ MS.—"What prize of vantage shall we seize?"

¹¹ MS.—"That issues level with the moat."

And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

XXXI.

"Thou see'st that, whether sad or gay,
Love mingles ever in his lay.
But when his boyish wayward fit
Is o'er, he hath address and wit;
O! 'tis a brain of fire, can ape
Each dialect, each various shape."—
"Nay, then, to aid thy project, Guy—
Soft! who comes here?"—"My trusty spy.
Speak, Hamlin! hast thou lodged our deer?"—
"I have—but two fair stags are near.
I watch'd her, as she slowly stray'd
From Egliston up Thorsgull glade;
But Wilfrid Wycliffe sought her side,
And then young Redmond, in his pride,
Shot down to meet them on their way.
Much, as it seem'd, was theirs to say:
There's time to pitch both toil and net,
Before their path be homeward set."
A hurried and a whisper'd speech,
Did Bertram's will to Denzil teach;
Who, turning to the robber band,
Bade four, the bravest, take the brand.

Blackby.

CANY FOURTH.

I.

WHEN Denmark's raven soar'd on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak
Bade Reged's Britons dread tillo yoke,²
And the broad shadow of her wing,
Blacken'd each cataract and spring,
Where Tees in tuneful leaves his source,
Thundering o'er Caldron and High-force,³
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fix'd on each vale a Runic name,⁴
Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone,
And gave their Gods the land they won.
Then, Baldor, one bleak garth was thine,
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,
And Woden's Croft did title gain
From the stern Father of the Slain;
But to the Monarch of the Maes,
That old in fight the foremost place,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 L.

² See Appendix, Note 2 M.

³ The Tees rises about the skirts of Crossfell, and falls over the cataracts named in the text before it leaves the monu-

To Odin's son, and Siffa's spouse,
Near Stratforth high they paid their vows,
Remember'd Thor's victorious fame,
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

II.

Yet Scald or Kemper err'd, I ween,
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,
With all its varied light and shade,
And every little sunny glade,
And the blithe brook that strolls along
Its pebbled bed with summer song,
To the grim God of blood and scar,
The grisly King of Northern War.
O, better were its banks assign'd
To spirits of a gentler kind!
For where the thicket-groups recede,
And the rath primrose decks the mead,⁵
The velvet grass seems carpet meet
For the light fairies' lively feet.
Yon tufted knoll, with daisies strown,
Might make proud Oberon a throne,
While, hidden in the thicket nigh,
Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly;
And where profuse the wood-vetch clings,
Round ash and elm, in verdant rings,
Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower
Should canopy Titania's bower.

III.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade;
But, skirting every sunny glade,
In fair variety of green
The woodland lends its silvan screen.
Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak,
Its boughs by weight of aves broke;
And towers erect, in sable spire,
The pine-tree scathed by lightning-fire;
The drooping ash and birch, between,
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green,
And all beneath, at random grow
Eachtoppie dwarf of varied show,
Or, round the stems profusely twined,
Bring summer odours on the wind.
Such varied group Urbino's hand
Round him of Tarsus nobly plann'd,
What time he bade proud Athens own
On Mars's Mount the God Unknown!
Then grey Xanthosphy stood nigh,
Though bent by age, in spirit high:
There rose the scar-seam'd veteran's spear,
There Grecian Beauty bent to hear,
While Childhood at her foot was placed,
Or clung delighted to her waist.

tains which divide the North Riding from Cumberland. II. 15. Force is seventy-five feet in height.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 N.

⁵ MS—"The early primrose decks the mead.
And the short velvet grass seems meet
For the light fairies' frolic feet."

IV.

"And rest we here," Maudlin said,
And sat her in the varying shade.
"Chance-met, we well may steal an hour,
To friendship due, from fortune's power.
Thou, Wilfrid, ever kind, must lend
Thy counsel to thy sister friend;
And, Redmond, thou, as my behest,
No farther urge thy desperate quest.
For to my care a charge is left,
Dangerous to one of aid bereft;
Wellnigh an orphan, and alone,
Captive her sire, her house o'erthrown."
Wilfrid, with wonted kindness graced,
Beside her on the turf she placed;
Then paused, with downcast look and eye,
Nor bade young Redmond seat him nigh.
Her conscious diffidence he saw,
Drew backward, as in modest awe,
And sat a little space removed,
Cummark'd to gaze on her he loved.

V.

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair
Half hid Maudlin's forehead fair,
Half hid and half reveal'd to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale;¹
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was express'd²
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.
There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resign'd;
³Tis that which Roman art has given,
To mark their maiden Queen of Heaven.
In hours of sport, that mood gave way⁴
To Fancy's light and frolic play;

¹ MS.—"That you had said her cheek was pale,
But if she faced the morning gale,
Or loquacious spoke, or quicker moved."

² MS.—"Or aught of interest was express'd
That waked a feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood, like morning beam,
In ready play."

³ MS.—"In fitting hours the mood gave way
To Fancy's light and frolic play,
When the blithe dance, or tale, or song,
In harmless mirth sped time along,
When oft her doting sire would call
His Maudlin merriest of them all."

And when the dance, or tale, or song,
In harmless mirth sped time along,
Full oft her doting sire would call
His Maud the merriest of them all.
But days of war and civil crime,
Allow'd but ill such festal time,
And her soft pensiveness of brow
Had deepen'd into sadness now.
In Marston field her father ta'en,
Her friends dispersed, brave Mortham
slain,
While every ill her soul foretold,
From Oswald's thirst of power and gold,
And boding thoughts that she must part
With a soft vision of her heart,⁴
All lower'd around the lovely maid,
To darken her dejection's shade.

VI.

Who has not heard—while Erin yet
Strove 'gainst the Saxon's iron bit—
Who has not heard how brave O'Neale
In English blood imbued his steel,⁵
Against St. George's cross blazed high
The banners of his Tanistry,
To fiery Essex gave the foil,
And reign'd a prince on Ulster's soil?
But chief arose his victor pride,
When that brave Marshal fought and died,
And Avon-Duff to ocean bore
His billows red with Saxon gore.
⁶'Twas first in that disastrous fight,
Rokeby and Mortham proved their might.
There had they fallen 'mongst the rest,
But pity touch'd a chieftain's breast;
The Tanist he to great O'Neale;⁷
He cheer'd his followers' bloody zeal,
To quarter took the kinsmen bold,
And bore them to his mountain-hold,
Gave them each Sulvan joy to know,
Shrove-Donard's cliffs and woods could show,⁸
Shared with them Erin's festal cheer,
Show'd them the chase of self and deer,
And, when a fitting time was come,
Safe and unransom'd sent them home,
Loaded with many a gift, to prove
A generous foe's respect and love.

⁴ MS.—"With a soft vision of her heart,
That stole its seat, ere yet she knew
The guard to early passion due."

⁵ See Appendix, Note 20. ⁶ Ibid, Note 2 P

⁷ MS.—"And, by the deep resounding More,
The English veterans heap'd the shore:
It was in that disastrous fight
That Rokeby proved his youthful
Rokeby and Mortham proved their } might.

⁸ MS.—"A kinsman near to great O'Neale."
See Appendix, Note 2 Q.

⁹ MS.—"Gave them each varied joy to know,
The woods of Ophallie could show."

VII.

Years speed away. On Rokeby's head
Some touch of early snow was shed;
Calm he enjoy'd, by Greta's wave,
The peace which James the Peaceful gave,
While Mortham, far beyond the main,
Waged his fierce wars on Indian Spain.—
It chanced upon a wintry night,¹
That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy height,
The chase was o'er, the stag was kill'd,
In Rokeby-hall the cups were fill'd,
And by the huge stone chimney sat
The Knight in hospitable state.
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,
When a loud summons shook the gate,
And sore for entrance and for aid
A voice of foreign accent pray'd.
The porter answer'd to the call,
And instant rush'd into the hall
A Man, whose aspect and attire²
Startled the circle by the fire.

VIII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread
Around his bare and matted head;
On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim,
His vesture show'd the snowy limb;
In saffron dyed, a linen vest
Was frequent folded round his breast;
A mantle long and loose he wore,
Shaggy with ice, and stain'd with gore.
He clasp'd a burden to his heart,
And, resting on a knotted dart,
The snow from hair and beard he shook,
And round him gaz'd with wilder'd look.
Then up the hall, with staggering pace,
He hasten'd by the blaze to place,
Half lifeless from the bitter air,
His load, a Boy of beauty rare.
To Rokeby, next, he lout'd low,
Then stood erect his tale to show,³
With wild majestic port and tone,⁴
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.⁵
"Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear!
Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear;
He graces thee, and to thy care
Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair.
He bids thee breed him as thy son,
For Turlough's days of joy are done;

And other lords have seized his land,
And faint and feeble is his hand;
And all the glory of Tyrone
Is like a morning vapour flown.
To bind the duty on thy soul,
He bids thee think on Erin's bow!⁷
If any wrong the young O'Neale,
He bids thee think of Eginwateel.
To Mortham first this charge was due,
But, in his absence, honours you.—
Now is my master's message by,
And Ferraught, will contented die."

IX.

His look grew fix'd, his cheek grew
pale,
He sunk when he had told his tale;
For, hid beneath his mantle wide,
A mortal wound was in his side.
Vain was all aid—in terror wild,
And sorrow, scream'd the orphan Child.
Poor Ferraught rais'd his wistful eyes,
And faintly strove to soothe his cries;
All reckless of his dying pain,
He blest and blest him o'er again!
And kiss'd the little hands outspread.
And kiss'd and cross'd the infant head,
And, in his native tongue and phrase,
Pray'd to each saint to watch his days;
Then all his strength together drew,
The charge to Rokeby to renew.
When half was falter'd from his breast,
And half by dying signs express'd,
"Bless the O'Neale!" he faintly said,
And thus the faithful spirit fled.

X.

'Twas long ere soothing night prevail
Upon the Child to end the tale;
And then he said, that from his home
His grandsire had been forced to roam,
Which had not been if Redmond's hand
Had but had strength to draw the brand,
The brand of Lough More the Red,
That hung beside the grey wolf's head.—
'Twas from his broken phrase descried,
His foster-father was his guide,⁸
Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore
Letters and gifts a goodly store;

¹ MS. ——— "stormy night,
When early snow clad Stanmore's height"

² MS — "And instant into Rokeby-hall
A stranger rush'd, whose wild attire
Startled," &c.

³ See Appendix, Note 2 R.

⁴ MS — "Shaggy with snow, and stain'd with gore.
His features as his dress were wild,
And in his arms he bore a child
With staggering and unequal pace,
He hasten'd by the blaze to place,

Half lifeless from the bitter air,
His load, a Boy of beauty rare.
To Rokeby then, with solemn air,
He turn'd his errand to declare"

⁵ This couplet is not in the MS.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 S.

⁷ MS. — "To bind the charge upon thy soul,
Remember Erin's social bow!"

⁸ See Appendix, Note 2 T.

But ruffians met them in the wood,
Ferraught in battle boldly stood,
Till wounded and o'erpower'd at length,
And stripp'd of all, his failing strength
Just bore him here—and then the child
Renew'd again his moaning wild.¹

XI.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows.
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
Won by their care, the orphan Child
Soon on his new protector smiled,
With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,
Through his thick curls of flaxen hair,
But blithest laugh'd that cheek and eye,
When Rokely's little Maid was nigh;
'Twas his, with elder brother's pride,
Matilda's tottering steps to guide;²
His native lays in Irish tongue,
To soothe her infant carle sung,
And primrose twined with daisy fair,
To form a chaplet for her hair.
By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,
The children still were hand in hand,
And good Sir Richard smiling eyed
The early knot so kindly tied.

XII.

But summer months bring wilding shoot
From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit;
And years draw on our human span,
From child to boy, from boy to man;
And soon in Rokely's woods is seen
A gallant boy in hunter's green.
He loves to wake the felon boar,
In his dark haunt on Greta's shore,
And loves, against the deer so dun,
To draw the shaft, or lift the gun:
Yet more he loves, in autumn prime,
The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,
And down its cluster'd stores to hail,
Where young Matilda holds her veil.
And she, whose veil receives the shower,³
Is alter'd too, and knows her power;
Assumes a matron's pride,
Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide;
Yet listens still to hear him tell
How the grim wild-boar⁴ fought and fell,
How at his fall the bugle rung,
Till rock and greenwood answer flung;

Then blesses her, that man can find
A pastime of such savage kind!⁵

XIII.

But Redmond knew to weave his tale
So well with praise of wood and dale,
And knew so well each point to trace,
Gives living interest to the chase,
And knew so well o'er all to throw
His spirit's wild romantic glow,
That, while she blamed, and while she fear'd,
She loved each venturous tale she heard.
Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain
To bower and hall their steps restrain,
Together they explored the page
Of glowing bard or gifted sage;
Oft, placed the evening fire beside,
The minstrel art alternate tried,
While gladome harp and lively lay
Bade winter-night flit fast away:
Thus, from their childhood, blending still
Their sport, their study, and their skill,
An union of the soul they prove,
But must not think that it was love.
But though they dared not, envious Fate
Soon dar'd to give that union name:
And when so often, side by side,
From year to year the pair she eyed,
She sometimes blamed the good old Knight
As dull of war and dim of sight,
Sometimes his purpose would declare,
That young O'Neale should wed his heir

XIV.

The suit of Wilfrid rent disguise
And bandage from the lovers' eyes;⁶
'Twas plain that Oswald, for his son,
Had Rokely's favour wellnigh won.
Now must they meet with change of cheer,
With mutual looks of shame and fear;
Now must Matilda stray apart,
To school her disobedient heart:
And Redmond now alone must rue
The love he never can subdue.
But factions rose, and Rokely aware,⁷
No rebel's son should wed his heir;
And Redmond, nurtured while a child
In many a bard's traditions wild,
Now sought the lonely wood or stream,
To cherish there a happier dream,
Of maiden won by sword or lance,
As in the regions of romance;

¹ Here follows in the MS. a stanza of sixteen lines, which the author subsequently dispersed through stanzas xv. and xvi., *post.*

² MS.—"Three years more old, 'twas Redmond's pride,
Matilda's tottering steps to guide."

³ MS.—"And she on whom these treasures shower."

⁴ MS.—"Grim sangler"

⁵ MS.—"Then bless'd himself that man can find
A pastime of such cruel kind."

⁶ MS.—"From their hearts and eyes."

⁷ MS.—"And Redmond, too, apart must rue,
The love he never can subdue;
Then came the war, and Rokely said,
No rebel's son should wed his maid."

On my poor self whate'er could prove
A kinsman's confidence and love.
My feeble aid could sometimes chase
The clouds of sorrow for a space:
But oftener, fix'd beyond my power,¹
I mark'd his deep despondence lower.
One dismal cause, by all unguess'd,
His fearful confidence confess'd;
And twice it was my hap to see
Examples of that agony,
Which for a season can o'erstrain
And wreck the structure of the brain.
He had the awful power to know
The approaching mental overthrow,
And while his mind had courage yet
To struggle with the dreadful fit,
The victim writhed against its throes,²
Like wretch beneath a murderer's blows.
This malady, I well could mark,
Sprung from some direful cause and dark;
But still he kept its source conceal'd,
Till arming for the civil field;
Then in my charge he bade me hold.³
A treasure huge of gems and gold,
With this disjointed dismal scroll,
That tells the secret of his soul,
In such wild words as oft betray
A mind by anguish forced astray."—

XIX.

MORTHAM'S HISTORY.

"Matilda! thou hast seen me start,
As if a dagger thrill'd my heart,
When it has hap'd some casual phrase
Waked memory of my former days.
Believe, that few can backward cast
Their thoughts with pleasure on the past;
But I—my youth was rash and vain,⁴
And blood and rage my manhood stain,
And my grey hairs must now descend
To my cold grave without a friend!
Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown
Thy kinsman, when his guilt is known.
And must I lift the bloody veil,
That hides my dark and fatal tale!
I must—I will—Pale phantom, cease!
Leave me one little hour in peace!
Thus haunted, think'st thou I have skill
Thine own commission to fulfil?
Or, while thou point'st at with gesture fierce,
Thy blighted cheek, thy bloody hoarse,
How can I paint thee as thou wert,
So fair in face, so warm in heart!"

¹ MS.—"But oftener 'twas my hap to see
Such tokens of bitter agony,
As for the moment would o'erstrain
And wreck the balance of the brain."

² MS.—"beneath his throes."

³ MS.—"My youth was folly's reign."

⁴ MS.—"Until thy father, then afar."

XX.

"Yes, she was fair!—Matilda, thou
Hast a soft sadness on thy brow;
But here was like the sunny glow,
That laughs on earth and all below!
We wedded secret—there was need—
Differing in country and in creed;
And, when to Mortham's tower she came,
We mentioned not her race and name,
Until thy sire, who fought afar,
Should turn him home from foreign war,
On whose kind influence we relied
To soothe her father's ire and pride.
Few months we lived retired, unknown,
To all but one dear friend alone,
One darling friend—I spare his shame,
I will not write the villain's name!
My trespasses I might forget,⁵
And sue in vengeance for the debt
Due by a brother worm to me,
Ungrateful to God's clemency,⁶
That spared me penitential time,
Nor cut me off amid my crime.—

XXI.

"A kindly smile to all she lent,
But on her husband's friend 'twas bent
So kind, that from its harmless glee,⁷
The wretch misconstrued villany.
Repulsed in his presumptuous love,
A vengeful snare the traitor wove.
Alone we sat—the flask had flow'd,
My blood with heat unsoften'd glow'd,
When through the alley'd walk we sped
With hurried step my Edith glide,
Cowering beneath the verdant screen,
As one unwilling to be seen.
Words cannot paint the fiendish smile,
That curl'd the traitor's cheek the while!
Fiercely I question'd of the cause;
He made a cold and artful pause,
Then pray'd 't might not chafe my mood—
'There was a gallant in the wood!'
We had been shooting at the deer;
My cross-bow (evil chance!) was near:
Thy ready weapon of my wrath
I caught, and, hasting up the path,⁸
In the yew grove my wife I found,
A stranger's arms her neck had bound!
I mark'd his heart—the bow I drew—
I loosed the shaft—'twas more than true!
I found my Edith's dying charms
Lock'd in her murder'd brother's arms!

⁵ MS.—"I, a poor debtor, should forget."

⁶ MS.—"Forgetting God's own clemency."

⁷ MS.—"So kindly, that from harmless glee."

⁸ MS.—"I caught a cross-bow that was near,
The readiest weapon of my wrath,
And hastening up the Greta path."

He came in secret to enquire
Her state, and reconcile her sire.*

XXII.

"All fled my rage—the villain first,
Whose craft my jealousy had nursed;
He sought in far and foreign clime
To 'scape the vengeance of his crime.
The manner of the slaughter done
Was known to few, my guilt to none;
Some tale my faithful steward framed—
I know not what—of shaft mis-aim'd;
And even from those the act who knew,
He hid the hand from which it flew.
Untouch'd by human laws I stood,
But God had heard the cry of blood!
There is a blank upon my mind,
A fearful vision ill-defined,
Of raving till my flesh was torn,
Of dungeon-belts and fetters worn—
And when I waked to woe more mild,
And question'd of my infant child—
(Have I not written, that she bare
A boy, like summer morning fair!)—
With looks confused my menials told
That armed men in Morham dell
Beset the nurse's evening way,
And bore her, with her charge, away.
My faithless friend, and none but he,
Could profit by this villany;
Him then, I sought, with purpose dread
Of treble vengeance on his head!
He 'scaped me—but my bosom's wound
Sought faint relief from wandering fount;
And o'er distant land and sea
I bore my load of misery.

XXIII.

"'Twas then that fate my footsteps led
Among a daring crew and dread,
With whom full oft my hateful life
I ventured in such desperate strife,
That even my fiercest associates saw
My frantic deeds with doubt and awe.
Much then I learn'd, and much can show,
Of human guilt and human woe,
Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings, known
A wretch, whose sorrows match'd my own!—
It chanced, that after battle fray,
Upon the bloody field we lay;
The yellow moon her lustre shed
Upon the wounded and the dead,
While, sense in toil and wassail drown'd,
My gulfian comrades slept around,
There came a voice—its silver tone
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—

'Ah, wretch!' it said, 'what makes thou here,
While unavenged my bloody bier,
While unprotected lives mine heir,
Without a father's name and care?'

XXIV.

"I heard—obey'd—and homeward drew;
The fiercest of our desperate crew
I brought at time of need to aid
My purposed vengeance: long delay'd.
But, humble be my thanks to Heaven,
That better hopes and thoughts has given,
And by our Lord's dear prayer has taught,
Mercy by mercy must be bought!—
Let me in misery rejoice—
I've seen his face—I've heard his voice—
I claim'd of him my only child—
As he drown'd the theft, he smil'd!
That very calm and callous look,
That fiendish sneer his visage took,
As when he said, in scornful mood,
'There is a gallant in the wood!'—
I did not slay him as he stood—
All praise be to my Maker given!
Long sufrance is one path to heaven."

XXV.

Thus far the woful tale was heard,
When something in the thicket stirr'd.
Up Redmond sprung; the villain Guy,
(For he it was that lurk'd so nigh),
Drew back—he durst not cross his steel
A moment's space with brave O'Neale,
For all the treasured gold that rests
In Morham's iron-banded chests.
Redmond resumed his seat,—he said,
Some roe was rustling in the shade.
Bertram laugh'd grimly when he saw
His timorous comrade backward draw,
"A trusty mate art thou, to fear
A single arm, and aid so near!
Yet have I seen thee mark a deer.
Give me thy carabane—I'll show
An art that thou wilt gladly know,
How thou mayst safely quell a foe."

XXVI.

On hands and knees fierce Bertram drew
The spreading birch and hazels through,
Till he had Redmond full in view;
The gun he levell'd—Mark like this
Was Bertram never known to miss,
When fair oppos'd to arm there late
An object of his mortal pate.
That day young Redmond's death had seen,
But twice Matilda came between.

* This couplet is not in the MS.

* MS.—" 'Twas then that fate my footsteps threw
Among a wild and daring crew."

The carbine and Redmond's breast,
Just ere the spring his finger press'd.
A deadly oath the ruffian swore;
But yet his fell design forbore:
"It ne'er," he mutter'd, "shall be said,
That thus I scath'd thee, haughty maid!"
Then moved to seek more open ain,
When to his side Guy Denzil came:
"Bertram, forbear!—we are undone
For ever, if thou fire the gun.
By all the fiends, an armed force
Descends the dell, of foot and horse!
We perish if they hear a shot—
Madman! we have a safer plot—
Nay, friend, be ruled, and bear thee back!
Behold, down yonder hollow track,
The warlike leader of the band
Comes, with his broadsword in his hand."
Bertram look'd up; he saw, he knew
That Denzil's fears had counsel'd true,
Then curs'd his fortune and withdrew,
Threaded the woodland's undescried,
And gain'd the cove on Greta side.

XXVII.

They whom dark Bertram, in his wrath,
Doom'd to captivity or death,
Their thoughts to one sad subject lent,
Saw not nor heard the ambushment.
Heedless and unconcern'd they sat,
While on the very verge of fate;
Heedless and unconcern'd remain'd,
When Heaven the murderer's arm restrain'd;
As ships drift darkling down the tide,
Nor see the shelves o'er which they glide.
Uninterrupted thus they heard
What Mortham's closing tale declared.
He spoke of wealth as of a load,
By Fortune on a wretch bestow'd,
In bitter mockery of hate,
His cureless woes to aggravate;
But yet he pray'd Matilda's care
Might save that treasure for his heir—
His Edith's son—for still he raved
As confident his life was saved;
In frequent vision, he averr'd,
He saw his face, his voice he heard;
Then argued calm—had murder been,
The blood, the corpses, had been seen;
Some had pretended, too, to mark
On Windermere a stranger bark,
Whose crew, with jealous care, yet mild,
Guarded a female and a child.
While these faint proofs he told and press'd,
Hope seem'd to kindle in his breast;
Though inconsistent, vague, and vain,
It warp'd his judgment; and his brain.

* MS.—"Hope, inconsistent, vague, and vain,
Seem'd on the theme to warp his brain."

XXVIII.

These solemn words his story close:—
"Heaven witness for me, that I chose
My part in this sad civil fight,
Moved by no cause but England's right.
My country's groans have bid me draw
My sword for gospel and for law;—
These righted, I fling arms aside,
And seek my son through Europe wide.
My wealth, on which a kinsman nigh
Already casts a grasping eye,
With thee may unsuspected lie.
When of my death Matilda hears,
Let her retain her trust three years;
If none, from me, the treasure claim,
Perish'd is Mortham's race and name.
Then let it leave her generous hand,
And flow in bounty o'er the land;
Soften the wounded prisoner's lot,
Rebuild the peasant's ruin'd cot;
So spoils, acquired by fight afar,
Shall mitigate domestic war."

XXIX.

The generous youths, who well had known
Of Mortham's mind the powerful tone,
To that high mind, by sorrow swerved,
Gave sympathy his woes deserved;
But Wilfrid chief, who saw reveal'd
Why Mortham wish'd his life conceal'd,
In secret, doubtless, to pursue
The schemes his wilder'd fancy drew.
Thoughtful he heard Matilda tell
That she would share her father's cell,
His partner of captivity,
Where'er his prison-house should be;
Yet grieved to think that Rokely-hall,
Dismantled, and forsok by all,
Open to rapine and to stealth,
Had now no safe-guard for the wealth
Intrusted by her kinsman kind,
And for such noble use design'd.
"Was Barnard Castle her choice,"
Wilfrid enquired with hasty voice,
"Since there the victor's laws ordain,
Her father must a space remain!"
A flutter'd hope his accents shook,
A flutter'd joy was in his look.
Matilda hasten'd to reply,
For anger flash'd in Redmond's eye:—
"Duty," she said, with gentle grace,
"Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of place;
Else had I for my sire assign'd
Prison less galling to his mind;
Than that his wild-wood haunts which
seek."
And hears the murmur of the Trees,

* MS.—"To that high mind thus warp'd and swerved,
The pity gave his woes deserved."

Recalling thus, with every glance,
What captive's sorrow can enhance;
But where those woes are highest, there
Needs Rokeby most his daughter's care."

XXX.

He felt the kindly check she gave,
And stood abash'd—then answer'd grave:—
"I sought thy purpose, noble maid,
Thy doubts to clear, thy schemes to aid.
I have beneath mine own command,
So wills my sire, a gallant band,
And well could send some horseman wight
To bear the treasure forth by night,
And so bestow it as you deem
In these ill days may safest seem."—
"Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she said:
"O, be it not one day delay'd!
And, more, thy sister-friend to aid,
Be thou thyself content to hold,
In thine own keeping, Mortham's gold,
Safest with thee."—While thus she spoke,
Arm'd soldiers on their converse brold,
The same of whose approach afraid,
The ruffians left their ambushade.
Their chief to Wilfrid bended low,
Then look'd around as for a foe.
"What mean'st thou, friend," young Wycliff said,
"Why thus in arms beset the glad?"—
"That would I gladly learn from you";
For up my squadron as I drew,
To exercise our martial game
Upon the moor of Barninghame,¹
A stranger told you were waylaid,
Surrounded, and to death betray'd.
He had a leader's voice, I ween,
A falcon glance, a warrior's mien.
He bade me bring you instant aid;
I doubted not, and I obey'd."

XXXI.

Wilfrid changed colour, and, amazed,
Turn'd short, and the speaker gazed;
While Redmond every racket round
Track'd earnest as a questing hound,
And Denzil's carbine he found;
Sure evidence, by which they knew
The warning was as kind as true.²
Wise it seem'd, with cautious speed
To leave the dell. It was agreed,
That Redmond, with Matilda fair,
And sitting guard, should home repair;³

¹ MS.—"In martial exercise to move
Upon the open moor above."

² MS.—"And they the gun of Denzil find;
A witness sure to every mind
The warning was as true as kind."

³ MS.—"It was agreed,
That Redmond, with Matilda fair,
Should straight to Rokeby-hall repair,

At nightfall Wilfrid should attend,
With a strong band, his sister-friend,
To bear with her from Rokeby's bowers
To Barnard Castle's lofty towers,
Secret and safe the banded chests,
In which the wealth of Mortham rests.
This hasty purpose fix'd, they part,
Each with a grieved and anxious heart.

Rokeby.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

THE sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have hid the sun.
But mountain peak and village spire
Retain reflection of his fire.
Old Barnard's towers are purple still,
To those that gaze from Toller-hill;
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes
Like steel upon the anvil glows;
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
Rich with the spoils of parting day,
In crimson and in gold array'd,
Streaks yet a while the closing shade,
Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
The tints which brighter hours had given.
Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
The vanities of life forego
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till Memory lends her light no more.*

II.

The eve, that slow on upland fades,
Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades,
Where, sunk within their banks profound,
Her guardian streams to meeting wound.
The stately oaks, whose sombre frown
Of noontide made a twilight brown,
Impervious now to fainter light,
Of twilight make an early night.¹
Hoarse in the middle air arose
The vespers of the roosting crows,
And with congenial murmurs seem
To wake the Genii of the stream;

And, close so near them, known so late,
A guard should tend her to the gate."

* "The fifth canto opens with an evening-scene, of its accustomed beauty when delineated by Mr. Scott. The mountain fading in the twilight, is nobly imagined."—*Monthly Review*.

¹ MS.—"a darksome night."

For louder clamour'd Greta's tide,
And Tees in deeper voice replied.
And fitful waked the evening wind,
Fitful in sighs its breath resign'd.¹
Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured soul
Felt in the scene a soft control,
With lighter footstep press'd the ground,
And often paused to look around;
And, though his path was to his love,
Could not but linger in the grove,
To drink the thrilling interest dear,
Of awful pleasure check'd by fear.
Such inconsistent moods have we,
Even when our passions strike the key.

III.

Now, through the wood's dark mazes past,
The opening lawn he reach'd at last,
Where, silver'd by the moonlight ray,
The ancient Hall before him lay.²
Those martial terrors long were fled,
That frown'd of old around its head:
The battlements the turrets grey,
Seem'd half abandon'd to decay;³
On barbican and keep of stone
Stern Time the foeman's work had done.
Where banners the invader braved,
The harebell now and wallflower waved;
In the rude guard-room, where of yore
Their weary hours the warders wore,
Now, while the cheerful fagots blaze,
On the paved floor the spindle plays;⁴
The flanking guns dismounted lie,
The moat is ruinous and dry,⁵
The grim portcullis gone—and all
The fortress turn'd to peaceful Hall.

IV

But yet precautions, lately taken,⁶
Show'd danger's day revived again;
The court-yard wall show'd marks of care,
The fall'n defences to repair,
Lending such strength as might withstand
The insult of marauding band.
The beams once more were taught to bear
The trembling drawbridge into air,
And not, till question'd o'er and o'er,
For Wilfrid oped the jealous door,

And when he entered, bolt and bar
Resumed their place with sullen jar:
Then, as he cross'd the vaulted porch,
The old grey porter raised his torch,
And view'd him o'er, from foot to head,
Ere to the hall his steps he led.
That huge old hall, of knightly state,
Dismantled seem'd and desolate.
The moon through transom-shafts of stone,
Which cross'd the latticed oriels, shone,
And by the mournful light she gave,
The Gothic vault seem'd funeral cave.
Pennon and banner waved no more
O'er beams of stag and tusks of boar,
Nor glimmering arms were marshall'd
seen,
To glance those silvan spoils between.
Those arms, those ensigns, borne away,
Accomplish'd Rokeby's brave array,
But all were lost on Marsdon's day!
Yet here and there the moonbeams fall
Where armour yet adorns the wall,
Cumbersome of size, uncouth to sight,
And useless in the modern fight!
Like veteran relic of the wars,
Known only by neglected scars.

Matilda soon to greet him came,
And bade them light the evening flame;
Said, all for parting was prepared,
And tarried but for Wilfrid's guard.
But then, reluctant to unfold
His father's avarice of gold,
He hinted, that lest jealous eye
Should on their precious burden pry,
He judg'd it best the castle gate
To enter when the night wore late;
And therefore he had left command
With those he trusted of his band,
That they should meet at Rokeby met.
What time the midnight-watch was set.
Now Redmond came, whose anxious care
Till then was busied to prepare
All needful, meetly to arrange
The mansion for its mournful change.
With Wilfrid's care and kindness pleas'd,
His cold unready hand he seized,

¹ MS.—“ By fits awaked the evening wind,
By fits in sighs its breath resign'd.”

² MS.—“ Old Rokeby's towers before him lay.”

³ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.

⁴ MS.—“ The weary night the warders wore,
Now by the fagot's gladsome light,
The maidens plied the spindle's sleight.”

⁵ MS.—“ The beams had long forgot to bear
The trembling drawbridge into air;
The huge portcullis gone,” &c.

⁶ MS.—“ But yet precaution show'd, and fear,
That dread of evil times was here;

There were late marks of jealous } care,
For there were recent marks of } care,
The fall'n defences to repair;
And not, till question'd o'er and o'er,

For Wilfrid oped the { studded } door,
And, on his entry, bolt and bar
Resumed their place with sullen jar.”

⁷ MS.—“ Confused he stood, as loth to say
What might his sire's base mood display,
Then hinted, lest some curious eye.”

And press'd it, till his kindly strain
The gentle youth return'd again.
Seem'd as between them this was said,
"A while let jealousy be dead;
And let our contest be, whose care
Shall best assist this helpless fair."

VI.

There was no speech the truce to bind,
It was a compact of the mind,—
A generous thought, at once impress'd
On either rival's generous breast.
Matilda well the secret took,
From sudden change of mien and look;
And—for not small had been her fear
Of jealous ire and danger near—
Felt, even in her dejected state,
A joy beyond the reach of fate.
They closed beside the chimney's blaze,
And talk'd, and hoped for happier days,
And lent their spirits' rising glow
A while to gild impending woe;—
High privilege of youthful time,
Worth all the pleasures of our prime!
The hickering fagot sparkled bright,
And gave the scene of love to sight,
Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow,
Play'd on Matilda's neck of snow,
Her nut-brown curls and forehead high,
And laugh'd in Redmond's azure eye,
Two lovers by the maiden sate,
Without a glance of jealous hate;
The maid her lovers sat between,
With open brow and equal mien;—
It is a sight but rarely sped,
Thanks to man's wrath and woman's pride.

VII.

While thus in peaceful guise they sate,
A knock alarm'd the outer gate,
And ere the tardy porter stir'd,
The tinkling of a harp was heard.
A manly voice of mellow swell,
Bore burden to the music-hell.

Song.

"Summer eve is gone and past,
Summer dew is falling fast;
I have wander'd all the day,
Do not bid me farther stray!
Gentle hearts, of gentle kin,
Take the wandering harper in!"

But the stern porter answer gave,
With "Get thee hence, thou strolling knave

The king wants soldiers; war, I trow,
Were meetest trade for such as thou."
At this unkind reproof, again
Answer'd the ready Minstrel's strain.

Song resumed.

"Bid not me, in battle-field,
Buckler lift, or broadsword wield!
All my strength and all my art
Is to touch the gentle heart,
With the wizard notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel's string."

"The porter, all unmoved, replied,—
"Depart in peace, with Heaven to guide
If longer by the gate thou dwell,
Trust me, thou shalt not part so well."

VIII.

With somewhat of appealing look,
The harper's part young Wilfrid took:
"These notes so wild and ready thrill,
They show no vulgar minstrel's skill;
Hard were his task to seek a home
More distant, since the night is come;
And for his faith I dare engage—
Your Harpool's blood is sour'd by age;
His gate, once readily display'd,
To greet the friend, the poor to aid,
Now even to me, though known of old,
Did but reluctantly unfold."
"O blame not, as poor Harpool's crime,
An evil of this evil time.
He deems dependent on his care
The safety of his patron's heir,
Nor judges meet to open the tower
To guest unknown at parting hour,¹
Urging his duty to excess
Of rough and stubborn faithfulness.
For this, nor harper, I would fain
He may relax:—Hark to his strain!"

IX.

Song resumed.

"I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,
Fairy tale to lull the hear,
Goblin grim the maids to scare.
Dark the night, and long till day,
Do not bid me farther stray!"

"Rokeby's lords of martial fame,
I can count them name by name;²
Legends of their line there be,
Known to few, but known to me;

¹ MS.—"O, bid not me bear sword and shield,
Or struggle to the bloody field,
For gentler art this hand was made."

² MS.—"To vagrants at our parting hear."

³ See Appendix, Note 3 A.

it you honour Rokeby's kin,
Take the wandering harper in!

"Rokeby's lords had fair regard
For the harp, and for the bard;
Baron's race throve never well,
Where the curge of minstrel fell
If you love that noble kin,
Take the weary harper in!"—

"Hark! Harpool parleys—there is hope,"
Said Redmond, "that the gate will open."
—"For all thy brag and boast, I trow,
Nought know'st thou of the Felon Sow,"¹
Quoth Harpool, "nor how Greta-side
She roan'd, and Rokeby forest wide;
Nor how Ralph Rokeby gave the beast
To Richmond's frays to make a feast.
Of Gilbert Griffinson the tale
Goes, and of gallant Peter Dale,
That well could strike with sword amain,
And of the valiant son of Spain,
Friar Middleton, and blithe Sir Ralph;
There were a jest to make us laugh!
If thou canst tell it, in yon shed
Thou'st won thy supper and thy bed."

X.

Matilda smiled; "Cold hope," said she,
"From Harpool's love of minstrelsy!
But, for this harper, may we dare,
Redmond, to mend his couch and fare?"—
"O, ask me not!—At minstrel-string
My heart from infancy would spring;
Nor can I hear its simplest strain,
But it brings Elin's dream again,
When placed by Owen Lysagh's knee,
(The Fiea of O Neale was he,²
A blind and bearded man, whose old
Was sacred as a prophet's hold.)
I've seen a ring of rugged kerne,
With aspects shaggy, wild, and stern,
Enchanted by the master's lay,
Linger around the livelong day,
Shift from wild rage to wilder glee,
To love, to grief, to ecstasy,<³
And feel each varied change of soul
Obedient to the bard's control.—
Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor
Shieve-Donard's oak shall light no more;⁴
Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze,
Tell maiden's love, or hero's praise!
The mantling brambles hide thy hearth,
Centre of hospitable mirth;

All undistinguish'd in the gloom,
My sires' glad home is prostrate laid,
Their vassals wander wide and far,
Serve foreign lords in distant war,
And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Clandeboy!"
He spoke, and proudly turn'd aside,
The starting tear to dry and hide.

XI.

Matilda's dark and soften'd eye
Was glistening ere O'Neale's was dry.
Her hand upon his arm she laid,—
"It is the will of heaven," she said.
"And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part
From this loved home with lightsome
heart,
Leaving to wild neglect what'er
Given from my infancy was dear?
For in this calm domestic bound,
Were all Matilda's pleasures found.
That hearth, my sire was wont to grace,
Full soon may be a stranger's place;⁵
This hall, in which a child I play'd,
Like thine, dear Redmond, lowly laid.
The bramble and the thorn may bide;
Or, pass'd for aye from me and mine,
It ne'er may shelter Rokeby's line.
Yet is this consolation given,
My Redmond,—'tis the will of heaven."
Her word, her action, and her phrase,
Were kindly as in early days;
For cold reserve had lost its power,
In sorrow's sympathetic hour.
Young Redmond dared not trust his voice;
But rather had it been his choice
To share that melancholy hour,
Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power,⁶
In full possession to enjoy
Shieve-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

XII.

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek;
Matilda sees, and hastens to speak.—
"Happy in friendship's ready aid,
Let all my murmurs here be said!
And Rokeby's Maiden will not part
From Rokeby's hall with moody heart.
This night at least, for Rokeby's fame,
The hospitable hearth shall flame,
And, ere its native heir retire,
Find for the wanderer rest and fire,
While this poor harper, by the blaze,⁷
Recounts the tale of other days.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 B.

² See Appendix, Note 3 C.

³ MS. ——— "to sympathy."

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 D.

⁵ MS. — "That hearth, my father's honour'd place,
Full soon may see a stranger's face."

⁶ MS. ——— "Tanist's power."

⁷ MS. — "Find for the needy room and fire,
And this poor wanderer, by the blaze."

Had Harpool ope the door with speed,
Admit him, and relieve each need.—
Meantime, kind Wycliffe, wilt thou try
Thy minstrel skill!—Nay, no reply—
And look not sad!—I guess thy thought,
Thy verse with laurels would be bought;
And poor Matilda, landless now,
Has not a garland for thy brow.
True, I must leave sweet Rokely's glades,
Nor wander more in Greta shades;
But sure, no rigid jailer, thou
Wilt a short prison-wall allow,
Where summer flowers grow wild at will,
On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill;²
Then holly green and lily gay
Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay."³
The mournful youth, a space aside,
To tune Matilda's harp applied;
And then a low sad doleful rung,
As prelude to the lay he sung.

XIII.

*The Cypress Wreath.*⁴

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,⁵
Or weave it of the cypress-tree!

Let dimpled Myrth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bright so dear;
Let Albin bind her bound blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew;

On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair:
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves,
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing-bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough:
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and lov'd my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree.

XIV.

O'Neale observed the starting tear,
And spoke with kind and blithesome cheer—
"No, noble Wilfrid! ere the day
When mourns the land thy silent lay,
Shall many a wreath be freely wove
By hand of friendship and of love.
I would not wish that rigid Fate
Had doom'd thee to a captive's state,
Whose hands are bound by honour's law,
Who wears a sword he must not draw;
But were it so, in minstrel pride
The land together would we ride,
On prancing steeds, like harpers old,
Bound for the halls of barons bold;⁶
Each lover of the lyre we'd seek,
From Michael's Mount to Skiddaw's
Peak,
Survey wild Albin's mountain strand,⁷
And roam green Erin's lovely land,
While thou the gentler souls should move,
With lay of pity and of love,

¹ MS. — "what think'st thou
Of yonder harp?—Nay, clear thy brow."

² Marwood-chase is the old park extending along the Durham side of the Tees, attached to Barnard Castle. Toller Hill is an eminence on the Yorkshire side of the river, commanding a superb view of the ruins.

³ MS. — "Where rose and lily I will twine
In guerdon of a song of thine."

⁴ "Mr. Scott has imparted a delicacy, (we mean in the colouring, for of the design we cannot approve,) a sweetness and a melancholy smile to this parting picture, that really enchant us. Poor Wilfrid is sadly discomfited by the last instance of encouragement to Edmond, and Matilda endeavours to cheer him by requesting, in the prettiest, and yet in the most touching manner, 'Kind Wycliffe, to try his minstrelsy. We will

here just ask Mr. Scott, whether this would not be actual infernal and intolerable torture to a man who had any soul? Why, then, make his heroine even the unwilling cause of such misery? Matilda had talked of twining a wreath for her poet of holly green and lily gay, and he sings, broken-hearted, 'The Cypress Wreath.' We have, however, ascribed this as one of the best of Mr. Scott's songs."—*Monthly Review*.

⁵ MS. — "I would not wish thee { in a } degree"

So lost to hope as falls to me;
But { wert thou such, } in minstrel's pride
If thou wert,
The land we'd traverse side by side,
On prancing steeds, like minstrel's old,
Bound for { halls of barons bold. "

And I, thy mate, in rougher strain,
Would sing of war and warriors slain.
Old England's bards were vanquish'd
then,
And Scotland's vaunted Hawthornden,¹
And, silenced on Iernian shore,
McCurtin's harp should charm no more!²
In lively mood he spoke to wile
From Wilfrid's woe-worn cheek a smile.

XV.

"But," said Matilda, "ere thy name,
Good Redmond, gain its destined fame,
Say, wilt thou kindly deign to call
Thy brother-minstrel to the hall?
Did all the household, too, attend,
Each in his rank a humble friend;
I know their faithful hearts will grieve,
When their poor Mistress takes her leave;
So let the horn and beaker flow
To mitigate their parting woe."
The harper came;—in youth's first prime
Himself; in mood of olden time
His garb was fashion'd, to express
The ancient English minstrel's dress,³
A seemly gown of Kendal green,
With gorget closed of silver sheen;
His harp in silken scarf was slung,
And by his side an anlace hung.
It seem'd some masquer's quaint array,
For revel or for holiday.

XVI.

He made obeisance with a free
Yet studied air of courtesy.
Each look and accent, framed to please,
Seem'd to affect a playful ease;
His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye, but not the mind;
Yet harsh it seem'd to deem amiss
Of brow so young and smooth as this.
His was the subtle look and sly,
That, spying all, seem'd nought to spy;
Round all the group his glances stole,
Unmark'd themselves, to mark the whole.
Yet sunk beneath Matilda's look,
Nor could the eye of Redmond brook.⁴
To the suspicious, or the old,
Subtile and dangerous and bold
Had seem'd this self-invited guest;
But young our lovers,—and the rest,

Wrapt in their sorrow and their fear
At parting of their Mistress dear,
Tear-blinded to the Castle-hall,⁵
Came as to bear her funeral pall,

XVII.

All that expression base was gone,
When waked the guest his minstrel tone;
It fled at inspiration's call,
As erst the demon fled from Saul.⁶
More noble glance he cast around,
More free-drawn breath inspired the sound,
His pulse beat bolder and more high,
In all the pride of minstrelsy!
Alas! too soon that pride was o'er,
Sunk with the lay that bade it soar!
His soul resumed, with habit's chain,
Its vices wild and follies vain,
And gave the talent, with him born,
To be a common curse and scorn.
Such was the youth whom Rokely's Maid,
With condescending kindness, pray'd
Were to renew the strains she loved,
At distance heard and well approved

XVIII.

Song.

THE HARP.

I was a wild and wayward boy
My childhood scorn'd each childish toy,
Retired from all, reserved and coy,
To musing prone,
I woo'd my solitary joy,
My Harp alone.

My youth, with bold Ambition's mood,
Despised the humble stream and wood,
Where my poor father's cottage stood,
To fame unknown;—
What should my soaring views make good?
My Harp alone!

Love came with all his frantic fire,
And wild romance of vain desire;⁷
The haron's daughter heard my lyre,
And praised the tone;—
What could pre-emptuous hope inspire?
My Harp alone!

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,
And manhood's pride the vision curst,

¹ Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his reputation as a poet during the Civil Wars. He died in 1649.

² See Appendix, Note 3 E. ³ Ibid, Note 3 F.

⁴ MS.—"Nor could keen Redmond's aspect brook."

⁵ MS.—"Came blindfold to the Castle-hall,
As if to bear her funeral pall."

⁶ "But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him."

"And Saul said unto his servants, Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me. And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: So Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."—1 SAMUEL, chap. xvi. 14, 17, 23.

⁷ MS.—"Love came, with all his ardent fire,
His frantic dream, his wild desire."

And all that had my folly nursed
Love's sway to own;
Yet spared the spell that lull'd me first,
My Harp alone!

Woe came with war, and want with woe;
And it was mine to undergo
Each outrage of the rebel foe:—
Can aught atone
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low?
My Harp alone!

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart.
Have rued of penury the smart,
Have felt of love the venom'd dart;
When hope was flown;
Yet rests one solace to my heart,—
My Harp alone!

Then over mountain, moor, and hill,
My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee still;
And when this life of want and ill
Is wellnigh gone,
Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,
My Harp alone!

XIX.

"A pleasing lay!" Matilda said;
But Harpool shook his old grey head,
And took his baton and his torch,
To seek his guard-room in the porch.
Edmund observed; with sudden change,
Among the strings his fingers range,
'Till they waked a bolder gloe
Of military melody;
Then paused amid the martial sound,
And look'd with well-fign'd fear around;
"None to this noble house belong,"
He said, "that would a Minstrel wrong,
Whose fate has been, through good and ill,
To love his Royal Master still,
And with your honour'd leave, would fain
Rejoice you with a loyal strain."
Then, as assured by sign and look,
The warlike tone again he took;
And Harpool stopp'd, and turn'd to hear
A dirge of the Cavalier.

XX.

SONG.

THE CAVALIER.

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and grey,
My true love has mounted his steed and away

MS.—"And doom'd at once to undergo,
Each varied outrage of the foe."

MS.—"And looking roundly around."

MS.—"Of proud London town,
That the North has brave nobles to fight for the
Crown."

MS.—"In the MS., the last quatrain of this song is,

Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down;
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the
Crown!

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breast-plate to bear,
He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long flowing hair,
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs
down,—
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the
Crown!

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he
draws,
Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause;
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—
God strike with the Gallant that strikes for the Crown!

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,
That the spears of the North have encircled the
Crown.²

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes;
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose!
Would you match the late Skipton, and Massey, and
Brown,
With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown!

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier!
Be his banner unconquer'd, restless his spear,
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown,
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her
Crown.⁴

XXI.

"Alas!" Matilda said, "that strain,
Good harper, now is heard in vain;
The time has been, at such a sound,
When Rokeby's vassals gather'd round,
An hundred manly hearts would bound;
But now the stirring verse we hear,
Like trump in dying soldier's ear!
Listless and sad the notes we own,
The power to answer them is flown.
Yet not without his meet applause,
Be he that sings the rightful cause,
Even when the crisis of its fate
To human eyes seems desperate.
While Rokeby's heir such power retains,
Let this slight guerdon pay thy pains:—
And, lend thy harp; I fain would try,
If my poor skill can aught supply,

"If their host that fair D'cading by treachery fell,
Of Stratton and Lansdowne the Cornish can tell,
And the North tell of Bramham and Adderton Down,
Where God bless the brave gallants who fought for the
Crown."

MS.—"But now it sinks upon the ear,
Like dirge beside a hero's bier."

As yet I leave my father's part,
To mourn the cause in which we fall."

XXII.

The harper, with a downcast look,
And trembling hand, her bounty took.—
As yet, the conscious pride of art
Had steel'd him in his treacherous part;
A powerful spring, of force unguessed,
That bath each gentler mood suppress'd,
And reign'd in many a human breast;
From his that plans the red campaign,
To his that wastes the woodland reign.
The failing wing, the blood-shot eye,—
The sportsman marks with apathy,
Each feeling of his victim's ill
Drown'd in his own successful skill.
The veteran, too, who now no more
Aspires to head the battle's roar,¹
Loves still the triumph of his art,
And traces on the pencil'd chart
Some stern invader's destined way,
Through blood and ruin, to his prey;
Patriots to death, and towns to flame,
He dooms, to raise another's name,
And shares the guilt, though not the fame.
What pays him for his span of time
Spent in premeditating crime?
What against pity arms his heart?—
It is the conscious pride of art.²

XXIII.

But principles in Edmund's mind
Were baseless, vague, and undefined.
His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On Passion's changeful tide was tost;
Nor Vice nor Virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour;
And, O! when Passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to Virtue's share!
Yet now she roused her—for the pride,
That lack of sterner guilt supplied,
Could scarce support him when arose
The lay that mourned Matilda's woes.

SONG.

THE FAREWELL.

The sound of Rokeby's woods I hear,
They mingle with the song:
Dark Greta's voice is in mine ear,
I must not hear them long.
From every loved and native haunt
The native heir must stray,

And, like a ghost whom sunbeams daunt,
Must part before the day.

Soon from the halls my father's rear'd,
Their scutcheons may descend,
A line so long beloved and fear'd
May soon obscurely end.
No longer here Matilda's tone
Shall bid those echoes swell;
Yet shall they hear her proudly own
The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again
Resumed the lay in loftier strain.⁴

XXIV.

Let our halls and towers decay,
Be our name and line forgot,
Lands and manors pass away,—
We but share our Monarch's lot.
If no more our annals show
Battles won and banners taken,
Still in death, defeat, and woe,
Ours be loyalty unshaken!

Constant still in danger's hour,
Princes own'd our fathers' aid;
Lands and honours, wealth and power,⁵
Well their loyalty repaid.
Perish wealth, and power, and pride!
Mortal boons by mortals given:
But let Constancy abide,—
Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

XXV.

While thus Matilda's lay was heard,
A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr'd.
In peasant life he might have known
As fair a face, as sweet a tone;
But village notes could ne'er supply
That rich and varied melody;
And ne'er in cottage-maid was seen
The easy dignity of mien,
Claiming respect, yet saving state,
That marks the daughters of the great.
Yet not, perchance, had these alone
His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown;
But while her energy of mind
Superior rose to griefs combined,
Lending its kindly to her eye,
Giving her form new majesty,—
To Edmund's thought Matilda seem'd
The very object he had dream'd;

¹ MS.—"Marking, with sportive cruelty,
The failing wing, the blood-shot eye

² MS.—"The veteran chief, whose broken age,
No more can lead the battle's rage"

³ "Surely, no poet has ever paid a finer tribute to the power
of his art, than in the foregoing description of its effects on the

mind of this unhappy boy! and none has ever more justly appreciated the worthlessness of the sublimest genius, unrestrained by reason, and abandoned by virtue."—*Critical Review*.

⁴ This couplet is not in the MS.

⁵ MS.—"Knightsly titles, wealth and power."

When, long ere guilt his soul had known,
In Winston bowers he mused alone,
Taxing his fancy to combine
The face, the air, the voice divine,
Of princess fair, by cruel fate
Roft of her honours, power, and state,¹
Till to her rightful realm restored
By destined hero's conquering sword.

XXVI.

"Such was my vision!" Edmund thought;
"And have I, then, the ruin wrought
Of such a maid, that fancy ne'er
In fairest vision form'd her peer?
Was it my hand that could uncloze
The postern to her ruthless foes?
Foes, lost to honour, law, and faith,
Their kindest mercy sudden death!
Have I done this? I! who have sworn,
That if the globe such angel bore,
I would have traced its circle broad,
To kiss the ground on which she trode!—
And now—O! would that earth would rive,
'And close upon me while alive!—
Is there no hope? Is all then lost?—
Bertram's already on his post!
Even now, beside the Hall's arch'd door,
I saw his shadow cross the floor!
He was to wait my signal strain—
A little respite thus we gain:
By what I heard the menials say,
Young Wycliffe's troop are on their way—
Alarm precipitates the crime!
My *Laird* must wear away the time."²
And then, in accents faint and low,
He falter'd forth a tale of woe."³

XXVII.

Ballad.

"And whither would you lead me, then?"
Quoth the Friar of orders grey;
And the Ruffians twain replied again,
"By a dying woman, to pray."¹
"I see," he said, "a lovely sight,
A sight bodes little harm,
A lady as a lily bright,
With an infant on her arm."²
"Then do thine office, Friar grey,
And see thou shrive her free!"³
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,
Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentals read,
When thou'rt to convent gone,
And bid the bell of St. Benedict
Toll out its deepest tone."

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone,
Blindfolded as he came—
Next morning, all in Littlecot Hall
Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an alter'd man,
The village crones can tell;
He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,
If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way,
He'll beard him in his pride—
If he meet a Friar of orders grey,
He droops and turns aside."⁴

XXVIII

"Harper! methinks thy magic lays,"
Matilda said, "can goblins raise?
Wellnigh my fancy can discern."¹
Near the dark porch, a visage stern;
E'en now, in yonder shadowy nook,
I see it!—Redmond, Wilfrid, look!—
A human form distinct and clear—
God, for thy mercy!—It draws near!"²
She saw too true. Stride after stride,
The centre of that chamber wide
Pierce Bertram gain'd; then made a
stand,
And, proudly waving with his hand,
Thunder'd—"Be still, upon your lives!"—
He bled as who speaks, he dies who strives.³
Behind their chief, the robber crew
Forth from the darken'd portal drew
In silence—save that echo dread
Return'd their heavy measured tread.⁴
The lamp's uncertain lustre gave
Their arms to gleam, their plumes to wave;
File after file in order pass.
Like forms on Banquo's mystic glass.
Then, halting at their leader's sign,
At once they form'd and curv'd their
line,
Hemming within its crescent drear
Their victims, like a herd of deer.
Another sign, and to the aim
Level'd at once their muskets came,
As waiting but their chieftain's word,
To make their fatal volley heard.

* MS.—"Of some fair princess of romance, n"
The guardian of a hero's lance.

* The MS. has not this couplet

* MS.—"And see thy shrift be true,
Else shall the soul, that parts to-day,
Fling all its guilt on you."

* See Appendix, Note 3 G,—[to which the author, in his interleaved copy, has made considerable additions.—Ed.]

* MS.—"Tchind him came his savage crew,
File after file in order due;
Silent from that dark portal pass,
Like forms on Banquo's magic glass."

XXIX.

Back in a heap the menials drew;
Yet, even in mortal terror, true,
Their pale and startled group oppose
Between Matilda and the foes.
"O, haste thee, Wilfrid!" Redmond cried;
"Undo that wicket by thy side!
Bear hence Matilda—gain the wood—
The pass may be a while made good—
Thy hand, ere this, must sure be nigh—
O speak not—dally not—but fly!"
While yet the crowd their motions hide,
Through the low wicket door they glide.
Through vaulted passages they wind,
In Gothic intricacy twined;
Wilfrid half led, and half he bore,
Matilda to the postern-door,
And safe beneath the forest-tree,
The Lady stands at liberty.
The moonbeams, the fresh gale's caress,
Renew'd suspended consciousness;—
"Where's Redmond?" eagerly she cries:
"Thou answer'st not—he dies! he dies!
And thou hast left him, all bereft
Of mortal aid—with murderers left!
I know it well—he would not yield
His sword to man—his doom is seal'd!
For my scorn'd life, which thou hast bought
At price of his, I thank thee not."

XXX.

The unjust reproach, the angry look,
The heart of Wilfrid could not brook.
"Lady," he said, "my hand so near,
In safety thou may'st rest thee here.
For Redmond's death thou shalt not mourn,
If mine can buy his safe return."
He turn'd away—his heart throbb'd high,
The tear was hurst'g from his eye;
The sense of her injustice press'd
Upon the Maid's distracted breast,—
"Stay, Wilfrid, stay! all aid is vain!"
He heard, but turn'd him not again;
He reaches now the postern-door,
Now enters—and is seen no more.

XXXI.

With all the agony that e'er
Was gender'd t'wixt suspense and fear,
She watch'd the line of windows tall,
Whose Gothic lattice lights the Hall,

Distinguish'd by the paly red
The lamps in dim reflection shed.
While all beside in wan moonlight
Each grated casement glimmer'd white.
No sight of harm, no sound of ill,
It is a deep and midnight still
Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd
All in the Castle were at rest:
When sudden on the windows shone
A lightning flash, just seen and gone!
A shot is heard—Again the flame
Flash'd thick and fast—a volley came!
Then echo'd wildly, from within,
Of shout and scream the mingled din,
And weapon-clash and maddening cry,
Of those who kill, and those who die!—
As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous smoke,
More red, more dark, the death-flash broke;
And forms were on the lattice cast,
That struck, or struggled, as they past.

XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight wind
Approach so rapidly behind?
It is, it is, the tramp of steeds,
Matilda hears the sound, she speeds,
Seizes upon the leader's rein—
"O, haste to aid, ere aid is vain!
Fly to the postern—gain the Hall!"
From saddle spring the troopers all;
Their gallant steeds, at liberty,
Run wild along the moonlight lea.
But, ere they burst upon the scene,
Full stubborn had the conflict been.
When Bertram mark'd Matilda's flight,
It gave the signal for the fight;
And Rokeby's veterans, seam'd with scars
Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars,
Their momentary panic o'er,
Stood to the arms which then they bore;
(For they were weapon'd, and prepared
Their Mistress on her way to guard.)
Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale,
Then peal'd the shot and clash'd the
steel;
The war-smoke soon with sable breath
Darken'd the scene of blood and death,
While on the few defenders close
The Bandits, with redoubled blows,
And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell
Renew the charge with frantic yell.⁷

¹ MS.—"Conduct Matilda," &c.

² MS.—"Matilda, shrouded by the trees,
The line of lofty windows sees."

³ MS.—"The dying lamps reflection shed,
While all around the moon's wan light,
On tower and casement glimmer'd white;
No sights bode harm, no sounds bode ill.
It is as calm as midnight still."

⁴ MS.—"A brief short flash," &c.

⁵ MS.—"Haste to—postern—gain the Hall!"
"Sprung from their steeds the troopers all"

⁶ MS.—"For as it hap'd they were prepared."

⁷ In place of this couplet the MS. reads,—
"And as the hall the troopers got,
Their aid had wellnigh been in vain."

XXXIII.

Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood
Young Redmond, soil'd with smoke and blood,
Cheering his mates with heart and hand
Still to make good their desperate stand.
"Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.
What! faint ye for their savage cry,
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?
These rafters have return'd a shout
As loud as Rokeby's wassail rout,
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.¹
Stand to it yet! renew the fight,
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right!
These slaves! they dare not, hand to
hand,
Bide buffet from a true man's brand."
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent
His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent!
Backward they scatter'd as he came,
Like wolves before the levin flame,²
When, 'mid their howling conclave driven,
Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.
Bertram rush'd on—but Harpool clasp'd
His knees, although in death he gasp'd,
His falling corpse before him flung,
And round the trammell'd ruffian clung.
Just then, the soldiers fill'd the dome,
And, shouting, charged the felons home
So fiercely, that, in panic dread,
They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled.³
Bertram's stern voice they heed no more,
Though heard above the battle's roar;
While, trampling down the dying man,
He strove, with velley'd threat and ban,
In scorn of odds, in fate's despite,
To rally up the desperate fight.⁴

XXXIV.

Soon murkier clouds the Hall enfold,
Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd
So dense, the combatants scarce know
To aim or to avoid the blow.
Smothering and blindfold grows the fight—
But soon shall dawn a dismal light!
Mid cries, and clashing arms, there came
The hollow sound of rushing flame;

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 H.² MS.—"Like wolves at lightning's midnight flame."³ MS.—"Bertram had faced him; while he gasp'd
In death, his knees old Harpool clasp'd,
His dying corpse before him flung."⁴ MS.—"So fiercely charged them that they bled,
Disbanded, yielded, fell, or fled."⁵ MS.—"To rally them against their fate,
And fought himself as desperate"

New horrors on the tumult dire
Arise—the Castle is on fire!⁵
Doubtful, if chance had cast the brand,
Of frantic Bertram's desperate hand.
Matilda saw—for frequent broke
From the dim casements gusts of smoke.
Yon tower, which late so clear defined
On the fair hemisphere declined,
That, pencil'd on its azure pure,
The eye could count each embazure,
Now, swath'd within the sweeping cloud,
Seems giant-spectre in his shroud;
Till, from each loop-hole flashing light,
A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,
And, gathering to united glare,
Streams high into the midnight air;
A dismal beacon, far and wide
That waken'd (iret's slumbering side.⁷
Soon all beneath, through gallery long,
And pendant arch, the fire flash'd strong,
Snatching whatever could maintain,
Raise, or extend, its furious reign;
Startling, with closer cause of dread,
The females who the conflict fled,
And now rush'd forth upon the plain,
Filling the air with clamours vain.

XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within.
The shriek, the shout, the carnage-din,
Till bursting lattices give proof⁸
The flames have caught the rafter'd roof.
What! wait they till its beams amain
Crash on the slayers and the slain?
The alarm is caught—the drawbridge falls,
The warriors hurry from the walls,
But, by the conflagration's light,
Upon the lawn renew the fight.
Each struggling felon down was hew'd,
Not one could gain the sheltering wood;
But forth the affrighted harper sprung,
And ~~st.~~ Matilda's robe he clung.
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,
Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.⁹
Denzil and he alive were ta'en;
The rest, save Bertram, all are slain.

XXXVI.

And where ~~is~~ Bertram!—Soaring high¹⁰
The general flame ascends the sky;

⁵ MS.—"Chance-kindled 'mid the tumult dire,
The western tower is all on fire.
Matilda saw," &c.⁷ The MS. has not this couplet.⁸ MS.—"The glowing lattices give proof."⁹ MS.—"Her shrieks, entreaties, and commands,
Aval'd to stop pursuing brands."¹⁰ MS.—"Where's Bertram now? In fury driven,
The general flame ascends to heaven;
The gather'd groups of soldiers gaze
Upon the red and roaring blaze."

In gather'd group the soldiers gaze
Upon the broad and roaring blaze,
When, like infernal demon, sent,
Red from his penal element,
To plague and to pollute the air,—
His face all gore, on fire his hair,
Forth from the central mass of smoke
The giant form of Bertram broke!
His brandish'd sword on high he rears,
Then plunged among opposing spears;
Round his left arm his mantle truss'd,
Received and foil'd three lances' thrust;
Nor these his headlong course withstood,
Like reeds he snapp'd the tough ash-wood.
In vain his foes around him'clung;
With matchless force aside he flung
Their boldest,—as the bull, at bay,
Tosses the ban-dogs from his way,
Through forty foes his path he made,
And safely gain'd the forest glade.

XXXVII.

Scarce was this final conflict o'er,
When from the Eastern Redmond bore
Wilfrid, who, as of life bereft,
Had in the fatal Hall been left,¹
Deserted there by all his train;
But Redmond saw, and turn'd again.—
Beneath an oak he laid him down,
That in the blaze gleam'd ruddy brown,
And then his mantle's clasp undid,
Matilda held his drooping head,
Till, given to breathe the freer air,
Returning life repaid their care.
He gazed on them with heavy sigh,—
"I could have wish'd even thus to die!"
No more he said—for now with speed
Each trooper had regain'd his steed;
The ready palfreys stood array'd,
For Redmond and for Rokeby's Maid;
Two Wilfrid on his horse sustain,
One leads his charger by the rein.
But oft Matilda look'd behind,
As up the Vale of Tees they wind,
Where far the mansion of her sires
Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires.
In gloomy arch above them spread,
The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red;
Beneath, in sombre light, the flood
Appear'd to roil in waves of blood.
Then, one by one, was heard to fall
The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall.

Each rushing down with thunder sound,
A space the conflagration drown'd;
Till, gathering strength, again it rose,
Announced its triumph in its close,
Shook wide its light the landscape o'er,
Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more!²

BOOK II.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

THE summer sun, whose early power
Went to gild Matilda's bower,
And rouse her with his matin ray³
Her dutious orisons to pay,—
That morning sun has three times seen
The flowers unfold on Rokeby green,
But sees no more the slumbers fly
From fair Matilda's hazel eye;
That morning sun has three times look'd
On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak,
But, rising from their silvan screen,
Marks no grey turrets glance between.
A shapeless mass he keep and tower,
That, hissing to the morning shower,
Can but with smouldering vapour pay
The early smile of summer day.
The peasant, to his labour bound,
Pauses to view the blacken'd mound,
Striving, amid the ruin'd space,
Each well-remember'd spot to trace.
That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall
Once screen'd the hospitable hall;
When yonder broken arch was whole,
'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole;
And where yon tottering columns nod,
The chapel sent the hymn to God—
So flits the world's uncertain span!
Not zeal for God, nor love for man,
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.
The towers must share the builder's doom,
Klein is theirs, and his a tomb:
But better boon benignant Heaven
To Faith and Charity has given.

¹ The MS. wants this couplet.

² MS.—"In vain the opposing spears withstood."

³ MS.—"Had in the smouldering hall been left."

⁴ "The castle on fire has an awful sublimity, which would throw at a humble distance the boldest reaches of the pictorial

art. . . . We refer our readers to Virgil's ships, or to his Troy in flames; and though the Virgilian pictures be drawn on a very extensive canvas, with confidence, we assert, that the castle on fire is much more magnificent. It is, in truth, incomparably grand."—*British Critic*.

⁵ MS.———"glancing ray."

And bids the Christian hope sublime
Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.¹

II.

Now the third night of summer came,
Since that which witness'd Rokeby's flame.
On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake
The owl's homilies awake,
The bittern scream'd from rush and flag,
The raven slumber'd on his crag,
Forth from his den the otter drew,—
Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,
As between reed and sedge he peers,
With fierce round snout and sharpen'd ears,²
Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool,
Watches the stream or swims the pool;—
Perch'd on his wonted eyrie lugh,
Sleep seal'd the terelet's wearied eye,
That all the day had watch'd so well
The cushat dart across the dell.
In dubious beam reflected shone
That lofty cliff of pale grey stone,
Beside whose base the secret cave
To rapine late a refuge gave.
The crag's wild crest of copse and yew
On Greta's breast dark shadows threw;
Shadows that met or shunn'd the sight,
With every change of fitful light;
As hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.

III.

Gliding by crag and copsewood green,
A solitary form was seen
To trace with stealthy pace the wold,
Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,
And pauses oft, and cowers dismay'd,
At every breath that stirs the shade.
He passes now the ivy bush,—
The owl has seen him, and is hush;
He passes now the dodder'd oak,—
Ye heard the startled raven croak;
Lower and lower he descends,
Rustle the leaves, the hushwood bends;
The otter hears him tread the shore,
And dives, and is beheld no more;
And by the cliff of pale grey stone
The midnight wanderer stands alone.
Methinks, that by the moon we trace
A well-remember'd form and face!
That stripling's shape, that cheek so pale,
Combine to tell a rueful tale,

Of powers misused, of passion's force,
Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse!
'Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound
That flings that guilty glance around;
'Tis Edmund's trembling haste divides
The brushwood that the cavern hides;
And, when its narrow porch lies bare,³
'Tis Edmund's form that enters there.

IV.

His flint and steel have sparkled bright,
A lamp hath lent the cavern light.
Fearful and quick his eye surveys
Each angle of the gloomy maze.
Since last he left that stern abode,
It seem'd as none its floor had trode;
Untouch'd appear'd the various spoil,
The purchase of his comrades' toil;
Masks and disguises grim'd with mud,
Arms broken and defiled with blood,
And all the nameless tools that aid
Night-felons in their lawless trade,
Upon the gloomy walls were hung,
Or lay in nooks obscurely flung;⁴
Still on the sordid board appear
The relics of the noontide cheer:
Flagons and emptied flasks were there,⁵
And bench o'erthrown, and shatter'd chair;
And all around the semblance show'd,
As when the final revel glow'd,
When the red sun was setting fast,
And parting pledge Guy Denzil past.
"To Rokeby treasure-vaults!" they quaff'd,
And shouted loud and wildly laugh'd,
Pour'd maddening from the rocky door,
And parted—to return no more!
They found Rokeby vaults their doom,—
A bloody death, a burning tomb!

V.

There his own peasant dress he spies,
Doff'd to assume that quaint disguise;
And, shuddering, thought upon his glee,
When prank'd in garb of minstrelsy.
"O, be the fatal art accurst,"
He cried, "that mov'd my folly first;
Till, bribed by bandits' base applause,
I burst through God's and Nature's laws!
Three summer days are scantily past
Since I have trod this cavern's last,
A thoughtless wretch, and prompt to err—
But, O, as yet no murderer!"

¹ MS.—"And bids our hopes ascend sublime
Beyond the bounds of Fate and Time."

"Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hope sublime,
Beyond the realms of nature and of time."

CAMPBELL.

² The MS. has not this couplet.

³ MS.—"sally-port lies bare."

⁴ MS.—"Or on the floors disordered hang."

⁵ MS.—"Seats overthrown and flagons drain'd,
Still on the cavern floor remain'd.
And all the cave that semblance bore,
It show'd when late the revel wore."

Even now I list my comrades' cheer,
That general laugh is in mine ear,
Which raised my pulse and steel'd my heart,
As I rehearsed my treacherous part—
And would that all since then could seem
The phantom of a fever's dream!
But fatal Memory notes too well
The horrors of the dying yell
From my despairing mates that broke,
When flash'd the fire and roll'd the smoke;
When the avengers shouting came,
And hemm'd us 'twixt the sword and flame!
My frantic flight,—the lifted brand,—
That angel's interposing hand!—
If, for my life from slaughter freed,
I yet could pay some grateful need!
Perchance this object of my quest
May aid"—he turn'd, nor spoke the rest.

VI.

Due northward from the rugged hearth,
With paces five he metes the earth,
Then toil'd with mattock to explore
The entrails of the cavern floor,
Nor paused till, deep beneath the ground,
His search a small steel casket found.
Just as he stoop'd to loose its nasp,
His shoulder felt a giant grasp;
He started, and look'd up aghast.
Then shriek'd!—"Twas Bertram held him fast.
"Fear not!" he said; but who could hear
That deep stern voice, and cease to fear?
"Fear not!—By heaven, he shakes as much
As partridge in the falcon's clutch:"—
He raised him, and unloosed his hold,
While from the opening casket roll'd
A chain and reliquaire of gold.¹
Bertram beheld it with surprise,
Gazed on its fashion and device,
Then, cheering Edmund as he could,
Somewhat he smooth'd his rugged mood:
Yet still the youth's half-lifted eye
Quiver'd with terror's agony,
And sidelong glanced, as to explore,
In meditated flight, the door.
"Sit," Bertram said, "from danger free:
Thou canst not, and thou shalt not, flee.
Chance brings me hither; hill and plain
I've sought for refuge-place in vain.
And tell me now, thou aguish boy,
What maketh thou here? what means this
toy!
Denzil and thou, I mark'd, were ta'en;
What lucky chance unbound your chain!

I deem'd, long since on Babel's tower.
Your heads were warp'd with sun and shower,²
Tell me the whole—and, mark! nought e'er
Chafes me like falsehood, or like fear."
Gathering his courage to his aid,
But trembling still, the youth obey'd.

VII.

"Denzil and I two nights pass'd o'er
In fetters on the dungeon floor
A guest, the third sad morrow brought;
Our hold dark Oswald Wycliffe sought,³
And eyed my comrade long askance,
With fix'd and penetrating glance.
'Guy Denzil art thou call'd?'—'The same.'—
'At Court who served wild Buckingham;
Thence banish'd, won a keeper's place,
So Villiers will'd, in Marwood-chase;
That lost—I need not tell thee why—
Thou madest thy wit thy wants supply.
Then fought for Rokeby:—Have I guess'd
My prisoner right?'—'At thy behest.'—⁴
He paused a while, and then went on
With low and confidential tone:—
Me, as I judge, not then he saw.
Close nestled in my couch of straw—
'Last to me, Guy. Thou know'st the great
Have frequent need of what they hate;
Hence, in their favour oft we see
Unscrupled, useful men like thee.
Were I disposed to bid thee live,
What pledge of faith hast thou to give?

VIII.

"The deadly Fiend, who never yet
Hath failed to sharpen Denzil's wit,
Prompted his lie—His only child
Should rat his pledge."—The Baron smiled,
And turn'd to me—"Thou art his son!
I bowed—our fetters were undone,
And we were led to hear apart
A dreadful lesson of his art.
Wilfrid, he said, his heir and son,
Had fair Matilda's favour won;
And long since had their union been,
But for her father's bigot spleen,
Whose brute and blindfold party-rage
Would, force per force, her hand engage
To a base kern of Irish earth,
Unknown his lineage and his birth,
Save that a dying ruffian bore
The infant brat to Rokeby door.
Gentle restraint, he said, would lead
Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed;

¹ MS. ——— "carpet of gold."

² The MS. adds:—

"No surer shelter from the foe
Than what this cavern can bestow."

³ MS. ——— "perched in sun and shower."

⁴ MS. — "With the third morn that baron old,
Dark Oswald Wycliffe, sought the hold."

⁵ MS. — "And last didst ride in Rokeby's band.
Art thou the man?"—"At thy command."

But fair occasion he must find
For such restraint well-meant and kind,
The Knight being render'd to his charge
But as a prisoner at large.

IX.

"He school'd us in a well-forged tale,
Of scheme the Castle walls to scale,¹
To which was leagued each Cavalier
That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear;
That Rokeby, his parole forgot,
Had dealt with us to aid the plot.
Such was the charge, which Denzil's zeal
Of hate to Rokeby and O'Neale
Proffer'd, as witness, to make good,
Even though the forfeit were their blood.
I scrupled, until o'er and o'er
His prisoners' safety Wycliffe swore;
And then—alas! what needs there more?
I knew I should not live to say
The proffer I refused that day;
Ashamed to live, yet loth to die,
I soil'd me with their infamy!"—
"Poor youth," said Bertram, "wavering still,²
Unfit alike for good or ill!
But what fell, neat?"—"Soon as at large³
Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal charge,
There never yet, on tragic stage,
Was seen so well a painted rage
As Oswald's show'd! With loud alarm
He call'd his garrison to arm;
From tower to tower, from post to post,
He hurried as if all were lost;
Consign'd to dungeon and to chain
The good old Knight and all his train;
Warn'd each suspected Cavalier,
Within his limits, to appear
To-morrow, at the hour of noon,
In the high church of Egliston!"—

X.

"Of Egliston!—Even now I pass'd,"
Said Bertram, "as the night closed fast;
Torches and cressets gleam'd around,
I heard the saw and hammer sound,
And I could mark they toil'd to raise
A scaffold, hung with sable baize,

¹ MS.—"He school'd us then to tell a tale,
Of plot the Castle walls to scale,
To which had sworn each Cavalier."

² MS.—"sore boast'd!
Wavering alike in good and bad"

³ MS.—"O, when at large
Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal charge,
You never yet, on tragic stage,
Beheld so well a painted rage."

⁴ After this line the MS. reads:—

"Although his soldiers snatch'd away,
When in my very grasp, my prey,—

Which the grim headsman's scene display'd,
Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid.
Some evil deed will there be done,
Unless Matilda wed his son;—
She loves him not—'tis shrewdly guess'd
That Redmond rules the damsel's breast.
This is a turn of Oswald's skill;
But I may meet, and foil him still!—⁴
How camest thou to thy freedom?"—"There
Lies mystery more dark and rare.
In midst of Wycliffe's well-foign'd rage,
A scroll was offer'd by a page,
Who told, a muffled horseman late
Had left it at the Castle-gate.
He broke the seal—his cheek show'd change,
Sudden, portentous; wild, and strange;
The mimic passion of his eye
Was turn'd to actual agony;
His hand like summer sapling shook,
Terror and guilt were in his look.
Denzil he judg'd, in time of need,
Fit counsellor for evil deed;
And thus apart his counsel broke.
While with a ghastly smile he spake:—

XI.

"As in the pageants of the stage,
The dead awake in this wild age,⁵
Mortham—whom all men deem'd decreed
In his own deadly snare to bleed,
Slain by a bravo, whom, o'er sea,
He train'd to aid in murdering me,—
Mortham has 'scaped! The coward shot
The steed, but harm'd the rider not."⁶
Here, with an execration fell,
Bertram leap'd up, and paced the cell:—
"Thine own grey head, or bosom dark."
He mutter'd, "may be surer mark!"
Then sat, and sign'd to Edmund, pale
With terror, to resume his tale.
"Wycliffe went on:—'Mark with what
flights
Of wilder'd reverie he writes:—

The Writer.

"Ruler of Mortham's destiny!
Though dead, thy victim lives to thee:

Edmund, how canst thou free?"—"O there
Lies mystery," &c.

⁵ MS.—"The dead arise in this wild age,
Mortham—whom righteous heaven decre'd
Caught in his own fell snare to bleed."

⁶ "Mortham escaped—the coward shot
The horse—but harm'd the rider not."

is truly laughable. How like the *dénouement* of the *Oceanic Garden Tragedy*! In which the hero is supposed to have been killed, but thus accounts for his escape.

"I through the coat was, not the body, run!"

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⁷ MS.—"Though dead to all, he lives to thee."

Once had he all that binds to life,
A lovely child, a lovelier wife;
Wealth, fame, and friendship, wore his own—
Thou gavest the word, and they are flown.
Mark how he pays thee:—To thy hand
He yields his honours and his land,¹
One boon premised:—Restore his child!
And, from his native land exiled,
Mortham no more returns to claim
His lands, his honours, or his name;
Refuse him this, and from the slain
Thou shalt see Mortham rise again.²—

XII.

“ This billet while the Baron read,
His faltering accents show’d his dread;
He press’d his forehead with his palm,
Then took a scornful tone and calm;
‘ Wild as the wind,’ as billows wild!
What wot I of his spouse or child?
Hitherto he brought a joyous dame,
Unknown her lineage or her name:
Her, in some frantic fit, he slew;
The nurse and child in fear withdrew.
Heaven be my witness! wist I where
To find this youth, my kinsman’s heir,—
Unguardon’d, I would give with joy
The father’s arms to fold his boy,
And Mortham’s lands and towers resign
To the just heirs of Mortham’s line.³—
Thou know’st that scarcely e’en his fear
Suppresses Denzil’s cynic sneer:—
‘ Then happy is thy vassal’s part,’
He said, ‘ to ease his patron’s heart!
In thine own jailer’s watchful care
Like Mortham’s just and rightful heir;
Thy generous wish is fully won,—
Redmond O’Neale is Mortham’s son.’—

XIII.

“ Up starting with a frenzied look,
His clenched hand the Baron shook:
‘ Is Hell at work! or dost thou rave,
Or dar’st thou palter with me, slave!
Perchance thou wot’st not, Barnard’s towers
Have racks, of strange and ghastly powers.
Denzil, who well his safety knew,
Firmly rejoin’d, ‘ I tell thee true.
Thy racks could give thee but to know
The proofs, which I, untortured, show.—
It chanced upon a winter night,
When early snow made Stanmore white.
That very night, when first of all
Redmond O’Neale saw Rokeby-hall,

It was my goodly lot to gain
A reliquary and a chain,
Twisted and chased of massive gold.
—Demand not how the prize I hold.
It was not given, nor lent, nor sold.—
Gilt tablets to the chain were hung,
With letters in the Irish tongue.
I hid my spoil, for there was need
That I should leave the land with speed;
Nor then I deem’d it safe to bear
On mine own person gems so rare.
Small heed I of the tablets took,
But since have spell’d them by the book,
When some sojourn in Erin’s land
Of their wild speech had given command.
But darkling was the sense; the phrase
And language those of other days,
Involved of purpose, as to foil
An interloper’s prying toll.
The words, but not the sense, I knew,
Till fortune gave the guiding clew.

XIV.

“ ‘ Three days since, was that clew reveal’d.
In Thorngill as I lay conceal’d,⁴
And heard at full when Rokeby’s Maid
Her uncle’s history display’d;
And now I can interpret well
Each syllable the tablets tell.
Mark, then: ~~For~~ Edith was the joy
Of old O’Neale of Clandeboy;
But from her sire and country fled,
In secret Mortham’s Lord to wed.
O’Neale, his first repentment o’er,
Despatch’d his son to Greta’s shore,
Enjoining he should make him known
(Until his father’s will were shown)
To Edith, but to her alone.
What of their ill-starr’d meeting fell,
Lord Wychiffe knows, and none so well.

XV.

“ ‘ O’Neale it was, who, in despair,
Robb’d Mortham of his infant heir;
He bred him in their nurture wild,
And call’d him murder’d Connell’s child.
Soon died the nurse; the Clan believed
What from their Chieftain they received
His purpose was, that ne’er again
The boy should cross the Irish main;
But, like his mountain sire, enjoy
The woods and wastes of Clandeboy.
Then on the land wild troubles came,
And stronger Chieftains urged a claim,

¹ MS.—“ Wealth, fame, and happiness, his own—
Thou gavest the word, and all is flown.”

² The MS. adds:—

“ Nay more, ere one day’s course had run,
He rescued twice from death thy son.
Mark his demand.—Restore his child!”

³ MS.—“ It chanced, three days since, I was told
Conceal’d in Thorngill’s bosky shade.”

⁴ MS.—“ never more
The boy should visit Albion’s shore.”

And wrested from the old man's hands
His native towers, his father's lands.
Unable then, amid the strife,
To guard young Redmond's rights or life,
Late and reluctant he restores
The infant to his native shores,
With goodly gifts and letters stored,
With many a deep conjuring word,
To Mortham and to Rokeby's Lord.
Nought knew the clod of Irish earth,
Who was the guide, of Redmond's birth ;
But deem'd his Chief's commands were
laid
On both, by both to be obey'd.¹
How he was wounded by the way,
I need not, and I list not say.²

XVI.

" 'A wondrous tale! and, grant it true,
What,' Wycliffe answer'd, 'might I do?
Heaven knows, as willingly as now
I raise the bonnet from my brow,
Would I my kinsman's manors fair³
Restore to Mortham, or his heir;
But Mortham is distraught—O'Neale
Has drawn for tyranny his steel,
Malignant to our rightful cause,
And train'd in Rome's delusive laws.
Hark thee apart!'—They whisper'd low,
Till Denzil's voice grew bold and strong:—
'My proofs! I never will,' he said,
'Show mortal man where they lay laid.
Nor hope discovery to foreclose,
By giving me to feed the crows;
For I have mates at large, who know
Where I am wont such joys to stow.
Free me from peril and from band,
These tablets are of thy command:
Nor were it hard to form some train,
To wile old Mortham o'er the main.
Then, lunatic's nor papist's hap'd
Should wrest from thine the goodly land
—'I like thy wit,' said Wycliffe, 'well;
But here in hostage shalt thou dwell.
Thy son, unless my purpose err,
May prove the trustier messenger.
A scroll to Mortham shall he bear
From me, and fetch these tokens rare.
(Gold shalt thou have, and that good store,
And freedom, his commission o'er;
But if his faith should chance to fail,
The gubbet frees thee from the jail.'—

XVII.

"Mesh'd in the net himself had twined,
What subterfuge could Denzil find?

¹ The MS. has not this couplet.

² MS.—"Would I my kinsman's lands resign
To Mortham's self and Mortham's line;

He told me, with reluctant sigh,
That hidden here the tokens lie;³
Conjured my swift return and aid,
By all he scoff'd and disobey'd,⁴
And look'd as if the noose were tied,
And I the priest who left his side.
This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe gave,
Whom I must seek by Greta's wave;
Or in the hut where chief he hides,
Where Thorsgill's forester resides.
(Thence chanced it, wandering in the glade,
That he descried our ambuscade.)
I was dismiss'd at evening fell,
And teach'd but now this rocky cell."—
"Give Oswald's letter."—Bertram read,
And tore it fiercely, shred by shred:—
"All lies and villany! to blind
His noble kinsman's generous mind,
And train him on from day to day,
Till he can take his life away.—
And now, declare thy purpose, youth,
Nor dare to answer, save the truth;
It aught I mark of Denzil's art,
I'll tear the secret from thy heart!"—

XVIII.

"It needs not. I renounce," he said,
"My tutor and his deadly trade.
Fix'd was my purpose to declare
To Mortham, Redmond is his heir;
To tell him in what risk he stands,
And yield those tokens to his hands.
Fix'd was my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done;
And fix'd it rests— if I survive
This night, and leave this cave alive."—
"And Denzil?"—"Let them ply the rack
Even till his joints and sinews crack!
If Oswald tear him limb from limb,
What ruth can Denzil claim from him,
Whose thoughtless youth he led astray.
And damn'd to this unhallow'd way?
He school'd me faith and vows were vain;
Now let my master reap his gain."—
"True," answer'd Bertram, "'tis his mood;
There's retribution in the deed.
But thou—thou art not for our course,
Hast fear, hast pity, hast remorse:
And he, with us the gale who braves,
Must heave such cargo to the waves,
Or lag with overloaded prone,
While barks unburden'd reach the shore."

XIX.

He paused, and, stretching him at length,
Seem'd to repose his bulky strength.

But Mortham raves—and this O'Neale
Has drawn," &c.

³ MS.—"In secret where the tokens lie"

⁴ MS.—"By ties he scoff'd." &c.

Communing with his secret mind,
As half he sat, and half reclined,
One ample hand his forehead press'd,
And one was dropp'd across his breast.
The shaggy eyebrows deeper came
Above his eyes of swarthy flame;
His lip of pride a while forbore
The haughty curve ~~all~~ then it wore;
The unalter'd fierceness of his look
A shade of darken'd sadness took,—
For dark and sad a presage press'd
Resistlessly on Bertram's breast,—
And when he spoke, his wonted tone,
So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.
His voice was steady, low, and deep,
Like distant waves when breezes sleep;
And sorrow mix'd with Edmund's fear,
Its low unbroken depth to hear.

XX.

"Edmund, in thy sad tale I find
The woe that warp'd my patron's mind:
I would wake the fountains of the eye
In other men, but mine are dry.
Mortham must never see the fool,
That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool;
Yet less from thirst of sordid gain,
Than to avenge supposed disdain.
Say, Bertram rues his fault;—a word,
Till now, from Bertram never heard:
Say, too, that Mortham's Lord he prays
To think but on their former days;
On Quariana's beach and rock,
On Cayo's bursting battle-shock,
On Darien's sands and deadly dew,
And on the dart Tlatzeca threw:
Perchance my patron yet may hear
More that may grace his comrade's bier.
My soul hath felt a secret weight,
A warning of approaching fate:
A priest had said, 'Return, repent!'—
As well to bid that rock be rent.
Firm as that flint I face mine end;
My heart may burst, but cannot bend."

XXI.

"The dawning of my youth, with awe
And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw;
For over Rededale it came,
As bodeful as their beacon-flame.
Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,
When, challenging the Clans of Tyne,
To bring their best my brand to prove,
O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove;"

But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,
Held champion meet to take it down.
My noontide, India may declare;
Like her fierce sun, I fired the air!
Like him, to wood and cave bade fly
Her natives, from mine angry eye.
Pasama's maids shall long look pale
When Rivingham inspires the tale;
Chili's dark matrons long shall grieve
The froward child with Bertram's name.
And now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night."

XXII.

"Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly,
Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie
To Richmond, where his troops are laid,
And lead his force to Redmond's aid.
Say, till he reaches Egliston,
A friend will watch to guard his son.
Now, fare-thee-well; for night draws on,
And I would rest me here alone."
Despite his ill-dissembled fear,
There swam in Edmund's eye a tear;
A tribute to the courage high,
Which stoop'd not in extremity,
But strove, irregularly great,
To triumph o'er approaching fate!
Bertram beheld the dewdrop start,
It almost touch'd his iron heart:—
"I did not think there lived," he said,
"One, who would tear for Bertram shed."
He loosen'd then his baldric's hold,
A buckle broad of massive gold;—
"Of all the spoil that paid his pains,
But this with Rivingham remains;
And this, dear Edmund, thou shalt take
And wear it long for Bertram's sake.
Once more—to Mortham speed amain;
Farewell! and turn thee not again."

XXIII.

The night has yielded to the morn
And far the hours of prime are worn.
Oswald, who, since the dawn of day,
Had cursed his messenger's delay,
Impatient question'd now his train,
"Was Denzil's son return'd again?"

1 MS.—"A darken'd sad expression took,
The unalter'd fierceness of his look."

2 MS.—"Perchance, that Mortham yet may hear
Something to grace his comrade's bier."

3 MS.—"ne'er shall bend."

4 See Appendix, Note 31.

5 MS.—"With him and Fairfax for his friend,
No risk that Wycliffe dares contend.
Tell him the while, at Egliston
There will he be one to guard his son."

It chanced there answer'd of the crew,
A mental, who young Edmund knew :
" No son of Denzil this,"—he said ;
" A peasant boy from Winston glade,
For song and minstrelsy renown'd,
And kravish pranks, the hamlets round."—
" Not Denzil's son !—From Winston vale !—
Then it was false, that specious tale ;
Or, worse—he hath despatch'd the youth
To show to Mortham's Lord its truth.
Fool that I was !—but 'tis too late ;—
This is the very turn of fate !—
The tale, or true or false, relies
On Denzil's evidence !—He dies !—
Ho ! Provost Marshall ! instantly
Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree !
Allow him not a parting word ;
Short be the shrift, and sure the cord !
Then let his gory head appal
Marauders from the Castle-wall.
Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,
With best despatch to Egliston.—
—Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straight
Attend me at the Castle-gate."—

XXIV.

" Alas !" the old domestic said,
And shook his venerable head,
" Alas, my Lord ! full ill to-day
May my young master brook the way !
The leech has spoke with grave alarm,
Of unseen hurt, of secret harm,
Of sorrow lurking at the heart,
That nags and lets his healing art."—
" Tush, tell not me !—Romantic boys
Pine themselves sick for airy toys,
I will find cure for Wilfrid soon ;
Bid him for Egliston be bouné,
And quick !—I hear the dull death-drum
Tell Denzil's hour of fate is come."—
He paused with scornful smile, and then
Resumed his train of thought again.
" Now comes my fortune's crisis near !
Entreaty boots not—instant fear,
Nought else, can bend Matilda's pride,
Or win her to be Wilfrid's bride.
But when she sees the scaffold placed,
With axe and block and headman graced,
And when she deems, that to deny
Dooms Redmond and her sire to die,
She must give way.—Then, were the line
Of Rebecky once combined with mine,

I gain the weather-gage of fate !
If Mortham come, he comes too late,
While I, allied thus and prepared,
Bid him defiance to his beard.—
—If she prove stubborn, shall I dare
To drop the axe !—Soft ! pause we there.
Mortham still lives—yon youth may tell
His tale—and Fairfax let's him well ;—
Else, wherefore should I now delay
To sweep this Redmond from my way !—
But she to piety perforce
Must yield.—Without there ! Sound to horse."

XXV.

'Twas bustle in the court below,—
" Mount, and march forward !"—Forth they go
Steeds neigh and trample all around,
Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound.—
Just then was sung his parting hymn ;
And Denzil turn'd his eyeballs dim,
And, scarcely conscious what he sees,
Follows the horsemen down the Tees ;²
And scarcely conscious what he hears,
The trumpets tingle in his ears.
O'er the long bridge they're sweeping now,
The van is led by greenwood bough ;
But ere the rearward had pass'd o'er,
Guy Denzil heard and saw no more !³
One stroke, upon the Castle bell,
To Oswald rung his dying knell.

XXVI.

O, for that pencil, erst profuse
Of chivalry's emblazon'd hues,
That traced of old, in Woodstock bower,
The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,
And bodied forth the tourney high,
Held for the hand of Emily !
Then might I paint the tumult broad,
That to the crowded abbey flot'd,
And pour'd, as with an ocean's sound,
Into the church's ample bound !
Then might I show each varying mien,
Exulting, woeful, or serene ;
Indifference, with his idly stare,
And Sympathy, with anxious air,
Paint the dejected Cavalier,
Doubtful, disarm'd, and sad of cheer ;
And his proud foe, whose formal rage
Claim'd conquest now and mastery ;
And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal
Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,

¹ MS.—" This is the crisis of my fate."

² MS.—" Marks the dark cloud sweep down the Tees."

³ " This subordinate villain thus meets the reward which he deserves. He is altogether one of the minor sketches of the poem, but still adds a variety and a life to the group. He is besides absolutely necessary for the development of the plot ; and indeed a peculiar propriety in this respect is observable

throughout the story. No character, and, comparatively speaking, but little description, is introduced that is unnecessary to the narrative ; it proceeds clearly, if not rapidly throughout, and although the plot becomes additionally involved to appearance as it advances, all is satisfactorily explained at the last, or rather explains itself by gradual unravelment."—*Monthly Review*.

And loudest shouts when lowest lie
Exalted worth and station high.
Yet what may such a wish avail!
'Tis mine to tell an onward tale,¹
Hurrying, as best I can, along,
The hearers and the hasty song;—
Like traveller when approaching home,
Who sees the shades of evening come,
And must not now his course delay,
Or choose the fair, but winding way;
Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend,
Where o'er his head the wildings bend,
To bless the breeze that cools his brow,
Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

XXVII.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profaned, dishonour'd, and defaced.
Through storied lattices no more
In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,
(Hiding the Gothic sculpture rich
Of shrine, and monument, and niche.
The Civil fury of the time
Made sport of sacrilegious crime;²
For dark Fanaticism rent
Altar, and screen, and ornament,
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew
Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh.³
And now was seen, unwonted sight,
In holy walls a scaffold dight!
Where once the priest, of grace divine
Dealt to his flock the mystic sign;
There stood the block display'd, and there
The headsman grim his hatchet bare;
And for the word of Hope and Faith,
Resounded loud a doom of death.
Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was heard,
And echo'd thrice the herald's word,
Dooming, for breach of martial laws,
And treason to the Commons' cause,
The Knight of Rokeby and O'Neale
To stoop their heads to block and steel.
The trumpets flourish'd high and shrill,
Then was a silence dead and still;
And silent prayers to heaven were cast,
And stifled sobs were bursting fast,

Till from the crowd begun to rise
Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,
And from the distant aisles there came
Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's name.⁴

XXVIII.

But Oswald, guarded by his band,
Powerful in evil, waved his hand,
And bade Sedition's voice be dead,
On peril of the murmurer's head.
Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight;⁵
Who gazed on the tremendous sight,
As calm as if he came a guest
To kindred Baron's feudal feast,⁶
As calm as if that trumpet-call
Were summons to the banner'd hall;
Firm in his loyalty he stood,
And prompt to seal it with his blood.
With downcast look drew Oswald nigh,—
He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye!—⁷
And said, with low and faltering breath,
"Thou know'st the terms of life and death."
The Knight then turn'd, and sternly smiled;
"The maiden is mine only child,
Yet shall my blessing leave her head,
If with a traitor's son she wed."
Then Redmond spoke: "The life of one
Might thy malignity atone,⁸
On me be flung a double guilt!
Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt!"
Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit,
But dread prevail'd, and he was mute.

XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of fear
In secret on Matilda's ear;
"An union form'd with me and mine,
Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line.
Consent, and all this dread array,
Like morning dream, shall pass away;
Refuse, and, by thy duty press'd,
I give the word—thou know'st the rest."
Matilda, still and motionless,
With terror heard the dread address,
Pale as the sheeted maid who dies
To hopeless love a sacrifice;

¹ The Quarterly Reviewer, after quoting from

"'Tis mine to tell an onward tale,"

10

"Or snatch a blossom from the bough,"

adds, "Assuredly, if such lines as these had occurred more frequently in Rokeby, it would have extorted our unqualified admiration; and although we lament that numerous little blemishes, which might easily be removed, have been suffered to remain; that many of the poetical ornaments, though justly conceived, are faintly and indistinctly drawn; and that those finishing touches, which Mr. Scott has the talent of placing with peculiar taste and propriety, are too sparingly scattered; we readily admit that he has told his 'onward tale' with great vigour and animation; and that he has gene-

rally redeemed his faults by the richness and variety of his imagery, or by the interest of his narrative."

² The MS. has not this nor the preceding couplet.

³ MS.—"And peasants' base-born hands o'erthrew
The tombs of Lacy and Fitz-Hugh."

⁴ MS.—"Muttering of threats, and Wycliffe's name"

⁵ MS.—"Then from his victim sought to know
The working of his tragic show,
And first his glance," &c.

⁶ MS.—"To some high Baron's feudal feast,
And that loud pealing trumpet-call
Was summons," &c.

⁷ MS.—"He durst not meet his scornful eye."

⁸ MS.—"the blood of one
Might this malignant plot atone."

Then wrung her hands in agony,
 And round her east bewilder'd eye.
 Now on the scaffold glanced, and now
 On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow.
 She veil'd her face, and, with a voice
 Scarce audible,—“I make my choice!
 Spare but their lives!—for aught beside,
 Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide.
 He once was generous!”—As she spoke,
 Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph broke:—
 “Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so late?
 Why upon Basil rest thy weight!—
 Art spell-bound by enchanter's wand?—
 Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded hand;
 Thank her with raptures, simple boy!
 Should tears and trembling speak thy joy!”—
 “O hush, my sire! To prayer and tear
 Of mine thou hast refused thine ear;
 But now the awful hour draws on,
 When truth must speak in loftier tone.”

XXX.

He took Matilda's hand:—“Dear maid,
 Couldst thou so injure me,” he said,
 “Of thy poor friend so basely deem.
 As blend with him this barbarous scheme!
 Alas! my efforts made in vain,
 Might well have saved this added pain.
 But now, bear witness earth and heaven,
 That ne'er was hope to mortal given,
 So twisted with the strings of life,
 As this—to call Matilda wife!
 I bid it now for ever part,
 And with the effort bursts my heart!”
 His feeble frame was worn so low,
 With wounds, with watching, and with woe,
 That nature could no more sustain
 The agony of mental pain.
 He kneel'd—his lip her hand had press'd,—
 Just then he felt the stern arrest.

¹ In place of this and preceding couplet, the MS. has

“Successful was the scheme he plann'd

‘Kneel, Wilfrid! take her yielded hand!’”

² MS.—“He kneel'd, and took her hand.”

³ MS.—“To save the complicated pain.”

⁴ MS.—“Blended.”

⁵ MS.—“His lips upon her hands were press'd,—
 Just as he felt the stern arrest.”

⁶ “The character of Wilfrid is as extensively drawn, and even more so, perhaps, than that of Bertram. And amidst the fine and beautiful moral reflections accompanying it, a deep insight into the human heart is discernible:—we had almost said an intuition more penetrating than even his, to whom were given these ‘golden keys’ that ‘unlock the gates of joy.’

“Of horror that and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.”

British Critic.

“In delineating the actors of this dramatic tale, we have little hesitation in saying, that Mr. Scott has been more suc-

Lower and lower sunk his head—
 They raised him,—but the life was fled!
 Then, first alarm'd, his sire and train
 Tried every aid, but tried in vain.
 The soul, too soft its ills to bear,
 Had left our mortal hemisphere,
 And sought in better world the mead,
 To blameless life by Heaven decreed.”

XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast,
 With Wilfrid all his projects past,
 All turn'd and centred on his son,
 On Wilfrid all—and he was gone.
 “And I am childless now,” he said:
 “Childless, through that relentless maid!
 A lifetime's arts, in vain essay'd,
 Are bursting on their artist's head!—
 Here lies my Wilfrid dead—and there
 Comes hated Mortham for his heir,
 Eager to knit in happy band
 With Rokely's heiress Redmond's hand.
 And shall their triumph soar o'er all
 The schemes deep-laid to work their fall?
 No!—deeds, which prudence might not dare,
 Appal not vengeance and despair.
 The murderess weeps upon his bier—
 I'll change to real that feigned tear!
 They all shall share destruction's shock;—
 Ho! lead the captives to the block!”—
 But ill his Provost could divine
 His feelings, and forbore the sign.
 “Slave! to the block!—or I, or they,
 Shall face the judgment-seat this day!”

XXXII.

The utmost crowd have heard a sound,
 Like horse's hoof on harden'd ground;
 Nearer it came, and yet more near,—
 The very death's-men paused to hear.

cessful than on any former occasion. Wilfrid, a person of the first importance in the whole management of the plot, exhibits an assemblage of qualities not unfrequently combined in real life, but, so far as we can recollect, never before represented in poetry. It is, indeed, a character which required to be touched with great art and delicacy. The reader generally expects to find beauty of form, strength, grace, and agility, united with powerful passions, in the prominent figures of romance; because these visible qualities are the most frequent themes of panegyric, and usually the best passports to admiration. The absence of these is supposed to throw an air of ridicule on the pretensions of a candidate for love or glory. An ordinary poet, therefore, would have despaired of awakening our sympathy in favour of that lofty and generous spirit, and keen sensibility, which at once animate and consume the frail and sickly frame of Wilfrid; yet Wilfrid is, in fact, extremely interesting; and his death, though obviously necessary to the condign punishment of Oswald, to the future repose of Matilda, and consequently to the consummation of the poem, leaves strong emotions of pity and regret in the mind of the reader.”—*Quarterly Review.*

'Tis in the churchyard now—the tread
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead !
Fresh sod, and old sepulchral stone,
Return the tramp in varied tone.
All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman arm'd, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his pike, his steed.
Fire from the flinty floor was spurn'd,
The vaults unwonted clang return'd !—
One instant's glance around he threw,
From saddlebow his pistol drew.
Grimly determined was his look !
His charger with the spurs he strook—
All scatter'd backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Kisingham !
Three bounds that noble courser gave ;
The first has reach'd the central nave,
The second clear'd the chancel wide,
The third—he was at Wycliffe's side.
Full level'd at the Baron's head,
Rung the report—the bullet sped—
And to his long account, and last,
Without a groan dark Oswald past !
All was so quick, that it might seem
A flash of lightning, or a dream.

XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels ;
But flounder'd on the pavement-floor
The steed, and down the rider bore,
And, bursting in the headlong way,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
'Twas while he toil'd him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.
Sword, halberd, musket—but, their blows
Hail'd upon Bertram as he rose,
A score of pikes, with each a wound,
Bore down and pinn'd him to the ground ;

But still his struggling force he rears,
'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears ;
Thrice from assailants shook him free,
Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee.
By tenfold odds oppress'd at length,
Despite his struggles and his strength,
He took a hundred mortal wounds,
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling bounds ;
And when he died, his parting groan
Had more of laughter than of moan !
—They gazed, as when a lion dies,
And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,
But bend their weapons on the slain,
Lest the grim king should rouse again !
Then blow and insult some renew'd,
And from the trunk, the head had hew'd,
But Basil's voice the deed forbade ;
A mantle o'er the corse he laid :—
"Fell as he was in act and mind,
He left no bolder heart behind :
Then give him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."

XXXIV.

No more of death and dying pang,
No more of trump and bugle clang,
Though through the sounding woods there come
Banner and bugle, trump and drum.
Arm'd with such powers as well had freed
Young Redmond at his utmost need,
And back'd with such a band of horse,
As might less ample powers enforce,
Possess'd of every proof and sign
That gave an heir to Mortham's line,
And yielded to a father's arms
An image of his Edith's charms,—
Mortham is come, to hear and see
Of this strange morn the history.
What saw he?—not the church's floor,
Cumber'd with dead and stain'd with gore ;
What heard he?—not the clamorous crowd,
That shout their gratulations loud :

1 See Appendix, Note 3 K

2 MS.—" Three bounds he made, that noble steed ;
The first the Ladies' tomb } has freed "
(chancel's bound)

3 MS.—" Oppress'd and pinn'd him to the ground "

4 MS.—" And when, by odds borne down at length."

5 MS.—" He bore."

6 MS.—" Had more of laugh in it than moan."

7 MS.—" But held their weapons ready set,
Lest the grim king should rouse him yet."

8 MS.—" But Basil check'd them with disdain,
And flung a mantle o'er the slain."

9 "Whether we see him scaling the cliffs in desperate
course, and scaring the hawks and the ravens from their
nests; or, while the Castle is on fire, breaking from the cen-
tral mass of smoke; or, amidst the terrific circumstances of
his death, when his

' parting groan

"Had more of laughter than of moan."

we mark his race of terror, with the poet, like the 'eve of tro-
pic sun"

"No pale gradations quench his ray
No twilight dews his wrath allay ;
With dusk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed ;
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night!"

British Critic.

"I hope you will like Bertram to the end; he is a Caravag-
gio sketch, which, I may acknowledge to you—but tell it not
in Gath—I rather pique myself upon; and he is within the
keeping of Nature, though critics will say to the contrary.
It may be difficult to fancy that any one should take a sort of
pleasure in bringing out such a character, but I suppose it is
partly owing to bad reading, and ill-directed reading, when I
was young."—SCOTT to Miss Baillie.—*Life*, vol. iv. p. 69.

Redmond he saw and heard alone,
Clasp'd him, and sobb'd, "My son! my son!"—¹

XXXV.

This chanced upon a summer morn,
When yellow waved the heavy corn:
But when brown August o'er the land
Call'd forth the reaper's busy band,
A gladsome sight the silvan road
From Egliston to Mortham show'd.
A while the hardy rustic leaves
The task to bind and pile the sheaves,
And maids their sickles fling aside,
To gaze on bridegroom and on bride,
And childhood's wondering group draws near,
And from the gleaner's hands the ear

¹ MS.—Here the Author of Rokeby wrote,
"End of Canto VI."

Stanza xxxv., added at the request of the printer and another friend, was accompanied by the following note to Mr Ballantyne.—

"DEAR JAMES,

"I send you this, out of deference to opinions so strongly expressed, but still retaining my own, that it spoils one effect without producing another.

"W. S."

"Mr. Scott has now confined himself within much narrower limits, and, by descending to the sober annals of the seventeenth century, has renounced nearly all those ornaments of Gothic pageantry, which, in consequence of the taste with which he displayed them, had been tolerated, and even admired, by modern readers. He has subjected his style to a severer code of criticism. The language of the poet is often unconsciously referred to the date of the incidents which he relates, so that what is careless or idiomatic escapes censure, as a supposed anomaly of antique diction, and it is, perhaps, partly owing to this impression, that the phraseology of 'Marion,' and of the 'Lady of the Lake,' has appeared to us to be no less faulty than that of the present poem.

"But, be this as it may, we confidently persist in thinking, that in this last experiment, Mr. Scott's popularity will be still farther confirmed; because we have found by experience, that, although during the first hasty inspection of the poem, undertaken for the gratification of our curiosity, some blemishes intruded themselves upon our notice, the merits of the story, and the minute shades of character displayed in the conduct of it, have been sufficient, during many succeeding perusals, to awaken our feelings, and to reanimate and sustain our attention.

"The original fiction from which the poem is derived, appears to us to be constructed with considerable ability; but it is on the felicity with which the poet has expanded and dramatized it; on the diversity of the characters; on the skill with which they are unfolded, and on the ingenuity with which every incident is rendered subservient to his final purpose, that we chiefly found our preference of this over his former productions. From the first canto to the last, nothing is superfluous. The arrival of a nocturnal visitor at Barnard Castle is announced with such solemnity, the previous terrors of Orwald, the arrogance and ferocity of Bertram, his abruptness and discourtesy of demeanour, are so minutely delineated, that the picture seems as if it had been introduced for the sole purpose of displaying the author's powers of description! yet it is from this visit that all the subsequent incidents naturally, and almost necessarily flow. Our curiosity is, at the very commencement of the poem, most powerfully excited;

Drops, while she folds them for a prayer
And blessing on the lovely pair.
'Twas then the Maid of Rokeby gave
Her plighted troth to Redmond brave;
And Teesdale can remember yet
How Fate to Virtue paid her debt,
And, for their troubles, bade them prove
A lengthen'd life of peace and love

Time and Tide had thus their sway,
Yielding, like an April day,
Smiling noon for many a morn,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow!

the principal actors in the scene exhibit themselves distinctly to our view, the development of the plot is perfectly continuous, and our attention is never interrupted, or suffered to relax."—*Quarterly Review*

"This production of Mr. Scott altogether abounds in imagery and description less than either of its precursors, in pretty nearly the same proportion as it contains more of dramatic incident and character. Yet some of the pictures which it presents are highly wrought and vividly coloured; for example, the terribly animated narrative, in the fifth canto, of the battle within the hall, and the conflagration of the mansion of Rokeby.

"Several defects, of more or less importance, we noticed, or imagined that we noticed, as we read. It appears like presumption to accuse Mr. Scott of any failure in respect of costume—of the manners and character of the times which he describes yet the impression produced on our minds by the perusal, has certainly been, that we are thrown back in imagination to a period considerably antecedent to that which he intends to celebrate. The other faults, we remarked, consist principally in the too frequent recurrence of those which we have so often noticed on former occasions, and which are so incorporated with the poet's style, that it is now become as useless as it is painful, to repeat the censures which they have occasioned.

"We have been informed that 'Rokeby' has hitherto circulated less rapidly than has usually been the case with Mr. Scott's works. If the fact be so, we are inclined to attribute it solely to accidental circumstances; being persuaded that the defects of the poem are only common to it with all the productions of its author; that they are even less numerous than in most; and that its beauties, though of a different stamp, are more profusely scattered, and, upon the whole, of a higher order."—*Critical Review*.

"Such is Rokeby; and our readers must confess that it is a very interesting tale. Alone, it would stamp the author one of the most picturesque of English poets. Of the story, we need hardly say any thing farther. It is complicated without being confused, and so artfully suspended in its development, as to produce a constantly increasing sensation of curiosity. Parts, indeed, of the catastrophe may at intervals be foreseen, but they are like the partial glimpses that we catch of a noble and well-shaded building, which does not break on us in all its proportion and in all its beauty, until we suddenly arrive in front. Of the characters, we have something to ob-

serve, in addition to our private remarks. Our readers may perhaps have seen that we have frequently applied the term *sketch*, to the several personages of the drama. Now, although this poem possesses more variety of well-sustained character than any other of Mr. Scott's performances—although *Wilfred* will be a favourite with every lover of the soft, the gentle, and the pathetic, while *Edmund* offers a fearful warning to misused abilities—and although *Redmond* is indeed a man, compared to the *Cranston* of *The Lay*, to the *Willon* of *Marmion*, or to the *Malcolm* of the *Lady of the Lake*; yet in *Redmond* himself but a *sketch* compared to *Bertram*. Here is Mr. Scott's true and favourite hero. He has no 'sneaking kindness' for these barbarians,—he boldly adopts and patronises them. *Deloraine* (it has humorously been observed) would have been exactly what *Marmion* was; could he have read and written; *Bertram* is a happy mixture of both,—a great villain, if possible, as *Marmion*; and, if possible, as great a *scamp* as *Deloraine*. His character is completed by a dash of the fierceness of *Roderick Dhu*. We do not here enter into the question as to the good taste of an author who employs his utmost strength of description on a compound of bad qualities; but we must observe, in the way of protest for the present, that something must be wrong where poetical effect and moral approbation are so much at variance. We leave untouched the general argument, whether it makes any difference for poetical purposes, that a hero's vices or his virtues should preponderate. Powerful indeed must be the genius of the poet who, out of such materials as those above mentioned, can form an interesting whole. This, however, is the fact; and *Bertram* at times so overcomes hatred with admiration, that he (or rather his painter) is almost pardonable for his energy alone. There is a charm about this spring of mind which bears down all opposition, and throws a brilliant veil of light over the most ludicrous deformity. This is the fascination—this is the variety and vigor by which Mr. Scott recommends barbarous heroes, undignified occurrences, and occasionally, the most incorrect language, and the most imperfect versification—

"Catch but his fire—and you forgive him all."

Monthly Review

"*Rokeby*, as a whole, is equally interesting with Mr. Scott's former works, we are by no means prepared to assert. But if there be, comparatively, a diminution of interest, it is evidently owing to no other cause than the time or place of its action—the sobriety of the period, and the abated wildness of the scenery. With us, the wonder is, that a period so late as that of *Charles the First*, could have been managed so decorously, and have been made so happily subservient to poetic invention.

"In the meantime, we have no hesitation in declaring our opinion, that the tale of *Rokeby* is much better told than those of 'The Lay,' or of 'Marmion.' Its characters are introduced with more ease; its incidents are more natural; one event is more necessarily generated by another; the reader's mind is kept more in suspense with respect to the termination of the story; and the moral reflections interspersed are of a deeper cast. Of the versification, also, we can justly pronounce, that it is more polished than in 'Marmion,' or 'The Lay,' and though we have marked some careless lines, yet even in the instance of 'bold disorder,' *Rokeby* can furnish little room for animadversion. In fine, if we must compare him with himself, we judge Mr. Scott has given us a poem in *Rokeby*, superior to 'Marmion,' or 'The Lay,' but not equal, perhaps, to 'The Lady of the Lake.'"—*British Critic*.

"It will surprise no one to hear that Mr. Morritt assured his friend he considered *Rokeby* as the best of all his poems. The admirable, perhaps the unique fidelity of the *local* descriptions, might alone have swayed, for I will not say it perverted, the judgment of the lord of that beautiful and therefore classical domain; and, indeed, I must admit that I never understood or appreciated half the charm of this poem until I had become familiar with its scenery. But Scott himself had not designed to rest his strength on these descriptions. He said to James Ballantyne, while the work was in progress, (September 2.) 'I hope the thing will do, chiefly because the world will not expect from me a poem of which the interest turns upon character;' and in another letter, (October 28, 1812.) 'I think you will see the same sort of difference taken in all my former poems, of which I would say, if it is fair for me to say any thing, that the force in the *Lay* is thrown on style—in *Marmion*, on description, and in the *Lady of the Lake*, on incident.' I suspect some of these distinctions may have been matters of after thought; but as to *Rokeby* there can be no mistake. His own original conceptions of some of its principal characters have been explained in letters already cited; and I believe no one who compares the poem with his novels will doubt that, had he undertaken their portraiture in prose, they would have come forth with effect hardly inferior to any of all the groups he ever created. As it is, I question whether, even in his prose, there is any thing more exquisitely wrought out, as well as fancied, than the whole contrast of the two rivals for the love of the heroine in *Rokeby*; and that heroine herself, too, has a very particular interest attached to her. Writing to Miss Edgeworth five years after this time, (10th March 1818) he says, 'I have not read one of my poems since they were printed, excepting last year the *Lady of the Lake*, which I liked better than I expected, but not well enough to induce me to go through the rest; so I may truly say with *Macbeth*—

"I'm afraid to think of what I've done—
Look out! again I dare not."

"This much of *Matilda* I recollect, (for that is not so easily forgotten) that she was attempted for the existing person of a lady who is now no more, so that I am particularly flattered with your distinguishing her from the others, which are in general mere shadows. I can have no doubt that the lady he here alludes to was the object of his own unfortunate first love; and as little, that in the romantic generosity, both of the youthful poet who fails to win her higher favour, and of his chivalrous competitor, we have before us something more than a mere shadow.

"In spite of these graceful characters, the inimitable scenery on which they are presented, and the splendid vivacity and thrilling interest of several chapters in the story—such as the opening interview of *Bertram* and *Wycliffe*—the flight up the cliff on the *Greta*—the first entrance of the cave at *Brignall*—the firing of *Rokeby Castle*—and the catastrophe in *Eglinton Abbey*; in spite certainly of exquisitely happy lines profusely scattered throughout the whole composition, and of some detached images—that of the setting of the tropical sun, for example—which were never surpassed by any poet, in spite of all these merits, the immediate success of *Rokeby* was greatly inferior to that of the *Lady of the Lake*; nor has it ever since been so much a favourite with the public at large as any other of his poetical romances. He ascribes this failure, in his introduction of 1830, partly to the radically unpoetical character of the *Round-heads*; but surely their character has its poetical side also, had his prejudices allowed him to enter upon its study with impartial sympathy; and I doubt not Mr. Morritt suggested the difficulty on this score

when the outline of the story was as yet undetermined, from consideration rather of the poet's peculiar feelings, and powers as hitherto exhibited, than of the subject absolutely. Partly he blames the satiety of the public ear, which had had so much of his rhythm, not only from himself, but from dozens of mocking birds, male and female, all more or less applauded in their day, and now all equally forgotten. Thus circumstance, too, had probably no slender effect; the more that, in defiance of all the hints of his friends, he now, in his narrative, repeated (with more negligence) the uniform octosyllabic couplets of *The Lady of the Lake*, instead of recurring to the more varied cadence of the *Lay* or *Marmion*. It is

fair to add that, among the London circles at least, some sarcastic flings in Mr. Moore's 'Two-penny Post Bag' must have had an unfavourable influence on this occasion. But the cause of failure which the poet himself places last, was unquestionably the main one. The deeper and darker passion of *Childe Harold*, the audacity of its morbid voluptuousness, and the melancholy majesty of the numbers in which it defied the world, had taken the general imagination by storm; and *Rokeby*, with many beauties, and some sublimities, was pitched, as a whole, on a key which seemed tame in the comparison.—*LOCKHART. Life of Scott, vol. iv. pp. 53-54.*

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

On Barnard's towers, and Tees's Stream, &c.—P. 280

"BARNARD CASTLE," saith old Ieland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Balhol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Balhol's Tower, after and as mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It bears marks of great antiquity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its vaulted roof, which has been lately greatly injured by the operations of some persons, to whom the tower has been leased for the purpose of making patent shot. The prospect from the top of Balhol's Tower commands a rich and magnificent view of the wooded valley of the Tees.

Barnard Castle often changed master during the middle ages. Upon the forfeiture of the unfortunate John Balhol, the first king of Scotland of that family, Edward I. seized this fortress among the other English estates of his refractory vassal. It was afterwards vested in the Beauchamps of Warwick, and in the Staffords of Buckingham, and was also sometimes in the possession of the Bishops of Durham, and sometimes in that of the crown. Richard III. is said to have enlarged and strengthened its fortifications, and to have made it for some time his principal residence for the purpose of bridling and suppressing the Lancastrian faction in the north. From the Staffords, Barnard Castle passed, probably by marriage, into the possession of the powerful Nevilles, Earls of Westmorland, and belonged to the last representative of that family, when he engaged with the Earl of Northumberland in the ill-concerted insurrection of the twelfth of Queen Elizabeth. Upon this occasion, however, Sir George Bowes of Sheatlam, who held great possessions in the neighbourhood, anticipated the two insurgent earls, by seizing upon and garrisoning Barnard Castle, which he held out for ten days against all their forces, and then surrendered it upon honourable terms. See Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 330. In a ballad, contained in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i., the siege is thus commemorated—

"Then Sir George Bowes he straight way rose,
After them some spoyls to make;
Those noble erles turned back againe,
And sayd they wold that knight to take!

"That baron he to his castle fled;
To Barnard Castle then fled he;
The uttermost walles were eathes to won,
The azles have won them presuntle.

"The uttermost walles were lime and brick;
But though they won them soon anon,
Long ere they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rock and stone."

By the suppression of this rebellion, and the consequent forfeiture of the Earl of Westmorland, Barnard Castle reverted to the crown, and was sold or leased out to Car, Earl of Somerset, the guilty and unhappy favourite of James I. It was afterwards granted to Sir Henry Vane the elder, and was therefore, in all probability, occupied for the Parliament, whose interest during the Civil War was so keenly espoused by the Vanes. It is now, with the other estates of that family, the property of the Right Honourable Earl of Darlington.

NOTE B.

—no human ear,
Unshapen'd by reverence and fear,
Could e'er distinguish horse's clank.—P. 290.

I have had occasion to remark in real life, the effect of keen and fervent anxiety, in giving acuteness to the organs of sense. My gift friend, Miss Joanna Baillic, whose dramatic works display such intimate acquaintance with the operations of human passion, has not omitted this remarkable circumstance.—

"De Montfort. (Off his guard.) 'Tis Rezenvelt: I heard
his well-known foot,
From the first staircase mounting step by step.
Frob. How quick an ear thou hast for distant sound!
I heard him not.
(De Montfort looks embarrassed, and is silent.)"

NOTE C.

The morion's plumes his visage aid,
And the buff-coat, in ample fold,
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.—P. 291.

The use of complete suits of armour was fallen into disuse during the Civil War, though they were still worn by leaders of rank and importance. "In the reign of King James I.," says our military antiquary, "no great alterations were made in the article of defensive armour, except that the buff-coat or jerkin, which was originally worn under the cuirass, new

became frequently a substitute for it, it having been found that a good buff leather would of itself resist the stroke of a sword; this, however, only occasionally took place among the light-armed cavalry and infantry, complete suits of armour being still used among the heavy horse. Buff coats continued to be worn by the city trained-bands till within the memory of persons now living, so that defensive armour may, in some measure, be said to have terminated in the same materials with which it began, that is, the skins of animals, or leather."—Grose's *Military Antiquities* Lond. 1801, 4to, vol. ii p. 323

Of the buff-coats, which were worn over the corselets, several are yet preserved; and Captain Grose has given an engraving of one which was used in the time of Charles I. by Sir Francis Rhodes, Bart. of Balbrough-Hall, Derbyshire. They were usually lined with silk or linen, secured before by buttons, or by a lace, and often richly decorated with gold or silver embroidery. From the following curious account of a dispute respecting a buff-coat between an old roundhead captain and a justice of peace, by whom his arms were seized after the Restoration, we learn, that the value and importance of this defensive garment were considerable:—"A party of horse came to my house, commanded by Mr. Peebles, and he told me he was come for my arms, and that I must deliver them. I asked him for his order. He told me he had a better order than Oliver used to give; and, clapping his hand upon his sword-hilt, he said, that was his order. I told him, if he had none but that, it was not sufficient to take my arms; and then he pulled out his warrant, and I read it. It was signed by Wentworth Armitage, a general warrant to search all persons they suspected, and so left the power to the soldiers at their pleasure. They came to us at Coalkey-Hall, about sunset; and I caused a candle to be lighted, and conveyed Peebles into the room where my arms were. My arms were near the kitchen fire; and there they took away fowling-pieces, pistols, muskets, carbines, and such like, better than £20. Then Mr. Peebles asked me for my buff coat, and I told him they had no order to take away my apparel. He told me I was not to dispute their orders, but if I would not deliver it, he would carry me away prisoner, and had me out of doors. Yet he let me alone until the next morning, that I must wait upon Sir John, at Hatfield; and, coming before him, he threatened me, and said, if I did not send the coat for it was too good for me to keep. I told him it was not in his power to demand my apparel; and he, growing into a fit, called me rebel and traitor, and said, if I did not send the coat with all speed, he would send me where I did not like well. I told him I was no rebel, and he did not well to call me so before those soldiers and gentlemen, to make me the mark for every one to shoot at. I departed the room; yet, notwithstanding all the threatenings, did not send the coat. The next day he sent John Lyster, the son of Mr. Thomas Lyster, of Shipden Hall, for this coat, with a letter, verbatim thus:—"Mr. Hodson, I admire you will play the child so well as you have done, in writing such an inconsiderate letter. Let me have the buff-coat sent forthwith, otherwise you shall no hear from me as will not very well please you." I was not at home when this messenger came; but I had ordered my wife not to deliver it, but, if they would take it, let them look to it and he took it away; and one of Sir John's brethren wore it many years after. They sent Captain Butt to compound with my wife about it; but I sent word I would have my own again; but he advised me to take a price for it, and make no more ado. I said, it was hard to take my arms and apparel too; I had laid out a great deal of money for them; I hoped they did not mean to destroy me, by taking my goods illegally from me. He said he would make up the matter, if I pleased, but twist us; and, it seems, had brought Sir John to a price for my coat. I would not have taken £10 for it; he would have given about £4; but, wanting my receipt for the money, he kept both sides, and I had never satisfaction."—*Memoirs of Captain Hodgson*. Edin. 1806, p. 178.

NOTE D.

*On his dark face a scorching clime,
And toil, had done the work of time.*

*Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plagues, by tortures slow.*—P. 291.

In this character, I have attempted to sketch one of those West Indian adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Buccaneers. The successes of the English in the predatory incursions upon Spanish America, during the reign of Elizabeth, had never been forgotten; and, from that period downward, the exploits of Drake and Raleigh were imitated, upon a smaller scale indeed, but with equally desperate valour, by small bands of pirates, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity. The Windward Islands which the Spaniards did not deem worthy their own occupation, had been gradually settled by adventurers of the French and English nations. But Frederic of Toledo, who was despatched in 1630, with a powerful fleet against the Dutch, had orders from the Court of Madrid to destroy these colonies, whose vicinity at once offended the pride and excited the jealous suspicions of their Spanish neighbours. This order the Spanish Admiral executed with sufficient rigour, but the consequence was, that the planters, being rendered desperate by persecution, began, under the well-known name of Buccaneers, to commence a retaliation so horribly savage, that the perusal makes the reader shudder. When they carried on their depredations at sea, they boarded, without respect to disparity of number, every Spanish vessel that came in their way; and, demeaning themselves, both in the battle and after the conquest, more like demons than human beings, they succeeded in impressing their enemies with a sort of superstitious terror, which rendered them incapable of offering effectual resistance. From piracy at sea, they advanced to making predatory descents on the Spanish territories, in which they displayed the same furious and irresistible valour, the same thirst of spoil, and the same brutal inhumanity to their captives. The large treasures which they acquired in their adventures, they dissipated by the most unbounded licentiousness in gaming, women, wine, and debauchery of every species. When their spoils were thus wasted, they entered into some new association, and undertook new adventures. For farther particulars concerning these extraordinary banditti, the reader may consult Raynal, or the common and popular book called the History of the Buccaneers.

NOTE E.

*On Marston heath
Nicht, fi ont to front, the tanks of doubt.*—P. 292.

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Marston Moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 20,000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the Parliamentary army; and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston Moor, a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the Prince, who had now

anted to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitelocke has recorded, with much impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day:—"The right wing of the Parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and three regiments of the Scots horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot for reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"The right wing of the Prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the Prince himself; and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major-General Porter. Thus were both sides drawn up in battle.

"July 3d, 1644 In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The Prince, with his left wing, fell on the Parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the Parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and throw down their arms; the King's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave Regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the Prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them; and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory, after three hours' fight.

"From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3000 of the Prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 3000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, twenty-five pieces of ordnance, forty-seven colours, 10,000 arms, two waggon of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage."—WHITLOCKE'S *Memoirs*, vol. p. 60 Lond. 1692

Lord Clarendon informs us, that the King, previous to receiving the true account of the battle, had been informed, by an express from Oxford "that Prince Rupert had not only relieved York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particulars to confirm it, all which was so much believed there, that they had made public shews of joy for the victory."

NOTE F.

*Monckton and Milton told the news,
How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse,
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,
Spurring his palfrey northward, post,
Cursing the day, when zeal or need
First tured their Lesley o'er the Tweed*—P. 295

Monckton and Milton are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time; but the following extract, from the Manuscript History of the Baronial House of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish general, the Earl of Leven. The particulars are given by the author of the history on the authority of his father, then the representative of the family. This curious manuscript has been published by consent of my noble friend, the present Lord Somerville.

"The order of this great battell, wherein both armies were of an equal number, consisting, to the best calculations, near to three score thousand men upon both sides, I shall not take upon me to describe; albeit, from the draughts then taken upon the place, and information I received from this gentleman, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had opportunities and liberty to ride from one wing of the arms to the other, to view all their several squadrons of horse and battallions of foot, how formed, and in what manner drawn up, with every other circumstance relating to the fight, and that both as to the King's armies and that of the Parliament's, amongst whom, untill the engagement, he went from station to station to observe their order and forme; but that the descriptions of this battell, with the various success on both sides at the beginning, with the loss of the royal armie, and the sad effects that followed that misfortune as to his Majesty's interest, has been so often done already by English authors, little to our commendations, how justly I shall not dispute, seeing the truth is, as our principal general said that night near fourtie myles from the place of the fight, that part of the armie where he commanded being totally routed; but it is as true, that much of the victorie is attributed to the good conduct of David Leslie, lieutenant-general of our horse. Cromwell himself, that minion of fortune, but the rod of God's wrath, to punish afterward three rebellious nations, declined not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same quality of command for the Parliament, as being lieutenant-general to the Earl of Manchester's horse, whom, with the assistance of the Scots horse, having routed the Prince's right wing, as he had done that of the Parliament's. These two commanders of the horse upon that wing wisely restrained the great bodies of their horse from pursuing these broken troops, but, wheeling to the left hand, falling upon the naked flanks of the Prince's main battallion of foot, carrying them down with great violence; neither met they with any great resistance until they came to the Marquis of Newcastle his battallion of White Coats, who, first peppering them soundly with their shot, when they came to charge, stoutly bore them up with their pikes that they could not enter to break them. Here the Parliament's horse of that wing received their greatest loss, and a stop for sometime put to their hopes for victorie, and that only by the stout resistance of this gallant battallion, which consisted near of four thousand foot, until at length a Scots regiment of dragoons, commanded by Colonel Friszeall, with other two, was brought to open them upon some hand, which at length they did, when all the ammunition was spent. Having refused quarters, every man fell in the same order and ranke wherein he had foughten.

"Be this execution was done, the Prince returned from the pursuit of the right wing of the Parliament's horse, which he had beaten and followed too farre, to the loss of the battell, which certainly, in all men's opinions, he might have carried off, he had not been too violent upon the pursuit; which gave his enemies upon the left-hand opportunity to disperse and cut down his infantry, who, having cleared the field of all the standing bodies of foot, were now, with many of their own, standing ready to receive the charge of his almost spent horse, if he should attempt it; which the Prince observing, and seeing all lost, he retreated to York, with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding this, there was that night such a consternation in the Parliament armies, that it's believed by most of those that were then present, that if the Prince, having so great a body of horse in the field, had made an outfall that night, or the ensuing morning betwixt, he had carried the victorie out of their hands; for it's certain, by the morning's light, he had rallied a body of ten thousand men, whereof there was near three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the towne and garrison of York, might have done much to have recovered the victory, for the loss of this battell in effect lost the King and his interest in the three kingdoms; his Majesty never being

able after this to make head in the north, but lost his garrisons every day.

"As for General Lesclie, in the beginning of this fight having that part of the army quite broken, where he had placed himself, by the valour of the Prince, he imagined, and was confirmed by the opinions of others then upon the place with him, that the battell was irrecoverably lost, seeing they wer fleeing upon all hands; therefore they humbly intreated his excellencie to retire and wait his better fortune, which, without farther advysing, he did; and never drew bridle untill he came the lenth of Leads, having ridden all that night with a cloak of *drap de berrie* about him, belonging to this gentleman of whom I write, then in his fetmoe, with many other officers of good qualitie. It was neer twelve the next day before they had the certanety who was master of the field, when at length ther arrive an expresse, sent by David Lesclie, to acquaint the General they had obtained a most glorious victory, and that the Prince, with his broken troupes, was fled from Yorke. This intelligence was somewhat amazing to these gentlemen that had been eye-witnesses to the disorder of the armie before ther retreating, and had then accompanied the General in his flight, who, being much wearied that evening of the battell with ordering of his armie, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had casten himselfe doune upon a bed to rest, when this gentleman coming quietly into his chamber, he awakes, and hastily cries out, 'Lievegenten-collerell what news?'—'All is safe, may it please your Excellencie, the Parliament's armie has obtained a great victory;' and then delivers the letter. The General, upon the hearing of this, knocked upon his breast, and cries, 'I would to God I had did upon the place!' and then opens the letter, which, in a few lines, gave an account of the victory, and in the close pressed his speedy returne to the armie, which he did the next day, being accompanied some myles back by this gentl man, who then takes his leave of him, and receaved at parting many expressions of kyndenesse, with promises that he would never be unmyndful of his care and respect towards him, and in the end he intreats him to present his service to all his friends and acquaintances in Scotland. Thereafter the General sets forward in his journey for the armie, as this gentl man did, for

in order to his transportation to Scotland, where he arrived six dayes after the fight of Marston Moor, and gave the first true account and description of that great battell, wherein the Covenanters then gloried so much, that they impiously boasted the Lord had now signally appeared for his cause and people; it being ordinarie for them, during the whole time of this warre, to attribute the greatness of their success to the goodness and justice of their cause, untill Divine Justice tryed them with some crosse dispensations, and then you might have heard this language from them, 'That it pleases the Lord to give his cune the heaviest end of the teale to bear, that the saints and the people of God must still be sufferers while they are here away, that the malignant party was God's rod to punish them for ther unthankfullnesse, which in the end he will cast into the fire;' with a thousand other expressions and scripture citations, prophane and blasphemously uttered by them, to palliate ther villainie and rebellion."—*Memoires of the Somervilles*. Edin. 1815.

NOTE G.

*With his barbi'd horse, fresh tidings say,
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day.*—P. 205

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor; which was equally matter of triumph to the Independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the Presbyterians and to the Scot-

tish. Principal Baillie expresses his dissatisfaction as follows—

"The Independents sent up one quickly to assure that all the glory of that night was theirs; and they and their Major General Cromwell had done it all there alone: but Captain Stuart afterward showed the vanity and falsehood of their disgraceful relation. God gave us that victory wonderfully. There were three generals on each side, Lesley, Fairfax, and Manchester; Rupert, Newcastle, and King. Within half an hour and less, all six took them to their heels,—this to you alone. The disadvantage of the ground, and violence of the flower of Prince Rupert's horse, earned all our right wing down; only Eghinton kept ground, to his great loss; his lieutenant-crownier, a brave man, I fear shall die, and his son Robert be mutilated of an arm. Lindsay had the greatest hazard of any; but the beginning of the victory was from David Lesley, who before was much suspected of civil designs; he, with the Scots and Cromwell's horse, having the advantage of the ground, did dissipate all before them."—*BAILLIE'S Letters and Journals*. Edin. 1785, 8vo, ii. 36.

NOTE II.

*Do not my native dales prolong
Of Percy Ride the tragic song,
I can't forward to his bloody fall!
By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall!*—P. 205

In a poem entitled "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel," Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated:—"The particulars of the traditional story of Percy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsonfield, the author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account, it appears that Percival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reeddale, was betrayed by the Halls (thence denominated the false-hearted Halls) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crozier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Reed.

"The Halls were, after the murder of Percy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Reeddale, for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country." In another passage we are informed that the ghost of the injured Borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Prangle. "These Reeds of Troughend were a very ancient family, who may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their tombs affirms, that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

NOTE I.

*And near the spot that gave me name,
The moated mound of Risingham,
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Stout Woodburne's cottages and trees,
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone.*—P. 226.

Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called *Habitancum*. Camden says, that in his time the popular ac-

count bore, that it had been the abode of a deity, or giant, called Magon; and appeals, in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Risingham, or Reisenham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Roman altars taken out of the river, inscribed, *DEO MAGONI CADENORUM*. About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch-trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in *alto relievo*, a remarkable figure, called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of Redesdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knees, and meeting close, with a girdle bound round him. Dr. Horsley, who saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes, inclines to think this figure a Roman archer: and certainly the bow is rather of the ancient size than of that which was so formidable in the hand of the English archers of the middle ages. But the rudeness of the whole figure prevents any founding strongly upon mere inaccuracy of proportion. The popular tradition is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Woodburn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds, that they subsisted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game became too scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraved. What strange and tragic circumstance may be concealed under this legend, or whether it is utterly apocryphal, it is now impossible to discover.

The name of Robin of Redesdale was given to one of the Umfravilles, Lords of Prudhoe, and afterwards to one Hiliard, a friend and follower of the king-making Earl of Warwick. This person commanded an army of Northamptonshire and northern men, who seized on and beheaded the Earl Rivers, father to Edward the Fourth's queen, and his son, Sir John Woodville.—See HOLMES, *ad annum*, 1469.

NOTE K.

Do thou : ever
The statutes of the Bucanier.—P. 296

The "statutes of the Bucaniers" were, in reality, more equitable than could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inheritance of their plunder.

When the expedition was completed, the fund of prize-money acquired was thrown together, each party taking his oath that he had retained or concealed no part of the common stock. If any one transgressed in this important particular, the punishment was, his being set ashore on some desert key or island, to shift for himself as he could. The owners of the vessel had then their share assigned for the expenses of the outfit. These were generally old pirates, settled at Tobago, Jamaica, St. Domingo, or some other French or English settlement. The surgeon's and carpenter's salaries, with the price of provisions and ammunition, were also defrayed. Then followed the compensation due to the maimed and wounded, rated according to the damage they had sustained, as six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves, for the loss of an arm or leg, and so in proportion.

"After this act of justice and humanity, the remainder of the booty was divided into as many shares as there were Bucaniers. The commander could only lay claim to a single share, as the rest; but they complimented him with two or three, in proportion as he had acquitted himself to their satisfaction. When the vessel was not the property of the whole company, the person who had fitted it out, and furnished it with necessary arms and ammunition, was entitled to a third

of all the prize. Favour had never any influence in the division of the booty, for every share was determined by lot. Instances of such rigid justice as this are not easily met with, and they extended even to the dead. Their share was given to the man who was known to be their companion when alive, and therefore their heir. If the person who had been killed had no intimate, his part was sent to his relations, when they were known. If there were no friends nor relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to churches, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given, the fruits of inhuman, but necessary practical plunderers."—RAYNAL'S *History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies*, by Justamond. Lond. 1776, 8vo, iii p. 41.

NOTE L.

The course of Tees.—P. 299.

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are very thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with hedge-rows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern-built bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr. Morritt of Rokeby. In Leland's time, the marble quarries seem to have been of some value. "Hard under the cliff by Eglston, is found on each side of Tees very fair marble, wont to be taken up both by marblers of Barnard Castle and of Eglston, and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold on wrought to others."—*Itinerary*. Oxford, 1760, 8vo, p. 83.

NOTE M.

Eglston's grey ruins.—P. 300.

The ruins of this abbey, or priory, (for Tanner calls it the former, and Leland the latter,) are beautifully situated upon the angle, formed by a little dell called Thorgill, at its junction with the Tees. A good part of the religious house is still in some degree habitable, but the church is in ruins. Eglston was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist, and is supposed to have been founded by Ralph de Multon about the end of Henry the Second's reign. There were formerly the tombs of the families of Rokeby, Bowes, and Fitz-Hugh.

NOTE N.

Be moun'd,
Rais'd by that Legion long renown'd,
Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame.—P. 300.

Close behind the George Inn at Greta Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. The four entrances are easily to be discerned. Very many Roman altars and monuments have been found in the vicinity, most of which are preserved at Rokeby by my friend Mr. Morritt. Among others is a small votive altar, with the inscription, *LÆO. VI. VIC. X. P. P.*, which has been rendered, *Laio. Sexta. Vicina. Plo. Fortis. Fidelis*.

NOTE Q.

Robey's turret high.—P. 300.

This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeyby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, *tempore Hen. IV.*, of which Holinshed gives the following account:—"The King, advised hereof, caused a great armie to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies; but yer the King came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas, or (as other copies haue) Sir Rafe Rokeybie, Sherriffe of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the countrie to resist the Earle and his power; coming to Grimbautbrigg, beside Knaresborough, there to stop them the passage; but they returning aside, got to Weatherbie, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Bramham-moor, near to Haislewood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The Sherriffe was as ready to giue battell as the Earle to receive it; and so with a standard of St George spread, set fiercelie vpon the Earle, who vnder a stande of his owne armes, encountered his aduersaries with great manhood. There was sore encounter and cruell conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victorie fell to the Sherriffe. The Lord Bardolf was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurt. As for the Earle of Northumberland, he was slain outright; so that now the prophesie was fulfilled, which gaue an inkling of this his heauy hap long before, namelye,"

* *Strepus Persidina periet confusa ruina.*

For this Earle was the stocke and maine root of all that were left aliue, called by the name of Persie; and of manie more by diuers slaughters dispatched. For whose misfortune the people were not a litle sorrie, making report of the gentleman's valiantnesse, renowne, and honour, and applying vnto him certaine lamentable verses out of Lucano, sauing,

* *Sed nos nec sanguis, nec tantum vulnera loati:
Affecere senis: quantum gemitata per urbem
Ora ducis, quæ transiit deformia pulo
Vidimus.*

For his head, full of silver hore haire, being put upon a stake, was openlie carried through London, and set vpon the bridge of the same citie: in like manner was the Lord Bardolfes.—"Holinshed's Chronicles. Lond. 1808, 4to, lib. 45. The Rokeyby, or Rokeybie family, continued to be distinguished until the great Civil War, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I., they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend, the present proprietor.

NOTE P.

A stern and lone, yet lovely road.

As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode.—P. 301

What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokeyby and Mortham; the former situated upon the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees. The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many

steep descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic, *Gritan*, to clatter. The banks partake of the same wild and romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey colours contrast admirably with the various trees and shrubs which find root among their crevices, as well as with the line of the ivy, which clings around them in profusion, and hangs down from their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At other points the rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with copsewood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of yew trees, intermixed here and there with aged oaks of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall white, and fringed with all kinds of denisuous shrubs. The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of Blackale, from the place where this Swedish witches were supposed to hold their Sabbath. The dell, however, has expansions of its own growth, for it is supposed to be haunted by female spectres, called the Doble of Mortham. The cause assigned for her appearance is a lady's having been within murdered in the wood, in evidence of which, her blood is shown upon the statue of the old tower at Mortham. But whether she was slain by a jealous husband, or by savage banditti, or by an uncle who coveted her estate, or by a rejected lover, are points upon which the traditions of Rokeyby do not enable us to decide.

NOTE Q.

How whistle rash bids tempests roar.—P. 302.

That this is a general superstition, is well known to all who have been on ship-board, or who have conversed with seamen. The most formidable whistler that I remember to have met with was the apparition of a certain Mrs. Leakey, who, about 1630, resided, we are told, at Mythehead, in Somerset, where her only son drove a considerable trade between that port and Waterford, and was owner of several vessels. This old gentleman was of a social disposition, and so acceptable to her friends, that they used to say to her and to each other, it were pity such an excellent good-natured old lady should die; to which she was wont to reply, *that she was pleased they might find in her company just now, they would not greatly like to see or converse with her after death, which nevertheless she was apt to think might happen.* Accordingly, after her death and funeral, she began to appear to various persons by night and by noonday, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she departed from her former urbanity, that she is recorded to have kicked a doctor of medicine for his impolite negligence in omitting to hang her over a stile. It was also her humour to appear upon the quay, and call for a boat. But especially as soon as any of her son's ships approached the harbour, "this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown ship and goods." When she had thus proceeded until her son had either credit to freight a vessel, nor could have procured men to sail in it, she began to attack the persons of his family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle. The rest of her story, showing how the spectre looked over the shoulder of her daughter-in-law while dressing her hair at a looking-glass, and how Mrs. Leakey the younger took courage to address her, and how the beldam

spatched her to an Irish prelate, famous for his crimes and misfortunes, to exhort him to repentance, and to apprise him that otherwise he would be hanged, and how the bishop was satisfied with replying, that if he was born to be hanged, he should not be drowned;—all these, with many more particulars, may be found at the end of one of John Dunton's publications, called *Athenianism*, London, 1710, where the tale is sugared under the title of *The Apparition Evidence*.

NOTE R.

Of Eric's cap and Himo's light—P. 302.

"This Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way so ever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. From this occasion he was called *Windy Cap*; and many men believed that *Ragnerus*, King of Denmark, by the conduct of this Ericus, who was his nephew, did happily extend his piracy into the most remote parts of the earth, and conquered many countries and fenced cities by his cunning, and at last was his coadjutor; that by the consent of the nobles, he should be chosen King of Sweden, which continued a long time with him very happily, until he died of old age."

—OLAU, *ut supra*, p. 45.

NOTE S.

The Demon Frigate.—P. 302.

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the *Flying Dutchman*, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, from stress of weather, to show an inch of canvas. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which some horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbour, for fear of the contagion which was devouring them; and that, as a punishment of their crimes, the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

My late lamented friend, Dr. John Leyden, has introduced this phenomenon into his *Scenes of Infancy*, imputing, with poetical ingenuity, the dreadful judgment to the first ship which commenced the slave trade:—

"Stout was the ship, from Benin's palmy shore
That first the weight of batter'd captives bore;
Bedimm'd with blood, the sun with shrinking beams
Beheld her bounding o'er the ocean streams;
But, ere the moon her silver horns had rear'd,
Amid the crew the speckled plague appear'd,
Faint and despairing, on their watery bier,
To every friendly shore the sailors steer;
Repell'd from port to port, they sue in vain,
And track with slow unsteady sail the main.

When ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is seen,
To streak with wandering foam the sea-woods green,
Towers the tall mast, a lone and leafless tree,
Till self-impell'd amid the waveless sea;
Where summer breezes ne'er were heard to sing,
Nor hovering snow-birds spread the downy wing,
Fix'd as a rock amid the boundless plain,
The yellow stream pollutes the stagnant main,
Till far through night the funeral flames aspire,
As the red lightning amites the ghastly pyre.

"Still doom'd by fate on weltering billows roll'd,
Along the deep their restless course to hold,
Scenting the storm, the shadowy sailors guide
The prow with sails opposed to wind and tide;
The Spectre Ship, in livid glimping light,
Glares baleful on the shuddering watch at night,
Unblest of God and man!—Till time shall end,
Its view strange horror to the storm shall lend."

NOTE T.

By some desert isle or key.—P. 302.

What contributed much to the security of the Buccaneers about the Windward Islands, was the great number of little islets, called in that country *keys*. These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and, in general, much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for refitting or for the purpose of ambush; they were occasionally the hiding-place of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.

NOTE U.

Before the gate of Northam stood.—P. 303.

The castle of Northam, which Leland terms "*Mr. Rokeby's Place*, in *ripa citer*, scant a quarter of a mile from Grete Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath into Tees," is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm-house and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures, the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of a less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall, with embrasures, encloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the castle-court. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text. It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Eglinton Priory, and, from the armoury with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Ruhs.

The situation of Mortham is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell, which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees about a quarter of a mile from the coast. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morritt's new plantations.

NOTE V.

*There dig, and tomb your precious heap,
And bid the dead your treasure keep.*—P. 304.

If time did not permit the Buccaneers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind have often the most superstitious; and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual, in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a Negro or Spaniard, and burned him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders. I cannot produce any other authority on which this custom is ascribed to them than that of maritime tradition, which is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of poetry.

NOTE W.

*Tha' pour
That unsubdued and lurking lies
To take the felon by surprise,
And force him, us by magic spell,
In his despite his guilt to tell.*—P. 304.

All who are conversant with the administration of criminal justice, must remember many occasions in which malefactors appear to have conducted themselves with a species of infatuation, either by making unnecessary confidences respecting their guilt, or by sudden and involuntary allusions to circumstances by which it could not fail to be exposed. A remarkable instance occurred in the celebrated case of Eugene Aram. A skeleton being found near Knaresborough, was supposed, by the persons who gathered around the spot, to be the remains of one Clarke, who had disappeared some years before, under circumstances leading to a suspicion of his having been murdered. One Houseman, who had mingled in the crowd, suddenly said, while looking at the skeleton, and hearing the opinion which was buzzered around, "That is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine!"—a sentiment expressed so positively, and with such peculiarity of manner, as to lead all who heard him to infer that he must necessarily know where the real body had been interred. Accordingly, being apprehended, he confessed having assisted Eugene Aram to murder Clarke, and to hide his body in Saint Robert's Cave. It happened to the author himself, while conversing with a person accused of an atrocious crime, for the purpose of rendering him professional assistance upon his trial, to hear the prisoner, after the most solemn and reiterated protestations that he was guiltless, suddenly, and, as it were, involuntarily, in the course of his communications, make such an admission as was altogether incompatible with innocence.

NOTE X.

— Brackenbury's dismal tower.—P. 306.

This tower has been already mentioned. It is situated near the north-eastern extremity of the wall which encloses Barnard Castle, and is traditionally said to have been the prison. By an odd coincidence, it bears a name which we naturally connect with imprisonment, from its being that of Sir Robert Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower of London under Edward IV. and Richard III. There is, indeed, some reason to conclude, that the tower may actually have derived the name from that family, for Sir Robert Brackenbury himself possessed considerable property not far from Barnard Castle.

NOTE Y.

*Nobles and knights, so proud of late,
Must fine for freedom and estate.

Right heavy shall his ransom be,
Unless that maid compound with thee!*—P. 307.

After the battle of Marston Moor, the Earl of Newcastle retired beyond sea in disgust, and many of his followers laid down their arms, and made the best composition they could with the Committees of Parliament. Fines were imposed upon them in proportion to their estates and degrees of delinquency, and these fines were often bestowed upon such persons as had deserved well of the Commons. In some circumstances it happened, that the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party. The whole of Sir Robert Howard's excellent comedy of *The Committee* turns upon the plot of Mr. and Mrs. Day to enrich their family, by compelling Arabella, whose estate was under sequestration, to marry their son Abel, as the price by which she was to compound with Parliament for delinquency; that is, for attachment to the royal cause.

NOTE Z.

*The Indian, prowling for his prey,
Who hears the settlers track his way.*—P. 307

The patience, abstinence, and ingenuity, exerted by the North American Indians, when in pursuit of plunder or vengeance, is the most distinguished feature in their character; and the activity and address which they display in their retreat is equally surprising. Adair, whose absurd hypothesis and turgid style do not affect the general authenticity of his anecdotes, has recorded an instance which seems incredible.

"When the Chickasaw nation was engaged in a former war with the Muskogee, one of their young warriors set off against them to revenge the blood of a near relation. . . . He went through the most unfrequented and thick parts of the woods, as such a dangerous enterprise required, till he arrived opposite to the great and old befringed town of refuge, Koosah, which stands high on the eastern side of a bold river, about 250 yards broad, that runs by the late dangerous Albemarle-Fort, down to the black poisoning Mobile, and so into the Gulf of Mexico. There he concealed himself under cover of the top of a fallen pine-tree, in view of the ford of the old trading-path, where the enemy now and then pass the

river in their light poplar canoes. All his war-store of provisions consisted of three stands of barbecued venison, till he had an opportunity to revenge blood, and return home. He waited with watchfulness and patience almost three days, when a young man, a woman, and a girl, passed a little wide of him an hour before sunset. The former he shot down, tomahawked the other two, and scalped each of them in a trice, in full view of the town. By way of bravado, he shook the scalps before them, sounding the awful death-whoop, and set off along the trading-path, trusting to his heels, while a great many of the enemy ran to their arms and gave chase. Seven miles from hence he entered the great blue ridge of the Apalahche Mountains. About an hour before day he had run over seventy miles of that mountainous tract; then, after sleeping two hours in a sitting posture, leaning his back against a tree, he set off again with fresh speed. As he threw away the venison when he found himself pursued by the enemy, he was obliged to support nature with such herbs, roots, and nuts, as his sharp eyes, with a running glance, directed him to snatch up in his course. Though I often have rode that war-path alone, when delay might have proved dangerous, and with as fine and strong horses as any in America, it took me five days to ride from the aforesaid Kooalah to this sprightly warrior's place in the Chickasah country, the distance of 300 computed miles, yet he ran it, and got home safe and well at about eleven o'clock of the third day, which was only one day and a half and two nights."—ADAMS'S *History of the American Indians*. Lond 1775, to p. 395

NOTE 2 A.

*In Redesdale his youth had heard
Each art her wily datemen dared,
When Rookan edge, and Redwater high,
To bugle rung and blood-hound's cry.*—P. 308

"What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotche man himself, and Bishop of Roce, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways and many intricate windings. All the day-time they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The most skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of blood-hounds following them exactly upon the track, they may chance to fall into the hands of their adversaries. When being taken, they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth insinuating words at command, that if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries, (notwithstanding the severity of their nature,) to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion."—CAMDEN'S *Britannia*.

The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times so inordinately addicted to these depredations,

that in 1564, the Incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be so generally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from "such lowe and wicked progenitors." This regulation continued to stand unrepealed until 1771. A beggar, in an old play, describes himself as "born in Redesdale, in Northumberland, and come of a wight-riding surname, called the Robsons, good honest men and true, saving a little shifting for their living, God help them!"—a description which would have applied to most Borderers on both sides.

Redswair, famed for a skirmish to which it gives name, [see *Dorder Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 15.] is on the very edge of the Carter-fell, which divides England from Scotland. The Rookan is a place upon Redwater. Bertram, being described as a native of those dales, where the habits of hostile depredation long survived the union of the crowns, may have been, in some degree, prepared by education for the exercise of a similar trade in the ways of the Buccaneers.

NOTE 2 B.

*Hiding his face, lest frowns spy
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.*—P. 308.

After one of the recent battles in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog, in which he was immersed, to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. "I caught," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accustomed to mark hare upon their form, usually discover them by the same circumstance.¹

NOTE 2 C.

*Here stood a wretch, prepared to change
His soul's redemption for revenge.*—P. 310.

It is agreed by all the writers upon magic and witchcraft, that revenge was the most common motive for the pretended compact between Satan and his vassals. The ingenuity of Reginald Scot has very happily stated how such an opinion came to root itself, not only in the minds of the public and of the judges, but even in that of the poor wretches themselves who were accused of sorcery, and were often firm believers in their own power and their own guilt.

"One sort of such as are said to be witches, are women which be commonly old, lame, blear-eyed, pale, foul, and full of wrinkles; poor, sullen, superstitious, or papists, or such as know no religion; in whose drowdy minds the devil hath gotten a fine seat; so as what mischief, mischance, calamity, or slaughter is brought to pass, they are easily persuaded the same is done by themselves, imprinting in their minds an ac-

¹ Sir Walter Scott continued to be fond of coursing hares long after he had laid aside all other field-sports, and he used to say jocularly, that he had more pleasure in being consider-

ed an excellent *fowler*, than in all his reputation as a *trout* *poor*.—&c.

nest and constant imagination thereof. . . . These go from house to house, and from door to door, for a pot of milk, yeast, dripp, pottage, or some such relief, without the which they could hardly live; neither obtaining for their service or pains, save yet by their art, nor yet at the devil's hands, (with whom they are said to make a perfect and viable bargain,) either beauty, money, promotion, wealth, pleasure, honour, knowledge, learning, or any other benefit whatsoever.

"It falleth out many a time, that neither their necessities nor their expectation is answered or served in those places where they beg or borrow, but rather their lewdness is by their neighbours reprieved. And farther, in tract of time the witch waxeth odious and tedious to her neighbours, and they again are despised and despised of her; so as sometimes she curseth one, and sometimes another, and that from the master of the house, his wife, children, cattle, &c., to the little pig that lieth in the stile. Thus, in process of time, they have all displeased her, and she hath wished evil luck unto them all; perhaps with curses and imprecations made in form. Doubtless (at length) some of her neighbours die or fall sick, or some of their children are visited with diseases that vex them strangely, as apoplexies, epilepsies, convulsions, hot fevers, worms, &c., which, by ignorant parents, are supposed to be the vengeance of witches. . . .

"The witch, on the other side, expecting her neighbours' mischances, and seeing things sometimes come to pass according to her wishes, curses, and incantations, (for Bodin himself confesses, that not above two in a hundred of their witchings or wishings take effect,) being called before a justice, by due examination of the circumstances, is driven to see her imprecations and desires, and her neighbours' harms and losses, to concur, and, as it were, to take effect; and so confesseth that she (as a goddess) hath brought such things to pass. Wherein not only she, but the accuser, and also the justice, are foully deceived and abused, as being, through her confession, and other circumstances, persuaded (to the injury of God's glory) that she hath done, or can do, that which is proper only to God himself."—*Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft*. Lond. 1665, fol. p. 4, 5.

NOTE 2 D.

*Of my marauding on the downs
Of Calverley and Bradford downs.*—P. 310

The troops of the King, when they first took the field were as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favourable, and his soldiers regularly paying his forces decreased, habits of military licence prevailed among them in greater excess. *Lacy* the player, who served his master during the Civil War, brought out, after the Restoration, a piece called *The Old Troop*, in which he seems to have commemorated some real incidents which occurred in his military career. The names of the officers of the Troop sufficiently express their habits. We have *Flea-bait Plunder-Master-General*, *Captain Ferret-farm*, and *Quarter-Master Burn-drop*. The officers of the Troop are in league with these worthies, and confine at their plundering the country for a suitable share in the booty. All this was undoubtedly drawn from the life, which *Lacy* had an opportunity to study. The moral of the whole is comprehended in a rebuke given to the Lieutenant, whose disorders in the country are said to prejudice the King's cause more than his courage in the field could recompense. The piece is by no means void of farcical humour.

NOTE 2 E.

—*Brignall's woods, and Scargill's wave,
E'en now, o'er many a sister cave.*—P. 311.

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been exhausted, are gradually hidden by the underwood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.

NOTE 2 F.

When Spain waged warfare with our land.—P. 313.

There was a short war with Spain in 1625-6, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem. But probably *Bertram* held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that "there was no peace beyond the Line." The Spanish *guarda costas* were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French; and, by their own severities, gave room for the system of bucaniering, at first adopted in self-defence and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in from habit and thirst of plunder.

NOTE 2 G.

—*Our comrade's strife.*—P. 313.

The laws of the Bucaniers, and their successors the Pirates, however as they were said equitable, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they as frequently arose out of mere frolic, or the tyrannical humour of their chiefs. An anecdote of Teach, (called Blackbeard,) shows that their habitual indifference for human life extended to their companions, as well as to their enemies and captives.

"One night, drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot and another man, Blackbeard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of pistols, and cocks them under the table, which, being perceived by the man, he withdrew upon deck, leaving Hands, the pilot, and the captain together. When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candles, and, crossing his hands, discharged them at his company. Hands, the master, was shot through the knee, and lamed for life; the other pistol did no execution."—*Johnson's History of Pirates*. Lond. 1724, 8vo, vol. i. p. 38.

Another anecdote of this worthy may be also mentioned. "The hero of whom we are writing was thoroughly accomplished this way, and some of his tricks of wickedness were so extravagant, as if he aimed at making his men believe he was a devil incarnate; for, being one day at sea, and a little flushed with drink, 'Come,' says he, 'let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can beat it.' Accordingly, he, with two or three others, went down into the hold, and, closing up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone and other combustible matter, and set it on fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air. At length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest."—*Ibid.* p. 90.

NOTE 2 H.

*my rangers go
Seen now to track a milk-white doe.—P. 314.*

"Immediately after supper, the huntsman should go to his master's chamber, and if he serve a king, then let him go to the master of the game's chamber, to know in what quarter he determineth to hunt the day following, that he may know his own quarter, that done, he may go to bed, to the end that he may rise the earlier in the morning, according to the time and season, and according to the place where he must hunt: then when he is up and ready, let him drinke a good draught, and fetch his hound, to make him breake his fast a little: and let him not forget to fill his bottel with good wine: that done, let him take a little vinegar into the palms of his hand, and put it in the nostrils of his hound, for to make him snuffe, to the end his scent may be the perfecter, then let him go to the wood. . . . When the huntsman perceiveth that it is time to begin to hunt, let him put his hound before him, and beat the outsidcs of spriggs or thickets; and if he find an hart or deer that likes him, let him mark well whether it be fresh or not, which he may know as well by the manner of his hounds drawing, as also by the eye. . . . When he hath well considered what manner of hart it may be, and hath marked every thing to judge by, then let him draw'till he come to the covert where he is gone to; and let him harbour him if he can, still marking all his tokens, as well by the plot as by the entrics, foyles, or such-like. That done, let him plash or bruse down small twigges, some aloft and some below, as the art requireth, and there withall, whilst his hound is hote, let him beat the outsidcs, and make his ring-walkes, twice or thrice about the wood."—*The Noble Art of Venerie, or Hunting.* Lond. 1611, 4to, p. 76, 77.

NOTE 2 I.

Song—Adieu for evermore.—P. 315.

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of Rokeby was published. Mr. Thomas Chalmers kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family:—

"It was a' for our rightful king
That we left fair Scotland's strand,
It was a' for our rightful king
That we e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
That we e'er saw Irish land."

"Now all is done that man can do,
And all is done in vain!
My love! my native land, adieu!
For I must cross the main,
My dear,
For I must cross the main."

"He turn'd him round and right about,
All on the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!"

"The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant frae the main,
But I have parted wi' my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My dear,
And ne'er to meet again."

"When day is gone and night is come,
And a' are bound to sleep,
I think on them that's far awa
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep."

NOTE 2 K.

Rere-cross on Stainmore.—P. 315.

This is a fragment of an old cross, with the pediment, surrounded by an intrenchment, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stainmore, near a small house of entertainment called the Spittal. It is called Rere-cross, or Rée-cross, of which Holmshed gives us the following explanation:—

At length a peace was concluded betwixt the two kings under these conditions, that Malcolm should enjoy that part of Northumberland which lieth betwixt Tyweed, Camberland, and Stainmore, and doo homage to the Kings of England for the same. In the midst of Stainmore there shall be a cross set up, with the Kings of England's image on the one side, and the Kings of Scotland's on the other, to signify that one is march to England, and the other to Scotland. This cross was called the Rer-cross, that is, the cross of the King."—*HOLMSHED.* Lond. 1804, 4to, v. 280.

Holmshed's sole authority seems to have been Boethius. But it is not improbable that his account may be the true one, although the circumstance does not occur in *Whitour's Chronicle*. The situation of the cross, and the pains taken to defend it, seem to indicate that it was intended for a land-mark of importance.

NOTE 2 L.

Hast thou lodg'd our deer?—P. 315.

The duty of the ranger, or pricker, was first to lodge or harbour the deer; i. e. to discover his retreat, as described at length in note, 2 H, and then to make his report to his prince, or master:—

"Before the King I come report to make,
Then hush and peace for noble Tristrane's sake . . .
My liege, I went this morning on my quest,
My hound did stick, and seem'd to vent some beast.
I held him short, and drawing after him,
I might behold the hart was feeding trym;
His head was high, and large in each degree,
Well paulmed eke, and seem'd full sound to be.
Of colour brown, as beneath night and teaze,
Of stately height, and long he seem'd to be.
His beam seem'd great, in good proportion led,
Well barred and round, well pearled near his head.
His seemed grey twome blacke and herald's rounds
He seemed well fed by all the signs I found."

For when I had well marked him with eye,
 I swept aside, to watch where he would lie.
 And when I had so wayted full an houre,
 That he might be at layre and in his boure,
 I cast about to harbour him full sure;
 My hound by sent did me thereof assure . . .
 "Then if he ask what slot or view I found,
 I say the slot or view was long on ground;
 The toes were great, the joynt bones round and short,
 The shinne bones large, the dew-claws close in port.
 Short loynted was he, hollow-footed eke,
 An hart to hunt as any man can seeke."

The Art of Venerie, ut supra, p. 97.

NOTE 2 M.

*When Denmark's raven soar'd on high,
 Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
 Till, hovering near, her fatal croak
 Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke.*—P. 316

About the year of God 866, the Danes, under their celebrated leaders Ingvar, (more properly Agnar) and Hubba, who, it is said, of the still more celebrated Regnar Lodbrok, invaded Northumberland, bringing with them the magical standard, so often mentioned in poetry, called *REAFEN*, or *Ramfan*, from its bearing the figure of a raven—

"Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
 Of furious Ivar in a midnight hour:
 While the sick moon, at their enchanted song
 Wrapt in pale tempest, labour'd through the clouds,
 The demons of destruction then, they say,
 Were all abroad, and mixing with the woof
 Their baleful power: The sisters ever sang,
 "Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes!"

THOMSON AND MALLET'S *Afr'd.*

The Danes renewed and extended their incursions, and began to colonize, establishing a kind of capital at York, from which they spread their conquests and incursions in every direction. Stanmore, which divides the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, was probably the boundary of the Danish kingdom in that direction. The district to the west, known in ancient British history by the name of Reged, had never been conquered by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious independence until it was ceded to Malcolm, King of Scots, by William the Conqueror, probably on account of its similarity in language and manners to the neighbouring British kingdom of Strath-Clyde.

Upon the extent and duration of the Danish sovereignty in Northumberland, the curious may consult the various authorities quoted in the *Gesta et Festigia Danorum extra Daniæ*, tom. ii. p. 40. The most powerful of their Northumbrian leaders seems to have been Ivar, called, from the extent of his conquests, *Wildfaw*, that is, *The Strider*.

NOTE 2 N.

*Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
 Fix'd on each vale a Runic name.*—P. 316.

The heathen Danes have left several traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste

land on the very ridge of Stanmore; and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees is also termed Woden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda. Thorsgill, of which a description is attempted in stanza ii., is a beautiful little brook and dell, running up behind the ruins of Eggleston Abbey. Thor was the Hercules of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreadful giant-queller, and in that capacity the champion of the gods, and the defender of Asgard, the northern Olympus, against the frequent attacks of the inhabitants of Jotunhem. There is an old poem in the Edda of Sæmund, called the Song of Thrym, which turns upon the loss and recovery of the Mace, or Hammer, which was Thor's principal weapon, and on which much of his power seems to have depended. It may be read to great advantage in a version equally spirited and literal, among the Miscellaneous Translations and Poems of the Honourable William Herbert

NOTE 2 O.

*Who has not heard how brave O'Neale
 In English blood imbrued his steel?*—P. 317

The O'Neale here meant, for more than one succeeded to the chieftainship during the reign of Elizabeth, was Hugh, the grandson of Con O'Neale, called Con Bacco, or the Lame. His father, Matthew O'Kelly, was illegitimate, and, being the son of a blacksmith's wife, was usually called Matthew the Blacksmith. His father, nevertheless, destined his succession to him; and he was created, by Elizabeth, Baron of Dungannon. Upon the Death of Con Bacco, this Matthew was slain by his brother Hugh narrowly escaped the same fate, and was protected by the English. Shane O'Neale, his uncle, called Shane Dymas, was succeeded by Turlough Lynogh O'Neale, after whose death Hugh, having assumed the chieftainship, became nearly as formidable to the English as any by whom it had been possessed. He rebelled repeatedly, and as often made submissions, of which it was usually a condition that he should not any longer assume the title of O'Neale, in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone. But this condition he never observed longer than until the pressure of superior force was withdrawn. His baffling the gallant Earl of Essex in the field, and overreaching him in a treaty, was the induction to that nobleman's tragedy. Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally subjugating O'Neale; but it was not till the succession of James, to whom he made a submission, and was received with civility at court. Yet, according to Morrison, "no respect to him could containe many wegmén in those parts, who had lost husbands and children in the Irish warres, from flinging durt and stones at the earle as he passed, and from reuelling him with bitter words; yea, when the earle had been at court, and there obtaining his majestie's direction for his pardon and performance of all conditions promised him by the Lord Mountjoy, was about September to returne, he durst not pass by those parts without direction to the sherriffe, to convey him with troops of horse from place to place, till he was safely imbarked and put to sea for Ireland."—*Itinerary*, p. 296.

NOTE 2 P.

*But chief arose his victor pride,
 When that brave Marshal fought and died.*—P. 317.

The chief victory which Tyrone obtained over the English was in a battle fought near Blackwater, while he besieged :

fort garrisoned by the English, which commanded the passes into his country.

"This captain and his few warders did with no less courage suffer hunger, and, having eaten the few horses they had, lived upon hares growing in the ditches and wals, suffering all extremities, till the lord-lieutenant, in the month of August, sent Sir Henry Bagnal, marshall of Ireland, with the most choice companies of foot and horse-troopes of the English army to victual this fort, and to raise the rebels siege. When the English entered the place and thicke woods beyond Armagh, on the east side, Tyrone (with all the rebels assembled to him, pricked forward with rage, envy, and settled rancour against the marshall, assayed the English, and turning his full force against the marshall's person, had the success to kill him, valiantly fighting among the thickest of the rebels. Whereupon the English being dismayed with his death, the rebels obtained a great victory against them. I terme it great, since the English, from their first arrival in that kingdome, never had received so great an overthrow as this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackwater; thirteene valiant captaines and 1500 common souldiers (whereof many were of the old companies which had acted in Brittain vnder General Norreys) were slain in the field. The yielding of the fort of Blackwater followed this disaster, when the assaulted guard saw no hope of relief; but especially vpon messages sent to Captain Williams from our broken forces, retired to Armagh, professing that all their safety depended vpon his yielding the fort into the hands of Tyrone, without which danger Captaine Williams professed that no want or miserie should have induced him therunto."—*Fynes Moryson's Itinerary*, London, 1617, fol. part ii. p. 24.

Tyrone is said to have entertained a personal animosity against the knight-marshal, Sir Henry Bagnal, whom he accused of detaining the letters which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, explanatory of his conduct, and offering terms of submission. The river, called by the Fnelsh, Blackwater, is termed in Irish, Avon-Duff, which has the same signification. Both names are mentioned by Spenser in his "Marriage of the Thames and the Medway." But I understand that his verses relate not to the Blackwater of Ulster, but to a river of the same name in the south of Ireland:—

"Swift Avon-Duff, which of the Englishmen
Is called Blackwater"——

NOTE 2 Q.

The Tanist he to Great O'Neale.—P. 317.

"*Eudox.* What is that which you call Tanist and Tanistry? These be names and terms never heard of nor known to us."

"*Iren.* It is a custom amongst all the Irish, that presently after the death of one of their chiefe lords or captaines, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that is, the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept; and then next to them doe they choose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said captainry, if he live thereunto.

"*Eudox.* Do they not use any ceremony in this election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites?

"*Iren.* They use to place him that shall be their captaine upon a stone, always reserved to that purpose, and placed

commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captaine's foot; whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round, thrice forwards and thrice backwards.

"*Eudox.* But how is the Tanist chosen?

"*Iren.* They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the captaine did."—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland*, apud *Works*, Lond. 1605, 8vo, vol. viii. p. 306.

The Tanist, therefore, of O'Neale, was the heir-apparent of his power. This kind of succession appears also to have regulated, in very remote times, the succession to the crown of Scotland. It would have been imprudent, if not impossible, to have asserted a minor's right of succession in those stormy days, when the principles of policy were summed up in my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:—

— "the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

NOTE 2 R.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread, &c.—P. 318.

There is here an attempt to describe the ancient Irish dress, of which a poet of Queen Elizabeth's day has given us the following particulars:—

"I marvel'de in my mynde,
and thereupon did muse,
To see a bide of heavenlie hewe
an ougle fere to chuse.
This bide it is the sonne,
the bridegome is the karne.
With writhed gibbes, like wacked sprits,
with visage rough and stearne;
With sculles upon their poalles,
instead of civill cappes;
With spares in hand, and swordes beynde
to beare off after clappes;
With jackettes long and large,
which shroud simplicitie,
Though spitfull darts which they do beare
importe iniquitie.

Their shirtes be very strange,
not reaching past the thie;
With pleates on pleates that pleated are
as thicke as pleates may lye.

Whose sleeves hang trailing downe
almost unto the shoe;—

And with a mantell commballe
the Irish karne do goe.

Now some amongst the reete
doe use another weede;

A coate I meane, of strange device,
which fancy first did breade.

His skirts be very shorte,

with pleates set thicke about,
And Irish trouces mee to put
their strange protectours out."

Damiera's Image of Ireland, apud *Somerset's Tracts*,
Edin. 1609, 4to, vol. i. p. 265.

Somewhat wooden engravings accompany this poem, from which it would seem that the ancient Irish dress was (the longest accepted) very similar to that of the Scottish Highlanders. The want of a covering on the head was supplied by the mode of plaiting and arranging the hair, which was called *the glibbe*. These glibbes, according to Spenser, were fit marks for a thief, since, when he wished to disguise himself, he could either cut it off entirely, or so pull it over his eyes as to render it very hard to recognise him. This, however, is nothing to the reprobation with which the same poet regards that favourite part of the Irish dress, the mantle.

"It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thief. First, the outlaw being for his many crimes and villanies banished from the townes and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from dagger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house; when it bloweth, it is his tent, when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable; for in his warre that he maketh, (if at least it deserve the name of warre,) when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thicke woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himself round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which, in that country doe more annoy the naked rebels while they keep the woods, and doe more sharply wound them, than all their enemies swords or speares, which can seldom come nigh them: yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are neere driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut thorough with a sword; besides, it is light to beare, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thief it is so handsome as it may seem it was first invented for him; for under it he may cleavely convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night in freebooting, it is his best and surest friend, for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or bankside till they may conveniently do their errand, and when all is over, he can in his mantle passe through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. Besides this, he or any man els that is disposed to mischief or villany, may, under his mantle, goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, his skean, or pistol, if he please, to be always in readiness."—SPENSER'S *View of the State of Ireland*, apud *Works*, ut supra, viii. 267.

The javelin, or darts, of the Irish, which they threw with great dexterity, appear, from one of the prints already mentioned, to have been about four feet long, with a strong steel head and thick knotted shaft.

NOTE 2 S.

*With wild majestic port and tone,
Like envy of some barbarous throne.*—P. 618.

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty. Morrison has preserved a summons from Tyrone to a neighbouring chieftain, which runs in the following terms:—

"O'Neale commendeth him unto you, Moriah Fitz-Thomas, O'Neale requesteth you, in God's name, to take part with him, and fight for your conscience and right; and in so doing, O'Neale will spend to see you righted in all your affaires, and will help you. And if you come not at O'Neale betwixt this and to-morrow at twelve of the clocke, and take his part, O'Neale is not beholding to you, and will doe to the uttermost of his power to overthrow you, if you come not to him at furthest by Saturday at noone. From Knocke Dumayue in Calrie, the fourth of February, 1699.

"O'Neale requesteth you to come speake with him, and doth give you his word that you shall receive no harme neither in coming nor going from him, whether you be friend or not, and abring with you to O'Neale Gerat Fitzgald.

(Subscribed)

O'NEALE."

For 'tild the royalty of O'Neale consist in words alone. Sir John Harrington paid him a visit at the time of his turre with Essex, and, after mentioning his "fern table, and fern forms, spread under the state, canopy of heaven," he notices what constitutes the real power of every monarch, the love, namely, and allegiance of his subjects. "His guards, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who in the front wade as familiarly through rivers as water-spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love him, I know not; but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it."—*Nugæ Antiquæ*. Lond. 1704, 8vo, vol. i p. 261.

NOTE 2 T.

His foster-father was his guide.—P. 318.

There was so tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the nurse herself, with the child they brought up.

"Foster-fathers spend much more time, money, and affection on their foster-children than their own; and in return take from them clothes, money for their several professions, and arms, and, even for any vicious purposes, fortunes and cattle, not so much by a claim of right as by extortion; and they will even carry those things off as plunder. All who have been nursed by the same person preserve a greater mutual affection and confidence in each other than if they were natural brothers, whom they will even hate for the sake of these. When chid by their parents, they fly to their foster-fathers, who frequently encourage them to make open war on their parents, train them up to every excess of wickedness, and make them most abandoned miscreants; as, on the other hand, the nurses make the young women, whom they bring up for every excess. If a foster child is sick, it is incredible how soon the nurses hear of it, however distant, and with what solicitude they attend it by day and night."—*Gervolius Cambrensis*, quoted by Camden, iv. 368.

This custom, like many other Irish usages, prevailed till of late in the Scottish Highlands, and was cherished by the chiefs as an easy mode of extending their influence and connexion; and even in the Lowlands, during the last century, the connexion between the nurse and foster-child was seldom dissolved but by the death of one party.

NOTE 2 U.

Great Nial of the Flighted Nine.—P. 320.

Nial Naighvallach or of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been Monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or

beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages. From one of Neal's sons were derived the Kinel-coguib, or Race of Tyrone, which afforded monarchs both to Ulster and to Ulster. Neal (according to O'Flaherty's Ogygia) was killed by a poisoned arrow, in one of his descents on the coast of Bretagne.

NOTE 2 V.

Shane-Dymas wild.—P. 320.

This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

"This chieftain ~~he~~ landed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tuns of wine at once in his cellar at Dandran, but usquebaugh was his favourite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho' so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address, his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard; 4000 foot, 1000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof. When commissioners were sent to treat with him, he said, 'That, tho' the Queen were his sovereign lady, he never made peace with her but at her lodging; that she had made a wise Earl of Macartymore, but that he kept as good a man as he; that he cared not for so mean a title as Earl; that his blood and power were better than the best, that his ancestors were Kings of Ulster; and that he would give place to none.' His kinsman, the Earl of Kildare, having persuaded him of the folly of contending with the crown of England, he resolved to attend the Queen, but in a style suited to his princely dignity. He appeared in London with a magnificent train of Irish Galloglasses, arrayed in the richest habiliments of their country, their heads bare, their hair flowing on their shoulders, with their long and open sleeves dyed with saffron. Thus dressed, and surcharged with military harness, and armed with battle-axes, they afforded an astonishing spectacle to the citizens, who regarded them as the intruders of some very distant part of the globe. But at Court his versatility now prevailed; his title to the sovereignty of Tyrone was pleaded from English laws and Irish institutions, and his allegations were so specious, that the Queen dismissed him with presents and assurances of favour. In England this transaction was looked on as the humiliation of a repenting rebel; in Tyrone it was considered as a treaty of peace between two potentates."—*CANDEN'S Britannia*, by Gough. Lond. 1808. fol. 761. iv. p. 432.

When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Clandeboy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of MacDonnell. He was at first courteously received; but by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and advancing from words to deeds, fell upon him with their broadswords, and cut him to pieces. After his death a law was made that none should presume to take the name and title of O'Neale.

NOTE 2 W.

Geraldine.—P. 320.

The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family; for Henry Owen O'Neale married the daughter of Thomas Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his cousin-german, a daughter of Gerald Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to invite the English to settle in their country. Others ascribe this anathema to his son Con-Bacco. Fearflatha O'Gaive, hard to the O'Neales of Clannaboy, complains in the same spirit of the towers and ramparts with which the strangers had defaced the fair sporting fields of Erin.—See *WALKER'S Irish Bards*, p. 140.

NOTE 2 X.

He chose that honour'd flag to bear.—P. 320.

Lacy informs us, in the old play already quoted, how the cavalry raised by the country gentlemen for Charles's service were usually officered. "You, cornet, have a name that's proper for all cornets to be called by, for they are all beardless boys in our army. The most part of our horse were raised thus:—The honest country gentleman raises the troop at his own charge; then he gets a Low-country lieutenant to fight his troop safely; then he sends for his son from school to be his cornet: and then he puts off his child's coat to put on a buff-coat: and this is the constitution of our army."

NOTE 2 Y.

*his page, the next degree
In that old time to chivalry.*—P. 320.

Originally, the order of chivalry embraced three ranks:—1. The Page; 2. The Squire; 3. The Knight;—a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of freemasonry. But, before the reign of Charles I., the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into disuse, though the order of the page was still to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring any thing degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction. The proper nature, and the decay of the institution, are pointed out by old Ben Jonson, with his own forcible moral colouring. The dialogue occurs between Lovell, "a compleat gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar, known to have been page to the old Lord Beaufort, and so to have followed him in the French wars, after companion of his studies, and left guardian to his son," and the facetious Goodstock, host of the Light Heart. Lovell had offered to take Goodstock's son for his page, which the latter, in reference to the recent abuse of the establishment, declares as "a desperate course of life!"—

"Lovell. Call you that desperate, which by a line
Of institution, from our ancestors
Hath been derived down to us, and received
In a succession, for the noblest way
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,
Fair mien, discourse, civil exercise,
And all the blazon of a gentleman?
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
To move his body gracefully; to speak
His language purer; or to tune his mind,

Or mountains, more to the harmony of nature,
Than in the nurseries of nobility?

"Host. Ay, that was when the nursery's self was noble,
And only virtue made it, not the market,
That titles were not vented at the drum,
Of common outcry. Goodness gave the greatness,
And greatness worship: every house became
An academy of honour; and those parts
We see departed, in the practice, now,
Quite from the institution.

"Lucil. Why do you say so?
Or think so enviously? Do they not still
Learn there the Centaur's skill, the art of Thrace,
To ride? or Pollux' mystery to fence?
The Pyrrhic gestures, both to dance and spring
In armour, to be active in the wars?
To study figures, numbers, and proportions,
May yield them great in counsels, and the arts
Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses practised?
To make their English sweet upon their tongue,
As reverend Chaucer says?

"Host. Sir, you mistake;
To play Sir Pandarus, my copy hath it,
And carry messages to Madame Cresuda,
Instead of backing the brave steed o' mornings,
To court the chambermaid; and for a leap
O' the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house:
For exercise of arms, a bale of dice,
Or two or three packs of cards to show the cheat,
And numbness of hand; mistake a cloak
Upon my lord's back, and pawn it; ease his pocket
Of a superfluous watch; or gird a jewel
Of an odd stone or so; twinge two or three buttons
From off my lady's gown: these are the arts
Or seven liberal deadly sciences
Of pagery, or rather paganism,
As the tides run; to which if he apply him,
He may perhaps take a degree at Tourn
A year the earlier; come to take a lecture
Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas a Waterbury's,
And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle!"

BEN JONSON'S *New Inn*, Act I. s. c. 111

NOTE 2 Z.

Seem'd half abandon'd to decay.—P. 325.

The ancient castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

NOTE 3 A.

*Rokeby's lords of martial fame,
I can count them name by name.*—P. 326.

The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once powerful family, was kindly supplied to the author by Mr. Rokeby of Northamptonshire, descended of the ancient Barons of Rokeby:—

1 Lisle. 2 Temp. Edw. 2d. 3 Temp. Edw. 3d.

4 Temp. Henr. 7th, and from him is the house of Skyers, of a fourth brother.

"Pedigree of the House of Rokeby.

1. Sir Alex. Rokeby, Knt. married to Sir Hump. Little's daughter.
2. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Tho. Lumley's daughter.
3. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Tho. Hubborn's daughter.
4. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Biggot's daughter.
5. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John de Melnass' daughter of Bennet-Hall, in Holderness.
6. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Sir Brian Stapleton's daughter of Weighill.
7. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Ury's daughter.
8. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to daughter of Mansfield, heir of Morton.
9. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Stroode's daughter and heir.
10. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir James Strangways' daughter.
11. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John Hotham's daughter.
12. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Dandy of Yafforth's daughter and heir.
13. Tho. Rokeby, Esq. to Rob. Constable's daughter of Cliff, serjt. at law.
14. Christopher Rokeby, Esq. to Laascells of Brackenburgh's daughter.
15. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Thweng.
16. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Lawson's daughter of Brough.
17. Frans. Rokeby, Esq. to Faucett's daughter, citizen of London.
18. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Wickliffe of Oales.

High Sheriffs of Yorkshire.

- 1377 11 Edw. 3. Ralph Hastings and Thos. de Rokeby.
1343. 17 Edw. 3. Thos. de Rokeby, pro sept. annis.
1368. 25 Edw. 3. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Justiciary of Ireland for six years, died at the castle of Kilkna.
1407 8 Hen. 4. Thos. Rokeby Miles, defeated and slew the Duke of Northumberland at the battle of Bramham Moor.
1411. 12 Hen. 4. Thos. Rokeby Miles.
1406. Thomas Rokeby, Esq.
1539. Robert Holgate, Bish. of Landaff, afterwards P. of York, Ld. President of the Council for the Preservation of Peace in the North.
1564. 6 Eliz. Thomas Younge, Archbishop of Yorke, Ld. President.
30 Hen. 8. Thos. Rokeby, L.L.D. one of the Council.
Jn. Rokeby, L.L.D. one of the Council.
1572. 18 Eliz. Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, Ld. President.
Jo. Rokeby, Esq. one of the Council.
Jo. Rokeby, L.L.D. ditto.
Ralph Rokeby, Esq. one of the Secretaries.
1574. 17 Eliz. Jo. Rokeby, Precentor of York.
7 Will. 3. Sir J. Rokeby, Knt. one of the Justices of the King's Bench.

The family of de Rokeby came over with the Conqueror. The old motto belonging to the family is *In Bivio Dextra*. The arms, argent, chevron sable, between three rooks proper.

There is somewhat more to be found in our family in the Scottish history about the affairs of Dun-Bretton town, but what it is, and in what time, I know not, nor can have convenient leisure to search. But Parson Blackwood, the Scottish chaplain to the Lord of Shrewsbury, recited to me once a piece of a Scottish song, wherein was mentioned, that William Wallis, the great deliverer of the Scots from the English

5 From him is the house of Hotham, and of the second brother that had issue.

soudage, should, at Dun-Bretton, have been brought up under a Rokeby, captain then of the place; and as he walked on a cliff, should thrust him on a sudden into the sea, and thereby have gotten that hold, which, I think, was about the 33d of Edw. I. or before. Thus, leaving our ancestors of record, we must also with them leave the Chronicle of Malmesbury Abbey, called *Eulogium Historiarum*, out of which Mr. Leland reporteth this history, and copy down unwritten story, the which have yet the testimony of later times, and the fresh memory of men yet alive, for their warrant and credit, of whom I have learned it, that in K. Henry the 7th's reign, one Ralph Rokeby, Esq. was owner of Morton, and I guess that this was he that deceived the fryars of Richmond with his felon swine, on which a jargon was made."

The above is a quotation from a manuscript written by Ralph Rokeby; when he lived is uncertain.

To what metrical Scottish tradition Parson Blackwood alluded, it would be now in vain to enquire. But in Blind Harry's History of Sir William Wallace, we find a legend of one Rukkie, whom he makes keeper of Stirling Castle under the English usurpation, and whom Wallace slays with his own hand.—

"In the great press Wallace and Rukkie met,
With his good sword a stroke upon him set,
Dearly to death the old Rukkie he drave,
But his two sons escaped among the lave."

These sons, according to the romantic Minstrel, surrendered the castle on conditions, and went back to England, but returned to Scotland in the days of Bruce, when one of them became again keeper of Stirling Castle. Immediately after this achievement follows another engagement, between Wallace and those Western Highlanders who embraced the English interest, at a pass in Glendonchart, where many were precipitated into the lake over a precipice. Those circumstances may have been confused in the narrative of Parson Blackwood, or in the recollection of Mr. Rokeby.

In the old ballad of Chevy Chase, there is mentioned, among the English warriors, "Sir Raff the ryche Rugbe," which may apply to Sir Ralph Rokeby, the tenth baron in the pedigree. The more modern copy of the ballad runs thus:—

"Good Sir Ralph Raby ther was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount."

This would rather seem to relate to one of the Nevilles of Raby. But as the whole ballad is romantic, accuracy is not to be looked for.

NOTE 3 B.

—The *Felon Sow*.—P. 327.

The ancient minstrels had a comic as well as a serious strain of romance; and although the examples of the latter are by far the most numerous, they are, perhaps, the less valuable. The comic romance was a sort of parody upon the usual subjects of minstrel poetry. If the latter described deeds of heroic achievement, and the events of the battle, the tourney, and the chase, the former, as in the Tournament of Tottenham, introduced a set of clowns debating in the field, with all

the assumed circumstances of chivalry; or, as in the Hunting of the Hare, (see Weber's *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii.), persons of the same description following the chase, with all the grievous mistakes and blunders incident to such unpractised sportsmen. The idea, therefore, of Don Quixote's frenzy, although inimitably embodied and brought out, was not, perhaps, in the abstract, altogether original. One of the very best of these mock romances, and which has no small portion of comic humour, is the Hunting of the Felon Sow of Rokeby by the Friars of Richmond. Ralph Rokeby, who (for the jest's sake apparently) bestowed this intractable animal on the convent of Richmond, seems to have flourished in the time of Henry VII., which, since we know not the date of Friar Theobald's wardenship, to which the poem refers us, may indicate that of the composition itself. Morton, the Mortmain of this text, is mentioned as being this facetious baron's place of residence; accordingly, Leland notices, that "Mr. Rokeby hath a place called Mortmain, a little beneath Grentey-bridge, almost on the mouth of Grentey." That no information may be lacking which is in my power to supply, I have to notice, that the Mistress Rokeby of the romance, who so charitably refreshed the sow after she had discomfited Friar Middleton and his auxiliaries, was, as appears from the pedigree of the Rokeby family, daughter and heir of Danby of Yafforth.

This curious poem was first published in Mr. Whitaker's History of Craven, but, from an inaccurate manuscript, not corrected very happily. It was transferred by Mr. Evans to the new edition of his Ballads, with some well-judged conjectural improvements. I have been induced to give a more authentic and full, though still an imperfect, edition of this humorous composition, from being furnished with a copy from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Rokeby, to whom I have acknowledged my obligations in the last Note. It has three or four stanzas more than that of Mr. Whitaker, and the language seems, where they differ, to have the more ancient and genuine readings.

The Felon Sow of Rokeby and the Friars of Richmond.

Ye men that will of aunter I winne,
That late within this land halib beene,
Of one I will you tell;
And of a sow that was se⁹ strang,
Alas! that ever she lived so lang,
For fell⁴ folk did she whell⁵.

She was mare³ than other three,
The gristest beast that ere might be.
Her head was great and gray;
She was bred in Rokeby wood,
There were few that thither good,⁷
That came on live⁸ away.

⁹ Her walk was endlong⁹ Greta side;
There was no bren¹⁰ that durst her bide,
That was froe¹¹ heaven to hell;
Nor never man that had that might,
That ever durst come in her sight,
Her force it was so fell¹².

Ralph of Rokeby, with good will,
The Fryars of Richmond gave her till,¹³
Full well to garre¹³ them hare
Fryar Middleton by his rame,
He was sent to fetch her hame,
That rued him since¹⁴ full sare.

¹ Both the MS. and Mr. Whitaker's copy read *ancestors*, evidently a corruption of *aunters*, adventures, as corrected by Mr. Evans.—² Sow, according to provincial pronunciation.—³ So; Yorkshire dialect.—⁴ Felle, many; Sax.—⁵ A corrup-

tion of *quell*, to kill.—⁶ More, greater.—⁷ Went.—⁸ Alive.—⁹ Along the side of Greta.—¹⁰ Barn, child, man in general.—¹¹ From.—¹² To.—¹³ Make.—¹⁴ Since.

With him took he wight men two,
 Peter Dale was one of thee,
 That ever was brim as beare;¹
 And well durst strike with sword and knie,
 And fight full manly for his life,
 What time as mistar ware.²

These three men went at God's will,
 This wicked saw while they came till,
 Liggan³ under a tree;
 Rugg and rusty was her haire;
 She rais'd up with a felon face,⁴
 To fight against the three.

She was as grisly for to meete,
 She rase the earth up with her feet,
 And bark came fro the tree;
 When Fryar Middleton her sangh,⁵
 Weet ye well he might not laugh,
 Full earnestly look't hee.

These men of armours that was so wight,⁶
 They bound them bauldly⁷ for to fight,
 And strike at her full sare:
 Until a kiln they garred her flee,
 Wold God send them the victory,
 The wold ask her noa mare.

The saw was in the kiln hole down,
 As they were on the balke aboon,⁸
 For⁹ hurting of their feet;
 They were so saulted¹⁰ with this saw,
 That among them was a stalworth stew,
 The kiln began to reeke.

Durst noe man neigh her with his hand,
 But put a rape¹¹ down with his wand,
 And haltered her full meete;
 They hurled hegs¹² with against her will,
 Whiles they came into a hill¹³
 A little fro the street.¹⁴

And there she made them such a fray,
 If they should live to Doomes-day,
 They tharrow¹⁵ it ne'er forgett,
 She braded¹⁶ upon every side,
 And ran on them gaping full wide,
 For nothing would she let¹⁷.

She gave such brades¹⁸ at the bmd
 That Peter Dale had in his hand,
 He might not hold his feet.
 She chafed them to and fro,
 The wight men was never soe woe,
 Their measure was not so meete

She bound her boldly to a side;
 To Peter Dale she came aside,
 With many a hideous yell;
 She gap'd soe wide and cried soe hee,
 The Fryar said, "I conjure thee,¹⁷
 Thou art a feind of hell.

"Thou art come hither for some traine,
 I conjure thee to go againe
 Where thou wast wont to dwell."
 He sayned¹⁹ him with crosse and creede,
 Took forth a book, began to reade
 In St. John his gospell.

The saw she would not Latin heare,
 But rudely rushed at the Frar,
 That blink'd all his blec;²⁰
 And when she wold have taken her hold,
 The Fryar ley²¹ eu as Jesus wold,
 And bealed him²¹ with a tree.

She was as brim²² as any beare,
 For all their meete to labour there,²³
 To them it was no boote:
 Upon trees and bushes that by her stood,
 She ranged as she was woad,²⁴
 And rase them up by roots.

He said, "Alas, that I was Fryar!
 And I shall be ragged²⁵ in sunder here,
 Hard is my destinie!
 Wist²⁶ my brothren in this houre,
 That I was sett in such a stoure,²⁷
 They wold pray for me."

This wicked beast that wrought this woe,
 Took that rape from the other two,
 And then they fled all three;
 They fled away by Watling-street,
 They had no succour but their feet,
 It was the more pite.

The feild it was both lost and wome;²⁸
 The saw went hame, and that full soone,
 To Morton on the Greene;
 When Ralph of Rokeby saw the rape,²⁹
 He wist³⁰ that there had been debate,
 Whereat the saw had beene.

He bad them stand out of her way,
 For she had had a sudden fray,—
 "I saw never so keene;
 Some new things shall we heare
 Of her and Middleton the Frar,
 Some battell hath there beene."

¹ Fierce as a bear. Mr. Whitaker's copy reads, perhaps in consequence of mistaking the MS., "Tother was Fryan of Bear."—² Need were. Mr. Whitaker reads *musters*.—³ Lying.—⁴ A fierce countenance or manner.—⁵ Saw.—⁶ Wight, brave. The Rokeby MS. reads *incounters*, and Mr. Whitaker, *ambassadors*.—⁷ Boldly.—⁸ On the beam above.—⁹ To prevent.—¹⁰ Assaulted.—¹¹ Rope.—¹² Watling Street. See the sequel.—¹³ Dare.—¹⁴ Rushed.—¹⁵ Leave it.—¹⁶ Pulls.—¹⁷ This line is wanting in Mr. Whitaker's copy, whence it has been conjectured that something is wanting after this stanza, which now there is no occasion to suppose.—¹⁸ Evil device.—¹⁹ Blessed. Fr.—²⁰ Lost his colour.—²¹ Sheltered himself.—²² Fierce.—²³ The MS. reads, *to labour weere*. The text seems to mean

that all their labour to obtain their intended meat was of no use to them. Mr. Whitaker reads,

"She was brim as any bear,
 And gave a grisly hideous roar,
 To them it was no boot."

Besides the want of connection between the last line and the two former, the second has a very modern sound, and the reading of the Rokeby MS. with the slight alteration, in the text, is much better.

²⁴ Mad.—²⁵ Torn, pulled.—²⁶ Knew.—²⁷ Corbat, perilous fight.—²⁸ This stanza, with the two following, and the fragment of a fourth, are not in Mr. Whitaker's edition.—²⁹ The rope about the saw's neck.—³⁰ Knew.

But all that served him for nought
Had they not better succour sought,
They were served therefore los.
Than Mistress Romey came anon,
And for her brought shea meate full soon,
The sew came her unto.

She gave her meate upon the flower,

* * * * *

[*Hiatus velut deflentus.*]

When Fryar Middleton came home,
His brethren was full fain ilkone,²
And thanked God of his life;
He told them all unto the end,
How he had foughten with a fiend,
And lived through suchlike strife.

"We gave her battell her the day,
And sithin³ was fain to fly away,
For saving of our life,⁴
And Pater Nalg would never bling.⁵
But as fast as he could ryn,⁶
Till he came to his wife."

The warden said, "I am full of woe,
That ever ye should be torment so,⁷
But wee with you had bene!
Had wee been thore your brethren all,
Wee should have garred the warle⁷ fall,
That wrought you all this teyne."⁸

Fryar Middleton said soon, "Nay,
In faith you would have fled away,
When most mister⁹ had bene;
You will all speake words at hame,
A man would ding¹⁰ you every ilk one,
And it be as I weine."

He look't no griesly all that night.
The warden said, "You man will fight
If you say ought but good.
You guest¹¹ hath grieved him so sore,
Hold your tougues and speake no more,
He looks as he were woode."

The warden wald¹² on the morne,
Two holdest me¹³ that ever were hoine,
I weine, or ever shall be;
The one was Gibbert Griffin's son,
Full mekle worship has he wounne,
Both by laud and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spain,
Many a Sarazin hath he slain,
His dint¹⁴ hath gart them die.
These two men the battle undertooke
Against the sew, as says the booke,
And sealed security.

That they should boldly bide and fight,
And skowst¹⁵ her in mains and night.

Or therefore should they die.
The warden sealed to them againe,
And said, "In feild if ye be aliv,
This condition make I:

"We shall for you pray, sing, and read
To doomesday with hearty sprede,
With all our progeny."
Then the letters well was made,
Bands bound with scales brade,¹⁶
As deedes of-armes should be.

These men of armes that weere so wight,
With armour and with brandes bright,
They went this sew to see;
She made on them alike a rodd,¹⁷
That for her they were sare after,
And almost bound to flee.

She came reveing them againe;
That saw the bastard son of Spaine,
He brand¹⁸ out his brand;
Full spiteously at her he strake,
For all the fence that he could make,
She gat sword out of hand;
And rave in sunder half his shield,
And bare him backward in the feilde,
He might not her gaustand

She would have riven his privich gearre,
But Gilbert with his sword of weire,
He strake at her full strong,
On her shoulder till she held the sword;
Then was good Gilbert sore after,
When the blade brake in throug.¹⁷

Since ~~the~~ hands he bath her tane,
She tooke him by the shoulder bane,¹⁸
And hold her hold full fast;
She strave so stiffly in that stower,¹⁹
That through all her ricke armour
The blood came at the last.

Then Gilbert grieved was sea sare,
That he rave off both hide and bare,
The fresh came fro the bone;
And with all force he felled her there,
And wann her worthily in weire,
And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sea hee,
Into two paniers well-made of a tre,
And to Richmond they did hay;²⁰
When they saw her come,
They sang merrily To Deum,
The Fryers on that day.²¹

They thanked God and St. Francis,
As they had won the best of pris,²²
And never a man was slaine:
There did never a man more manly
Knight Marcus, nor yett Sir Gui,
Nor Loth of Louthyane.²³

¹ This line is almost illegible.—² Each one.—³ Since then, after that.—⁴ The above lines are wanting in Mr. Whitaker's copy.—⁵ Coarse, stop.—⁶ Run.—⁷ Warlock, or wizard.—⁸ Harm.—⁹ Need.—¹⁰ Beat. The copy in Mr. Whitaker's library of Craven reads, perhaps better,—

"The fiend would ding you down ilk one."

"You guest," may be *you guest*, i. e., that adventure, or it may mean *you ghost*, or apparition, which in old poems is

applied sometimes to what is supernaturally hideous. The printed copy reads,—¹¹ "The best bath," &c.—¹² Harod, a York shire phrase.—¹³ Blow.—¹⁴ Broad, large.—¹⁵ Such like a roan.—¹⁶ Drew out.—¹⁷ In the combat.—¹⁸ Bone.—¹⁹ Meeting, battle.—²⁰ He, hsten.—²¹ The MS. reads, mistakenly, *every day*.—²² Price.—²³ The father of Sir Gawain, in the romance of Arthur and Merlin. The MS. is thus corrupted—

More loth of Louth Ryne.

If ye will any more of this,
In the Fryers of Richmond 'tis
In parchment good and fine;
And how Fryar Middleton that was so kind,
At Greta Bridge conjured a feind
In likeness of a swine.

It is well known to many a man,
That Fryar Theobald was warden than,
And this fell in his time;
And Christ them bless both farre and neare,
All that for solace list this to heare,
And him that made the rhyme.

Ralph Rokoby with full good will,
The Fryers of Richmond he gave her till,
This saw to mend their fare
Fryar Middleton by his name,
Would needs bring the fat saw lame,
That med him since full sare.

NOTE 3 C.

The Filca of O'Neale was he.—P. 37

THE *Filca*, or *O'lamh Re Dan*, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. The late ingenious Mr. Cooper Walker has assembled a curious collection of particulars concerning this order of men, in his *Historical Memoirs of the 'rkh Bards*. There were itinerant bards of less elevated rank, but all were held in the highest veneration. The English, who considered them as chief supporters of the spirit of national independence, were much disposed to proscribè this race of poets, as Edward I. is said to have done in Wales. Spenser, while he admits the merit of their wild poetry, as "savouring of sweet wit and good invention, and sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device," yet rigorously condemns the whole application of their poetry, as abased to "the prancing of wickedness and vice." The household minstrel was admitted even to the feast of the prince whom he served, and sat at the same table. It was one of the customs of which Sir Richard Severy, to whose charge Richard II. committed the instruction of four Irish monarchs in the civilisation of the period, found it most difficult to break his royal disciples, though he had also much ado to subject them to other English rules, and particularly to reconcile them to wear breeches. "The kyng, my souverayne lord's entent was, that in maner, countenance, and apparel of clothyng, they shoulde use according to the manor of Englande, for the kyng thought to make them all four knyghtes: they had a fayre house to lodge in, in Duvelyn, and I was charged to abyde styll with them, and not to depayre; and so two or three dayes I suffered them to do as they lyst, and sayde nothing to them, but folowed their owne appetytes: they wolde sitte at the table, and make countenance nother good nor fayre. Than I thought I shulde cause them to chaunge that maner; they wolde cause their mynstrells, their servants, and variettes, to sytte with them, and to eate in their owne dysche, and to drinke of their cuppes; and they shewed me that the usage of their cuntry was good, for they sayd in all thyngs (except their beddes) they were and tyved as comen. So the fourthe day I ordayned other tablis to be couered in the hall, after the usage of Englande, and I made these four

knyghtes to sytte at the hyghe table, and there mynstrells at another borde, and their servants and variettes at another bynyeth them, wherof by armyng they were displeased, and beheld each other, and wolde not eate, and sayde, how I wolde take to them their good usage, wherain they had been perished. Then I answered them, smylyng, to appease them, that it was not honourable for their estates to do as they dyde before, and that they must leave it, and use the custom of Englande, and that it was the kyng's plesure they shulde so do, and how he was charged so to orleif them. When they harde that, they suffered it, bycause they had putte themselves under the obseyance of the Kyng of Englande, and perswaded in the same as long as I was with them; yet they had one use which I knew was well used in their cuntry, and that was, they dyde were no breeches; I caused breeches of linnen clothe to be made for thepp. Whylo I was with them I caused them to leave many rude thyngs, as well in clothyng as in other causes. Moche ado I had at the first to cause them to wear gownes of sylke, furred with manture and gray; for before these kynges thought themselves well apperelled when they had on a mantell. They rode alwayes without saddles and styropes, and with great payne I made them to ride after our usage."—*LORD BERNARD'S Froissart*. Lond. 1812, 4to, vol. ii. p. 621.

The influence of these bards upon their patrons, and their admitted title to interfere in matters of the weightiest concern, may be also proved from the behaviour of one of them at an interview between Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare, then about to renounce the English allegiance, and the Lord Chancellor Cromer, who made a long and goodly oration to dissuade him from his purpose. The young lord had come to the council "armed and weaponed," and attended by seven score horsemen in their shirts of mail; and we are assured that the chancellor, having set forth his oration "with such a lamentable action as his cheeks were all beblubbered with teares, the horsemen, namely, such as under stood not English, began to divine what the lord-chancellor meant with all this long circumstance; some of them reporting that he was preaching a sermon, others said that he stood making of some heroicall poetry in the praise of the Lord Thomas. And thus as every idiot shot his foolish bolt at the wise chancellor his discourse, who in effect had nought else but drop precious stones before hogs, one Bard de Nelan, an Irish rithmour, and a rotten sheepe to infect a whole flocke, was chattering of Irish verses, as though his tongue had run on pattens, in commendation of the Lord Thomas, investing him with the title of Silken Thomas, because his horsemen's jacks were gorgeously imbroidered with sylke: and in the end he told him that he lingered there out long, wherewith the Lord Thomas being quickened,* as Hollinshed expresses it, bid defiance to the chancellor, threw down contemptuously the sword of office, which, in his father's absence, he held as deputy, and rushed forth to engage in open insurrection.

NOTE 3 D.

*Oh, Glanadeboy! thy friendly floor
Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more.*—P. 327.

GLANADEBOY is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the sept of the O'Neales, and Slieve-Donard, a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was ruined after Tyrone's great rebellion, and their places of abode laid desolate. The ancient Irish, wild and uncultivated in other respects, did not yield even to their descendants in practising the most free and

* Well known, but perhaps kind, well disposed.

* Hollinshed. Lond. 1808, 4to, vol. vi. p. 291.

extended hospitality; and doubtless the bards mourned the decay of the mansion of their chiefs in strains similar to the verses of the British Llywarch Hen on a similar occasion, which are affecting, even through the discouraging medium of a literal translation:—

" Silent-breathing gale, long wilt thou be heard !
There is scarcely another deserving praise,
Since Urien is no more. . .

Many a dog that scented well the prey, and aerial hawk,
Have been trained on this floor
Before Erlason became polluted .

This hearth, ah, will it not be covered with nettles !
Whilst its defender lived,
More congenial to it was the foot of the needy petitioner.

This hearth, will it not be covered with green sod !
In the lifetime of Owain and Elphin
Its ample cauldron boiled the prey taken from the foe.

This hearth, will it not be covered with toad-stools !
Around the viand it prepared, more cheering was
The clattering sword of the fierce dauntless warrior.

This hearth, will it not be overgrown with spreading
brambles !
Till now, logs of burning wood lay on it,
Accustom'd to prepare the gifts of Reged !

This hearth, will it not be covered with thorns !
More congenial on it would have been the mixed group
Of Owain's social friends united in harmony.

This hearth, will it not be covered with ants !
More adapted to it would have been the bright torches
And harmless festivities !

This hearth, will it not be covered with dock-leaves !
More congenial on its floor would have been
The mead, and the talking of wine-choer'd warriors.

This hearth, will it not be turned up by the swine !
More congenial to it would have been the clamour of men,
And the circling horns of the banquet."

Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen, by OWEN.
Lond. 1792, 8vo, p. 31.

" The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without bed—
I must weep a while, and then be silent !

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without candle—
Except God doth, who will endure me with patience !

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without being lighted—
Be thou encircled with spreading silence !

The hall of Cynddylan, gloomy seems its roof
Since the sweet smile of humanity is no more—
Woe to him that saw it, if he neglects to do good !

The hall of Cynddylan, art thou not bereft of thy appearance ?
Thy shield is in the grave ;
Whilst he lived there was no broken roof !

The hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,
Since he that own'd it is no more—
Ah, death ! it will be but a short time he will leave me !

The hall of Cynddylan is not gay this night,
On the top of the rock of Eglwyrth,
Without its lord, without company, without the circling
feasts !

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without songs—
Tears afflict the cheeks !

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without family—
My overflowing tears gush out !

The hall of Cynddylan pierces me to see it,
Without a covering, without fire—
My general dead, and I alive myself !

The hall of Cynddylan is the seat of chill grief this night,
After the respect I experienced ;
Without the men, without the women, who reside there !

The hall of Cynddylan is silent this night,
After losing its master—
The great merciful God, what shall I do !

Ibid. p. 77

NOTE 3 E.

M' Curtin's harp.—P. 329.

" MacCurtin, hereditary Oileann of North Munster, and
Fleeta to Donough, Earl of Thomond, and President of Mun-
ster. This nobleman was amongst those who were prevailed
upon to join Elizabeth's forces. Soon as it was known that
he had basely abandoned the interests of his country, Mac-
Curtin presented an adulatory poem to MacCarthy, chief of
South Munster, and of the Eugenan line, who, with O'Neill,
O'Donnell, Lacy, and others, were deeply engaged in protect-
ing their violated country. In this poem he dwells with rap-
ture on the courage and patriotism of MacCarthy; but the
verse that should (according to an established law of the order
of the bards) be introduced in the praise of O'Brien, he turns
into severe satire:—" How am I afflicted (says he) that the
descendant of the great Brian Boromh cannot furnish me
with a theme worthy the honour and glory of his exalted
race!" Lord Thomond, hearing this, vowed vengeance on
the spirited bard, who fled for refuge to the county of Cork.
One day observing the exasperated nobleman and his equi-
page at a small distance, he thought it was in vain to fly, and
pretended to be suddenly seized with the pangs of death; di-
recting his wife to lament over him, and tell his lordship, that
the sight of him, by awakening the sense of his ingratitude,
had so much affected him that he could not support it; and
desired her at the same time to tell his lordship, that he de-
sired as a dying request, his forgiveness. Soon as Lord
Thomond arrived, the feigned tale was related to him. That
nobleman was moved to compassion, and not only declared
that he most heartily forgave him, but, opening his purse,
presented the fair mourner with some pieces to inter him.
This instance of his lordship's pity and generosity gave cou-
rage to the trembling bard; who, suddenly springing up, re-
cited an extemporaneous ode in praise of Donough, and, re-
entering into his service, became once more his favourite."—
WALKER'S *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*. Lond. 1786. 4to,
p. 141.

NOTE 3 F.

The ancient English minstrel's dress.—P. 329.

Among the entertainments presented to Elizabeth at Kenil-
worth Castle, was the introduction of a person designed to

represent a travelling minstrel, who entertained her with a solemn story out of the Acts of King Arthur. Of this person's first appearance Mr. Laneham has given us a very accurate account, transferred by Bishop Percy to the preliminary narration on Minstrels, prefixed to his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i.

NOTE 3 G.

Littlecote Hall.—P. 323

The tradition from which the ballad is founded, was supplied by a friend, (the late Lord Webb Seymour,) whose account I will not do the injustice to abridge, as it contains an admirable picture of an old English hall:—

"Littlecote House stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, affing the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare; when defence came no longer to be an object in a country mansion. Many circumstances, however, in the interior of the house, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffleboard. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of cumbersome workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end, by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door in the front of the house to a quadrangle within; at the other, it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the doors of some bedchambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bedchambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and breadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed curtains you are shown a place where a small piece has been cut out and sewn in again,—a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story:—

"It was on a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sat nursing by her cottage fire-side, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded; but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and, therefore, she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bedchamber of the lady. With some hesitation the midwife consented; the

I think there is a chapel on one side of it, but am not quite sure.

horseman bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillow behind him. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bedchamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire, that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and, by its struggles, rolled itself upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and, raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in pleading all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home; he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the facts before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bedside, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sewn it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote House, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, in a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Styke,—a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.

"Littlecote House is two miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire, through which the Bath road passes. The fact occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. All the important circumstances I have given exactly as they are told in the country; some trifles only are added, either to render the whole connected, or to increase the impression."

To Lord Webb's edition of this singular story, the author can now add the following account, extracted from Aubrey's Correspondence. It occurs among other particulars respecting Sir John Popham:—

"Sir * * * Dayrell, of Littlecote, in Corn. Wilts. having got his lady's waiting woman with child, when her travel came, sent a servant with a horse for a midwife, whom he was to bring hood-winked. She was brought, and layd the woman, but as soon as the child was born, she sawe the knight take the child and murder it, and burn it in the fire in the chamber. She having done her business, was extraordinarily rewarded for her paines, and sent blindfolded away. This horrid action did much run in her mind, and she had a desire to discover it, but knew not where 'twas. She considered with herself the time that she was riding, and how many miles she might have rode at that rate in that time, and that it must be some great person's house, for the room was 12 foot high; and she should know the chamber if she sawe it. She went to a Justice of Peace, and search was made. The very chamber found. The Knight was brought to his tryall; and, to be short, this Judge had this noble house, park and maner, and (I thinke) more, for a bribe to save his life.

"Sir John Popham gave sentence according to law, but being a great person and a favourite, he procured a *non prosequi*."

With this tale of terror the author has combined some cir-

circumstances of a similar legend, which was current at Edinburgh during his childhood.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the large castles of the Scottish nobles, and even the secluded hotels, like those of the French noblesse, which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the scenes of strange and mysterious transactions, a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight to pray with a person at the point of death. This was no unusual summons; but what followed was alarming. He was put into a sedan-chair, and after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded. The request was enforced by a cocked pistol, and submitted to; but in the course of the discussion, he conjectured, from the phrases employed by the chairmen, and from some part of their dress, not completely concealed by their cloaks, that they were greatly above the mental station they had assumed. After many turns and windings, the chair was carried up stairs into a lodging, where his eyes were uncovered, and he was introduced into a bedroom, where he found a lady, newly delivered of an infant. He was commanded by his attendants to say such prayers by her bedside as were fitting for a person not expected to survive a mortal disorder. He ventured to remonstrate, and observe, that her safe delivery warranted better hopes. But he was sternly commanded to obey the orders first given, and with difficulty recollected himself sufficiently to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. He was then again hurried into the chair; but as they conducted him down stairs, he heard the report of a pistol. He was safely conducted home, a purse of gold was forced upon him; but he was warned, at the same time, that the least allusion to this dark transaction would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest, and, after long and broken musing, fell into a deep sleep. From this he was awakened by his servant, with the dismal news that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of * * * *, near the head of the Canongate, and that it was totally consumed; with the shocking addition, that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady eminent for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman had his suspicions, but to have made them public would have availed nothing. He was timid; the family was of the first distinction; above all, the deed was done, and could not be amended. Time wore away, however, and with it his terrors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depository of this fearful mystery, and mentioned it to some of his brethren, through whom the anecdote acquired a sort of publicity. The divine, however, had been long dead, and the story in some degree forgotten, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot where the house of * * * * had formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description. When the flames were at their height, the tumult, which usually attends such a scene, was suddenly suspended by an unexpected apparition. A beautiful female, in a night-dress, extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these tremendous words in her vernacular idiom: "A nes burned, twice burned, the third time I'll scare you all!" The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety testified, lest the apparition should make good her denunciation.

NOTE 3 H.

*As thick a smoke there hearth has given
At Italian-tide or Christmas-even.*—P. 334.

Such an exhortation was, in similar circumstances, actually given to his followers by a Welsh chieftain:—

"Enmity did continue between Howell ap Rys ap Howell Vaughan and the sonnes of John ap Meredith. After the death of Evan ap Robert, Griffith ap Gronw (cosen-german to John ap Meredith's sonnes of Gwynnysyn, who had long served in France, and had chafte there) coming home to live in the country, it happened that a servant of his, coming to fish in Stymillyn, his fish was taken away, and the fellow beaten by Howell ap Rys his servants, and by his commandment Griffith ap John ap Gronw took the matter in such badgown that he challenged Howell ap Rys to the field, which he refusing, assembling his cosins John ap Meredith's sonnes and his friends together, assaulted Howell in his own house, after the manner he had seen in the French warres, and consumed with fire his barnes and his out-houses. Whilst he was thus assaulting the hall, which Howell ap Rys and many other people kept, being a very strong house, he was shot, out of a crevice of the house, through the sight of his beaver into the head, and layne outright, being otherwise armed at all points. Notwithstanding his death, the assault of the house was continued with great vehemence, the goores fired with great burthens of straw; besides this, the smoake of the out-houses and barnes not farre distant annoyed greatly the defendants, for that most of them lay under boordes and benches upon the floore, in the hall, the better to avoyd the smoake. During this scene of confusion onely the old man, Howell ap Rys, never stooped, but stood valiantly in the midst of the floore, armed with a gleeve in his hand, and called unto them, and bid them arise like men, for shame, for he had knowne there as great a smoake in that hall upon Christmas-even. In the end, seeing the house could noe longer defend them, being overlaid with a multitude, upon parley betweene them, Howell ap Rys was content to yeld himself prisoner to Morris ap John ap Meredith, John ap Meredith's eldest sonne, soe as he would swear unto him to bring him safe to Carnarvon Castle, to abide the triall of the law for the death of Graff ap John ap Gronw, who was cosen-german removed to the said Howell ap Rys, and of the very same house he was of. Which Morris ap John ap Meredith undertaking, did put a guard about the said Howell of his trustiest friends and servants, who kept and defended him from the rage of his kindred, and especially of Owen ap John ap Meredith, his brother, who was very eager against him. They passed by leisure thence like exempte to Carnarvon, the whole countie being assembled, Howell his friends posted a horseback from one place or other by the way, who brought word that he was come thither safe, for they were in great feare lest he should be murdered, and that Morris ap John ap Meredith could not be able to defend him, neither durst any of Howell's friends be there, for fear of the kindred. In the end, being delivered by Morris ap John ap Meredith to the Constable of Carnarvon Castle, and there kept safely in ward untill the assizes, it fell out by law, that the burning of Howell's houses, and assaulting him in his owne house, was a more haynous offence in Morris ap John ap Meredith and the rest, than the death of Graff ap John ap Gronw in Howell, who did it in his own defence; whereupon Morris ap John ap Meredith, with thirty five more, were indicted of felony, as appeareth by the copie of the indictment, which I had from the records."—SIR JOHN WYNN'S *History of the Gwynes Family*. Lond. 1770, 8vo, p. 116.

NOTE 3 I.

O'er Hixham's altar hung my glove.—P. 341.

This custom among the Redendale and Tynedale Borderers is mentioned in the interesting *Life of Barnard Gilpin*, where some account is given of these wild districts, wile it was the custom of that excellent man regularly to visit.

"This custom (of duels) still prevailed on the Borders, where Saxon barbarism held its latest possession. Them

wild Northumbrians, indeed, went beyond the ferocity of their ancestors. They were not content with a duel: each contending party used to muster what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed.

It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr. Gilpin was at Rothbury, in those parts. During the two or three first days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as Mr. Gilpin began his sermon, the other entered. They stood not long silent. Inflamed at the sight of each other, they began to clash their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approached. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased. Mr. Gilpin proceeded: when again the combatants began to brandish their weapons, and draw towards each other. As a fray seemed near, Mr. Gilpin stepped from the pulpit, went between them, and addressed the leaders, put an end to the quarrel, for the present, but could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised him, however, that till the sermon was over they would make no more disturbance. He then went again into the pulpit, and spent the rest of the time in endeavouring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behaviour and discourse affected them so much, that, at his farther entreaty, they promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so much respected was he among them, that whoever was in fear of his enemy used to resort where Mr. Gilpin was, esteeming his presence the best protection.

"One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts, before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton, that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr. Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it to him; but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it into his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and, before he concluded his sermon took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. "I hear," said he, "that one among you hath hauged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down: see, I have taken it down;" and, pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such peroratives to mutual love as he thought would most affect them."—*Life of Barnard Gilpin*. Lond. 1753, 8vo, p. 17.

NOTE 3 K.

A Horseman arm'd, at headlong speed.—P. 341.

This, and what follows, is taken from a real achievement of Major Robert Philipson, called from his desperate and adventurous courage, Robin the Devil; which, as being very inaccurately noticed in this note upon the first edition, shall

be now given in a more authentic form. The chief place of his retreat was not Lord's Island, in Derwentwater, but Carwen's Island, in the Lake of Windermere:—

"This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the Civil Wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother served the King. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

"The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprise; and for many feats of personal bravery had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of Robin the Devil.

"After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal, and, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a Justice-of-Peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. Now it was conducted, my authority does not inform us—whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor of the works without. All we learn is, that Major Philipson endured a siege of eight months with great gallantry, till his brother, the Colonel, raised a party and relieved him.

"It was now the Major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself, therefore, at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal. Here, being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers, (for it was on a Sunday morning,) he stationed his men properly in the avenues, and himself armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but some large place of meeting. It is said he intended to seize the Colonel and carry him off; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot, and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated, for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

"The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them; and the Major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assailed as he left the assembly, and being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.

"At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants, and the Major killed with his own hand the man who had seized him, clapped the saddle ungirthed as it was, upon his horse, and, vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him; and, with his whole party, made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake. The action marked the man. Many knew him: and they who did not, knew as well from the exploits that it could be nobody but Robin the Devil."

¹ Dr. Burn's History of Westmoreland.

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMALN, FIELD OF WATERLOO,
AND HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AUTHOR'S EDITION



ROBERT THE BRUCE.

Around the Royal Bruce they crowd : And clasped his hands, and wept aloud.
Veterans of early fields were there : Whose helmets pressed their hoary hair.

LoRD, Canto iv, Stanza xix.

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1869

The Bridal of Triermain:

OR,

The Vale of St. John.

A LOVER'S TALE.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.¹

In the EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER for the year 1809, Three Fragments were inserted, written in imitation of Living Poets. It must have been apparent, that by these productions, nothing burlesque, or disrespectful to the authors, was intended, but that they were offered to the public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition, by which each of the writers is supposed to be distinguished. As these exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been induced to complete one of them, and present it as a separate publication.²

It is not in this place that an examination of the works of the master whom he has here adopted as his model, can, with propriety, be introduced; since his general acquiescence in the favourable suffrage of the public must necessarily be inferred from the attempt he has now made. He is induced, by the nature of his subject, to offer a few remarks on what has been called ROMANTIC POETRY;—the popularity of which has been revived in the present day, under the auspices, and by the unparalleled success, of one individual.

The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they pro-

bably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his song, do not exceed in number or extravagance the fictions of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference between poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations. Their intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative or more easily committed to memory. But as the poetical historian improves in the art of conveying information, the authenticity of his narrative unavoidably declines. He is tempted to dilate and dwell upon the events that are interesting to his imagination, and, conscious how indifferent his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance.

It is in this situation that those epics are found, which have been generally regarded the standards of poetry; and it has happened somewhat strangely, that the moderns have pointed out as the characteristics and peculiar excellencies of narrative poetry the very circumstances which the authors themselves adopted, only because their art involved the duties of the historian as well as the poet. It can-

¹ Published in March 1813, by John Ballantyne and Co. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

² Sir Walter Scott, in his Introduction to the Lord of the Isles says,—"Being much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily no more, William Erskine, I agreed to write the little romantic tale called the 'Bridal of Triermain;' but it was on the condition, that he should make no serious effort to show the composition, if report should lay it at his door."

As he was more than suspected of a taste for poetry, and as I took care, in several places, to mix something which might resemble (as far as was in my power) my friend's feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold. A third being called for, Lord Kinnedder became unwilling to aid any longer a deception which was going farther than he expected or desired, and the real author's name was given."

not be believed. for example, that Homer selected the siege of Troy as the most appropriate subject for poetry; his purpose was to write the early history of his country; the event he has chosen, though not very fruitful in varied incident, nor perfectly well adapted for poetry, was nevertheless combined with additional and genealogical anecdotes extremely interesting to those who were to listen to him; and thus he has adorned by the exertions of a genius, which, if it has been equalled, has certainly been never surpassed. It was not till comparatively a late period that the general accuracy of his narrative, or his purpose in composing it was brought into question. Δοκίμ πρώτος [ὁ Ἀναξίγλας] (κατὰ φασί Φαειδίου ἐν παντοιαστῇ Ἱστορίᾳ) τῆς Ὀμήρου ποιήσας ἀποφάνεσθαι ἵνα περὶ ἀρετῆς καὶ δικαιοσύνης. But whatever theories might be framed by speculative men, his work was of an historical, not of an allegorical nature. Εὐαγγέλιον μετα τῷ Μέντιω καὶ ὅτι ἱεραστοὶ ἀξίκοιτο, πάντα τα ἐπὶ χάριτι διηγεῖσθαι,

¹ Dorotheus Laertius, lib. ii. Annals, Sec. II.

² Homer's Vines, in Herod. *Plin.* *Stroph.* 157, p. 336.

• A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM. FOR THE FABLE.

"Take out of any old poem, history book, romance, or legend, (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Beland, or (recede) those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. They take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures. There let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or marry, it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate."

To make an *Epic* — "Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero, or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away, and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition."

For the *Moral and Allegory*. — "They you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently."

FOR THE MANNERS.

"For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. Be sure they are quantities which your patron would be thought to have, and, to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or not it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an *excellent* man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves."

FOR THE MACHINES.

"Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into equal pairs, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a temper, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's *Paradise*, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident, for since an epic poem can pro-

καὶ ἱστορίαν συνθέσθαι, οὐδὲν ἔτι μὲν καὶ ἐν μυστηρίῳ πάντων γράφασθαι.² Instead of recommending the choice of a subject similar to that of Homer, it was to be expected that critics should have exhorted the poets of these latter days to adopt or invent a narrative in itself more susceptible of poetical ornament, and to avail themselves of that advantage in order to compensate, in some degree, the inferiority of genius. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the *Epopæia*; with what success, the fate of Homer's numerous imitators may best show. The *ultimum supplicium* of criticism was inflicted on the author if he did not choose a subject which at once deprived him of all claim to originality, and placed him, if not in actual contest, at least in fatal comparison, with those giants in the land, whom it was most his interest to avoid. The celebrated receipt for writing an epic poem, which appeared in *The Guardian*,³ was the first instance in which common sense

silly submit without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his *Art of Poetry*.

"Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit."—Verse 191.

"Never presume to make a god appear
But for a business worthy of a god."—Roscommon.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity."

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempest*. — "Take *Eurus*, *Zephyr*, *Auster*, and *Boreas*, and cast them together into one verse. Add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can), *Quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing."

For a *Battle*. — "Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's *Iliad*, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle."

For a *Burning Town*. — "If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil. Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the *Theory of Conflagration*, well digested, and done into verse, will be good succedaneum."

As for *similes and metaphors*, "they may be found all over the creation. The most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this, advise with your book-seller."

FOR THE LANGUAGE.

(I mean the diction.) "Here it will do well to be imitator of Milton; for you will find it easier to imitate him in

³ From Lib. iii. De Conflagratione Mundi, or Telluris Theoria Sacra, published in 4to, 1680. By Dr Thomas Burnet, master of the Charter-House.

was applied to this department of poetry; and, indeed, if the question be considered on its own merits, we must be satisfied that narrative poetry, if strictly confined to the great occurrences of history, would be deprived of the individual interest which it is so well calculated to excite.

Modern poets may therefore be pardoned in seeking simpler subjects of verse, more interesting in proportion to their simplicity. Two or three figures, well grouped, suit the artist better than a crowd, for whatever purpose assembled. For the same reason, a scene immediately presented to the imagination, and directly brought home to the feelings, though involving the fate of but one or two persons, is more favourable for poetry than the political struggles and convulsions which influence the fate of kingdoms. The former are within the reach and comprehension of all, and, if depicted with vigour, seldom fail to fix attention: The other, if more sublime, are more vague and distant, less capable of being distinctly understood, and infinitely less capable of exciting those sentiments which it is the very purpose of poetry to inspire. To generalize is always to destroy effect. We would, for example, be more interested in the fate of an individual soldier in combat, than in the grand event of a general action; with the happiness of two lovers raised from misery and anxiety to peace and union, than with the successful exertions of a whole nation. From what causes this may originate, is a separate and obviously an immaterial consideration. Before ascribing this peculiarity to causes decidedly and odiously selfish, it is proper to recollect, that while men see only a limited space, and while their affections and conduct are regulated, not by aspiring to an universal good, but by exerting their power of making themselves and others happy within the limited scale allotted to each

individual, so long will individual history and individual virtue be the reader and more accessible road to general interest and attention; and, perhaps, we may add, that it is the more useful, as well as the more accessible, inasmuch as it affords an example capable of being easily imitated.

According to the author's idea of Romantic Poetry, as distinguished from Epic, the former comprehends a fictitious narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer; beginning and ending as he may judge best: which neither exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery; which is free from the technical rules of the *Épée*; and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals, apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and every thing is permitted to him, excepting to be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition; and before joining the outcry against the vitiated taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges, and battles, and great military evolutions, in our poetry, is complained of, let us reflect, that the campaigns and heroes of our days are perpetuated in a record that neither requires nor admits of the aid of fiction; and if the complaint refers to the inferiority of our bards, let us pay a just tribute to their modesty, limiting them, as it does, to subjects which, however indifferently treated have still the interest and charm of novelty, and which thus prevents them from adding insipidity to their other more insuperable defects.

this than any thing else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his drawings to be thought originals, by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening up and down like Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion, by the Dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer."

"I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read."—POPE. *The Guardian*, No. 78.

"In all this we cheerfully acquiesce, without abating any thing of our former hostility to the modern Romantic style, which is founded on very different principles. Nothing is, in our opinion, so dangerous to the very existence of poetry as the extreme laxity of rule and consequent facility of composition, which are its principal characteristics. Our very admiration in favour of that license of plot and conduct which is claimed by the Romance writers, ought to render us so much the more guarded in extending the privilege to the minor poems of composition and versification. The removal of all technical bars and impediments sets wide open the gates of

Parnassus, and so much the better. We dislike mystery quite as much in matters of taste, as of politics and religion. But let us not, in opening the door, pull down the wall, and level the very foundation of the edifice."—*Critical Review*, 1813.

"In the same letter in which William Erskine acknowledges the receipt of the first four pages of *Rokeby*, he adverts also to the *Bridal of Triermain* as being already in rapid progress. The fragments of this second poem, inserted in the Register of the preceding year, had attracted considerable notice; the secret of their authorship had been well kept; and by some means, even in the shrewdest circles of Edinburgh, the belief had become prevalent that they proceeded not from Scott but from Erskine. Scott had no sooner completed his bargain as to the copyright of the unwritten *Rokeby*, than he resolved to pause some time to tune in his composition, and weave those fragments into a shorter and lighter romance, executed in a different metre, and to be published anonymously in a small pocket volume, as nearly as possible on the same day with the avowed quarto. He expected great amusement from the comparisons which the critics would no doubt indulge themselves in drawing between himself and this humble candidate; and Erskine good-humouredly entered into the scheme, undertaking to do nothing which should effectually suppress the notion of his having set himself up as a modest rival to his friend."—*Life of Scott*, vol. iv. p. 12.

The Bridal of Trermain:

INTRODUCTION.

I.

Come, Lucy! while 'tis morning hour,
The woodland brook we needs must pass;
So, ere the sun assume his power,
We shelter in our poplar bower,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanish'd from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a silvan bridge;
For here compell'd to disunite,
Round petty isles the runnels glide,
And chafing off their puny spite,
The shallow murmurers waste their might,
Yielding to footstep free and light
A dry-shod pass from side to side.

II.

Nay, why this hesitating pause?
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,
Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim?
Titania's foot without a slip,
Like thine, though timid, light, and slim,
From stone to stone might safely trip,
Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip
That binds her slipper's silken rim.
Or trust thy lover's strength: nor fear
That this same stalwart arm of mine,
Which could yon oak's prone trunk
uprear,
Shall shrink beneath the burden dear
Of form so slender, light, and fine—
So,—now, the danger dared at last,
Look back, and smile at perils past!

III.

And now ye reach the favourite glade,
Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone,
Where never harsher sounds invade,
To break affection's whispering tone,
Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.

¹ MS.—"laughing eye."

Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
Moss'd is the stone, the turf is green,
A place where lovers best may meet,
Who would that not their love be seen.
The boughs, that dim the summer sky,
Shall hide us from each lurking spy.
That fair would spread the invidious tale,
How Lucy of the lofty eye,¹
Noble in birth, in fortunes high,
She for whom lords and barons sigh,
Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

IV.

How deep that blush!—how deep that sigh!
And why does Lucy shun mine eye?
Is it because that crimson draws
Its colour from some secret cause,
Some hidden movement of the breast,
She would not that her Arthur guess'd?
O! quicker far is lovers' ken
Than the dull glance of common men,²
And, by strange sympathy, can spell
The thoughts the loved one will not tell!
And mine, in Lucy's blush, saw met
The hues of pleasure and regret;
Pride mingled in the sigh her voice,
And shared with Love the crimson glow?
Well pleased that thou art Arthur's choice,
Yet shamed thine own is placed so low;
Thou turn'st thy self-confessing cheek,
As if to meet the breeze's cooling;
Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak,
For Love, too, has his hours of schooling.

V.

Too oft my anxious eye has spied
That secret grief thou fain wouldst hide,
The passing pang of humbled pride.
Too oft, when through the splendid hall,
The load-star of each heart and eye,
My fair one leads the glittering ball,
Will her stol'n glance on Arthur fall,
With such a blush and such a sigh!

² ————"with wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love.

Thou wouldst not yield, for wealth or rank,
The heart thy worth and beauty won,
Nor leave me on this mossy bank,
To meet a rival on a throne :
Why, then, should vain repinings rise,
That to thy lover fate denies
A nobler name, a wide domain,
A Baron's birth, a penial train,
Since Heaven assign'd him, for his part,
A lyre, a falchion, and a heart !

VI.

My sword—its master must be dumb ;
But, when a soldier names my name,
Approach, my Lucy ! Fearless come,
Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.
My heart—mid all yon courtly crew,
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honour true,
That boasts a pulse so warm as mine !
They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare—
Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it faded ;
They praised the pearls that bound thy hair—
I only saw the locks they braided ;
They talk'd of wealthy dower and land,
And titles of high birth the token—
I thought of Lucy's heart and hand,
Nor knew the sense of what was spoken.
And yet, if rank'd in Fortune's roll,
I might have learn'd their choice unwise,
Who rate the dower above the soul,
And Lucy's diamonds o'er her eyes.²

VII.

My lyre—it is an idle toy,
That borrows accents not its own,
Like warbler of Columbian sky,
That sings but in a mimic tone.³
Ne'er did it sound o'er sainted well,
Nor boasts it aught of Bardic spell ;

Its strings no feudal slogan pour,
It heroes draw no broad claymore ;
No shouting clans applauses raise,
Because it sung their father's praise ;
On Scottish moor, or English down,
It ne'er was graced by fair renown ;
Nor won,—best mood to minstrel true,—
One favouring smile from fair BUCCLEUCH !
By one poor streamlet sounds its tone,
And heard by one dear maid alone.

VIII.

But, if thou bid'st, these tones shall tell
Of errant knight, and damozelle ;
Of the dread knot a Wizard tied,
In punishment of maiden's pride,
In notes of marvel and of fear,
That best may charm romantic ear.
For Lucy loves,—like COLLINS, ill-starred name—
Whose lay's requital, was that tardy fame,
Who bound no laurel round his living head,
Should hang it o'er his monument when dead,—
For Lucy loves to tread enchanted straits,
And thread, like him, the maze of fairy land ;
Of golden battlements to view the gleam,
And slumber soft by some Elysian stream ;
Such lays she loves,—and, such my Lucy's choice,
What other song can claim her Poet's voice !⁶

The Bridal of Triermaln.

CANTO FIRST.

1.

WHERE is the Maiden of mortal strain,
That may match with the Baron of Triermaln ?⁷

from those of this vulgar world."—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1813.

"The poem now before us consists properly of two distinct subjects, interwoven together something in the manner of the Last Minstrel and his Lay, in the first and most enchanting of Walter Scott's romances. The first is the history (real or imaginary, we presume, not to guess which) of the author's passion, courtship, and marriage, with a young lady, his superior in rank and circumstances, to whom he relates at intervals the story which may be considered as the principal design of the work, to which it gives its title. This is a mode of introducing romantic and fabulous narratives which we very much approve, though there may be reason to fear that too frequent repetition may wear out its effect. It attaches a degree of dramatic interest to the work, and at the same time softens the absurdity of a Gothic legend, by throwing it to a greater distance from the relation and auditor, by representing it, not as a train of facts which actually took place, but as a mere fable, either adopted by the credulity of former times, or invented for the purposes of amusement, and the exercise of the imagination."—*Critical Review*, 1813.

⁷ See Appendix, Note B.

¹ MS.—"That boasts so warm a heart as mine."

² MS.—"And Lucy's gems before her eyes."

³ The Mocking Bird.

⁴ MS.—"Pechance, because it sang their praise."

⁵ See Appendix, Note A.

⁶ "The Introduction, though by no means destitute of beauties, is decidedly inferior to the Poem: its plan or conception, is neither very ingenious nor very striking. The best passages are those in which the author adheres most strictly to his original: in those which are composed without having his eyes fixed on his model, there is a sort of affectation and straining at humour that will probably excite some feeling of disappointment, either because the effort is not altogether successful, or because it does not perfectly harmonize with the tone and coloring of the whole piece."

"The 'Bridal' itself is purely a tale of chivalry; a tale of 'Eldon's Isle, and Arthur's days,' when midnight fairies daunted the maze. The author never gives us a glance of ordinary life, or of ordinary personages. From the splendid court of Arthur, we are conveyed to the halls of enchantment, and, of course, are introduced to a system of manners, perfectly decided and appropriate, but altogether remote

She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,
 Holy and pure, and humble of mind,
 Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,
 Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood—
 Lovely as the sun's first ray,
 When it breaks the clouds of an April day ;
 Constant and true as the widow'd dove,
 Kind as a minstrel that sings of love ;
 Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
 Where never sun-beam kiss'd the wave ;
 Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
 Holy as hermit's vesper stain ;
 Gentle as breeze that 'ut whispers and dies,
 Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its
 sighs ;
 Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,
 Generous as spring-dew that bless the glad
 ground ;
 Noble her blood as the currents that met
 In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
 Such must her form be, her mood, and her
 strain,
 That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain.

II.

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him to sleep,
 His blood it was fever'd, his breathing was
 deep.

He had been pricking against the Scot,
 The foray was long, and the skirmish hot ;
 His dinted helm and his buckler's plight
 Bore token of a stubborn fight.

All in the castle must hold them still,
 Harpers must lull him to his rest,
 With the slow soft tunes he loves the best,
 Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
 Like the dew on a summer hill.

III.

It was the dawn of an autumn day,
 The sun was struggling with frost-fog grey,
 That like a silvery crape was spread
 Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head,
 And faintly gleam'd each painted pane
 Of the lordly halls of Triermain,
 When that Baron bold awoke.
 Starting he woke, and loudly did call,
 Rousing his menials in bower and hall,
 While hastily he spoke.

IV.

"Hearken, my minstrels ! Which of ye all,
 Touch'd his harp with that dying fall,
 So sweet, so soft, so faint,
 It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
 To an expiring saint !

And hearken, my merry-men ! What time or
 where

Did she pass, that maid with her heaven-
 brow,
 With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
 And her graceful step and her angel air,
 And the eagle plume in her dark-brown hair,
 That pass'd from my power e'en now ?"

V.

Answer'd him Richard de Bretville ; he
 Was chief of the Baron's minstrelsy,—
 "Silent, noble chieftain, we
 Have sat since midnight close,
 When such lulling sounds as the brocket
 sings,
 Murmur'd from our melting strings,
 And hush'd you to repose.
 Had a harp-note sounded here,
 It had caught my watchful ear,
 Although it fell as faint and shy
 As bashful maiden's half-form'd sigh,
 When she thinks her lover near."—
 Answer'd Philip of Fastwardé tall,
 He kept guard in the outer-hall,—
 "Since at eve our watch took post,
 Not a foot has thy portal cross'd ;
 Else had I heard the steps, though low
 And light they fell, as when earth receives,
 In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves,
 That drop when no winds blow."

VI.

"Then come thou hither, Henry, my page,
 Whom I saved from the sack of Hermitage,
 When that dark castle, tower, and spire,
 Rose to the skies a pile of fire,
 And redder'd all the Nine stane Hill,
 And the shrieks of death, that wildly broke
 Through devouring flame and smothering smoke,
 Made the warrior's heart's blood chill.
 The trustiest thou of all my train,
 My steed test courser thou must rein,
 And ride to Lynlph's tower,
 And from the Baron of Triermain
 Greet well that sage of power.
 He is sprung from Druid sires,
 And British bards that tuned their lyres
 To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise.
 And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise¹
 Gifted like his gifted race,
 He the characters can trace,
 Graven deep in elder time
 Upon Helvellyn's cliffs sublime
 Sigil and sigil well doth he know
 And can bode of weal and woe,

¹ Dunmailraise is one of the grand passes from Cumberland into Westmoreland. It takes its name from a ruin, or pile of stones, erected, it is said, to the memory of Dunmail, the last King of Cumberland.

Of kingdoms' fall, and fate of wars,
From mystic dreams and course of stars.
He shall tell if middle earth
To that enchanting shape gave birth,
Or if 'twas but an airy thing,
Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
Framed from the rainbow's varying dyes,
Or fading tints of western skies.¹
For, by the Blessed Rood I swear,
If that fair form breathe vital air,
No other maiden by my side
Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride!²

VII.

The faithful Page he mounts his steed,
And soon he cross'd green Irthing's mead,
Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round,³
For feats of chivalry renown'd,
Left Mayburgh's mound⁴ and stones of power,
By Druids raised in magic hour,
And traced the Eamont's winding way,
Till Ulfo's lake⁵ beneath him lay.

VIII.

Onward he rode, the pathway still
Winding betwixt the lake and hill;
Till, on the fragment of a rock,
Struck from its base by lightning shock,
He saw the hoary Sage:
The silver moss and lichen twined,
With fern and deer-hair check'd and lined,
A cushion fit for age;
And o'er him shook the aspen-tree,
A restless rustling canopy.
Then sprung young Henry from his selie,
And greeted Lyulph grave,
And then his master's tale did tell,
And then for counsel crave.
The Man of Years⁶ mused long and deep,
Of time's lost treasures taking keep,
And then, as rousing from a sleep,
His solemn answer gave.

IX.

"That maid is born of middle earth,
And may of man be won,
Though there have glided since her birth
Five hundred years and one.
But where's the Knight in all the north,
That dare the adventure follow forth,

So perilous to knightly worth.
In the valley of St. John⁷
Listen, youth, to what I tell,
And bind it on thy memory well;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant 'mid the wrecks of time.
The mystic tale, by hard and sage,
Is handed down from Merlin's age.

X.

Lyulph's Tale.

"KING ARTHUR has ridden from merry Carlisle
When Pentecost was o'er:
He journey'd like errant-knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara's ridgy back,
And whose yawning gulfs the sun
Of amber'd radiance red and dun,
Though never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn,⁸
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, while noontide lights the sky.
The gallant King he skirted still
The margin of that mighty lull;
Rock upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents, down the gullies flung,
Join'd the rude river that brawl'd on,
Recoiling now from crag and stone,
Now diving deep from human ken,
And raving down its darksome glen.
The Monarch judg'd this desert wild,
With such romantic ruin piled,
Was theatre by Nature's hand
For feat of high achievement plann'd.

XI.

"O rather he chose, that Monarch bold,
On venturesome quest to ride,
In plate and mail by wood and wold,
Than, with cambric trapp'd and cloth of gold,
In princely bower to bide;
The bursting crash of a foe's spear
As it shiver'd against his mail,
Warmer music to his ear
Than courtier's whisper'd tale:
And the clash of Calburn more dear,
When on the hostile casque it rung,
Than all the lays
To their monarch's praise
That the harpers of Reged sung.

¹ "Just like Aurora, when she lies
A rainbow found the morning skies."—MOORE.

² "This powerful Baron required in the fair one whom he should honour with his hand, an assemblage of qualities, that appears to us rather unreasonable even in those high days, profuse as they are known to have been of perfections now unattainable. His resolution, however, was not more inflexible than that of any mere modern youth; for he decies that

his nightly visitant, of whom at this time he could know nothing, but that she looked and sung like an angel, if of mortal mould, shall be his bride."—*Quarto by Stevens.*

³ See Appendix, Note C. ⁴ See Appendix, Note D.
⁵ Ullswater.

⁶ The small lake called Scodale-tarn lies so deeply embosomed in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddleback, more poetically Glaramara, is of such great depth, and so com-

He loved better to rest by wood or river,
 Than in bower of his bride, Dame Guenever,
 For he left that lady, so lovely of cheer,
 To follow adventures of danger and fear;
 And the frank-hearted Monarch full little did
 wot,
 That she smiled, in his absence, on brave
 Lancelot.

XII.

"He rode, till over down and dell
 The shade more broad and deeper fell;
 And though around the mountain's head
 Flow'd streams of purple, and gold, and red,
 Dark at the base, unblest by beam,
 Frown'd the black rocks, and roar'd the stream.
 With toil the King his way pursued
 By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
 Till on his course obliquely shoue
 The narrow valley of SAINT JOHN,
 Down sloping to the western sky,
 Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.
 Right glad to feel those beams again,
 The King drew up his charger's rein;
 With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sight,
 As dazzled with the level light,
 And, from beneath his glove of mail,
 Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale,
 While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
 Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII.

"Paled in by many a lofty hill,
 The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
 And, down its verdant bosom led,
 A winning brooklet found its bed.
 But, midmost of the vale, a mound
 Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
 Buttress, and rampire's circling band,
 And mighty keep and tower;
 Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
 The castle's massive walls had plan'd,
 A ponderous bulwark to withstand
 Ambitious Nimrod's power.
 Above the moated entrance slung,
 The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
 As jealous of a foe;
 Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
 With iron studded, clench'd, and barr'd,
 And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
 The gloomy pass below.
 But the grey walls no banners crown'd,
 Upon the watch-tower's airy round
 No warder stood his horn to sound,
 No guard beside the bridge was found,
 And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd,
 Glanced neither bill nor bow.

pletely hidden from the sun, that it is said its beams never reach it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen at mid-day.

XIV.

"Beneath the castle's gloomy pride
 In ample round did Arthur ride
 Three times; nor living thing he spied,
 Nor heard a living sound,
 Save that, awakening from her dream,
 The owl now began to scream,
 In concert with the rushing stream,
 That wash'd the battled mound.
 He lighted from his goodly steed,
 And he left him to graze on bank and mead;
 And slowly he climb'd the narrow way,
 That reach'd the entrance grim and grey,
 And he stood the outward arch below;
 And his bugle-horn prepared to blow,
 In summons lithe and bold,
 Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
 The guardian of this dismal Keep,
 Which well he guess'd the hold
 Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
 Or pagan of gigantic limb,
 The tyrant of the wold.

XV.

"The ivory bugle's golden tip
 Twice touch'd the Monarch's manly lip,
 And twice his hand withdrew.
 —Think not but Arthur's heart was good!
 His shield was cross'd by the blessed rood,
 Had a pagan host before him stood,
 He had charged them through and through;
 Yet the silence of that ancient place
 Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
 Ere yet his horn he blew.
 But, instant as its 'larum rung,
 The castle gate was open flung,
 Portcullis rose with crashing groan
 Full harshly up its groove of stone;
 The balance-beams obey'd the blast,
 And down the trembling drawbridge cast,
 The vaulted arch before him lay,
 With nought to bar the gloomy way,
 And onward Arthur paced, with hand
 On Caliburn a¹ resistless brand.

XVI.

"A hundred torches, flashing bright,
 Dispell'd at once the gloomy night
 That pour'd along the walls,
 And show'd the King's astonish'd sight
 The inmates of the halls.
 Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
 Nor giant huge of form and limb,
 Nor heathen knight, was there;
 But the cressets, which odours flung aloft,
 Show'd by their yellow light and soft
 A band of damsels fair.

¹ Thus was the name of King Arthur's well-known sword, sometimes also called Excalibur.

Onward they came, like summer wave
That dances to the shore ;
An hundred voices welcome gave,
And welcome o'er and o'er !
An hundred lovely hands assail
The bucklers of the monarch's mail
And busy labour'd to unhasp
Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
One wrapp'd him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odours on his hair ;
His short curl'd ringlets one smooth'd down,
One wreathed them with a myrtle crown.
A bride upon her wedding-day,
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

XVII.

" Loud laugh'd they all,—the King, in vain,
With questions ask'd the giddy train ;
Let him entreat, or crave, or call,
'Twas one reply,—loud laugh'd they all.
Then o'er him mimic chains they fling,
Framed of the fairest flowers of spring.
While some their gentle force unite,
Onward to drag the wondering knight,
Some, bolden, urge his pace with blows,
Dealt with the lily or the rose.
Behind him were in triumph borne
The warlike arms he late had worn.
Four of the train combined to rear
The terrors of Tintadgel's spear ;
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbrous length ;
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brows the helmet's pride ;
Then scream'd, twixt laughter and surprise,
To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
With revel-shout, and triumph-song,
Thus gaily march'd the giddy throng.

XVIII.

" Through many a gallery and hall
They led, I ween, their royal thrall ;
At length, beneath a fair arcade
Their march and song at once they staid.
The eldest maiden of the band,
(The lovely maid was scarce eighteen,)
Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
And reverent silence did command,
On entrance of their Queen,
And they were mute.—But as a glance
They steal on Arthur's countenance

Bewilder'd with surprise,
Their smother'd mirth again 'gan speak,
In archly dimpled chin and cheek,
And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX.

" The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel-lays ;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill,
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam
As lights not now a lover's dream.
Yet e'en in that romantic age,

Ne'er were such charms by mortal seen,
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,

Advanced the castle's Queen !
While up the hall she slowly pass'd,
Her dark eye on the King she cast,
That flash'd expression strong ;
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced King could break
The gaze that lasted long.

A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passions strove with pride,
Had whisper'd, ' Prince, beware !
From the chafed tiger rend the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
But shun that love's snare !—"

XX.

" At once that inward strife suppress'd
The dance approach'd her warlike guest,
With greeting in that fair degree,
Where female pride and courtesy
Are blended with such passing art
As awes at once and charms the heart.
A courtly welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness 'gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
Who drew from lonely glens their birth,
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
And dignity their due ;
And then she pray'd that he would rest
That night her castle's honour'd guest.

¹ Tintadgel Castle, in Cornwall, is reported to have been the birth-place of King Arthur.

² " In the description of the Queen's entrance, as well as in the contrasted enumeration of the levities of her attendants, the author, we think, has had in his recollection Gray's celebrated description of the power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body."—*Quarterly Review*.

³ " Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,
Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey ;
Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire
Of wild Fanaticism."

Waverley Novels, *Ivanhoe*.

⁴ " Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.

Byron's Corsair, 1814

The Monarch metely thanks express'd ;
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
Apace the evening flew.¹

XXI.

"The Lady sate the Monarch by,
Now in her turn abash'd and shy,
And with indifference seem'd to hear
The toys he whisper'd in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there,
That show'd an over-cautious care
Some inward thought to hide ;
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye,
Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,
That heaved her bosom's pride.
Slight symptoms these, but shepherds know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow,
From the mist of morning sky ;
And so the wily Monarch guess'd,
That this assumed restraint express'd
More ardent passions in the breast,
Than ventured to the eye.
Closer he press'd, while beakers rang,
While maidens laugh'd and minstrels sang.
Still closer to her ear —
But why pursue the common tale ?
Or wherefore show how knights prevail
When ladies dare to hear ?
Or wherefore trace, from what slight cause
Its source one tyrant passion draws,
Till, mastering all within,²
Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin !"³

The Bridal of Triermain.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Rolph's Tale, continued.

"ANOTHER day, another day,
And yet another glides away !

The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
Maraud on Britain's shores again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady's bower ;
The horn, that foemen wont to fear,
Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
And Caliburn, the British pride,
Hangs useless by a lover's side.

II.

"Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away !
Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd,
He thinks not of the fable Round ;
In lawless love dissolved his life,
He thinks not of his beautous⁴ wife :
Better he loves to snatch a flower
From bosom of his paramour,
Than from a Saxon knight⁵ to wrest
The honours of his heathen crest !
Better to wreath⁶, mid tresses brown,
The heron's plume her hawk struck down,
Than o'er the altar give to flow
The banners of a Paynim foe.⁷
Thus, week by week, and day by day,
His life inglorious glides away :
But she, that soothes his dream, with fear
Beholds his hour of waking near !⁸

III.

"Much force have mortal charms to stay
Our peace in Virtue's toilsome way ;
But Guendolen's might far outshine
Each maid of merely mortal line.
Her mother was of human birth,
Her sire a Genie of the earth,
In days of old deem'd to preside
O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride,
By youths and virgins worshipp'd long,
With festive dance and choral song,
Till, when the cross to Britain came,
On heathen altars died the flame.
Now, deep in Wastdale solitude,
The downfall of his rights he rued,
And, born of his resentment heir,
He train'd to guile that lady fair,
To sink in slothful sin and shame
The champions of the Christian name.
Well skill'd to keep vain thoughts alive,
And all to promise, nought to give,
The timid youth had hope in store,
The bold and pressing gain'd no more.

¹ "On the opinion that may be formed even of these two stanzas (xix. and xx.) we are willing to hazard the justness of the eulogium we have bestowed on the general poetical merit of this little work."—*Quarterly Review*.

²—"ONE MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."—*Pope*.

³ MS.—"Lovely."

⁴ MS.—"Paynim knight."

⁵ MS.—"Vanquish'd foe."

⁶ The MS. has *thin* and the sixth couplet of stanza III. interpolated.

As wilder'd children leave their home,
After the rainbow's arch to roam,
Her lovers barter'd fair esteem,
Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.¹

IV.

"Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame?
She practised thus—All Arthur came;
Then, frail humanity had part,
And all the mother claim'd her heart.
I forgot each rule her father gave,
Sunk from a princess to a slave,
Too late must Guendolen deplore,
He, that has all,² can love no more!
Now must she see³ her lover strain,
At every turn her feeble chain;⁴
Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink
To view each fast-decaying link.
Art she invokes Nature's aid,
Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;
Each varied pleasure heard her call,
The feast, the tourney, and the ball:
Her storied lore she next applies,
Taxing her mind to aid her eyes;
Now more than mortal wise, and then
In female softness sunk again;
Now, raptur'd, with each wish complying,
With feign'd reluctance now denying;
Each charm she varied, to retain
A varying heart⁵—and all in vain!

V.

"Thus in the garden's narrow bound,
Flank'd by some castle's Gothic round,
Fann would the artist's skill provide,
The limits of his realms to hide.
The walks in labyrinth he twines,
Shade after shade with skill combines,
With many a varied flowery knot,
And copse, and arbour, decks the spot,
Tempting the hasty foot to stay,
And linger on the lovely way—
Vain art! vain hope! 'tis fruitless all!
At length we reach the bounding wall,
And, sick of flower and trim-dress'd tree,
Long for rough glades and forest free.

¹ MS.—"So the poor dupes exchanged esteem,
Fame, faith, and honour, for a dream."

² MS.—"Such arts as best her sire became"

³ MS.—"That who gives all," &c.

⁴ MS.—"Now must she watch," &c.

⁵ MS.—"her wailing chain"

⁶ "As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confers her reign,
Slight every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,

VI.

"Three summer months had scanty flown.
When Arthur, in embarrass'd tone,
Spoke of his liegemen and his throne;
Said, all too long had been his stay,
And duties, which a Monarch away,
Duties, unknown to humbler men,
Must tear her knight from Guendolen—
She listen'd silently the while,
Her mood express'd in bitter smile;⁷
Beneath her eye must Arthur quail,
And oft resume the unfinished tale,⁸
Confessing, by his downcast eye,
The wrong he sought to justify.
He ceased. A moment mute she gaz'd,
And then her looks to heaven she rais'd
One palm her temple veiled, to hide⁹
The tear that sprung in spite of pride!
The other for an instant press'd
The foldings of her silken vest!

VII.

"At her reproachful sign and look,
The hint the Monarch's conscience took,¹⁰
Eager he spoke—'No, lady, no!
Deem not of British Arthur so,
Nor think he can desert prove
To the dear pledge of mutual love.
I swear by sceptre and by sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That if a boy shall claim my care,
That boy is born a kingdom's heir;
But, if a maiden Fate allows,
To choose that good a fitting spouse,
A summer-day in lists shall strive
My knights,—the bravest knights alive,—
And he, the best and bravest tried,
Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride.'
He spoke, with voice resolved and high—
The lady deign'd him not reply.

VIII.

"At dawn of morn, ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make,¹¹
Or stir'd his wing to brush away
A single dew-drop from the spray.

She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress."

GOLDENITH.

⁷ MS.—"Wreathed were her lips in bitter smile."

⁸ MS.—"his broken tale,
With downcast eye and flushing cheeks,
As one who 'gainst his conscience speaks."

⁹ MS.—"One hand her temples pressed to hide."

¹⁰ "The scene in which Arthur, satiated with his lawless love,
and awake at last to a sense of his duties, announces his im-
mediate departure, is managed, we think, with uncommon
skill and delicacy."—*Quarterly Review*.

¹¹ MS.—"A single warbler was awake."

Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,
The castle-battlements had kiss'd,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom,
And steel from spur to helmet-plume,
His Libyan steed full proudly trode,
And joyful neigh'd beneath his load
The Monarch gave a passing sigh
To penitence, and pleasures by,
When, lo! to his astonish'd ken
Appear'd the form of Guendole...

IX.

"Beyond the outmost wall she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood:
Sandall'd her feet, her tresses bare;
And eagle-plumage deck'd her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
'Thou goest!' she said, 'and ne'er again
Must we two meet, in joy or pain.
Full fain would I this hour delay,
Though weak the wish—yet, wilt thou stay?
—No! thou look'st forward. Still attend,—
Part we hke lover and hke friend,
She raised the cup—Not thus the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we, at parting, in the draught
Which Glean love!—she said, and quaff'd;
And strange unwonted lustres fly
From her flush'd cheek and sparkling eye.

X.

"The courteous Monarch bent him low,
And, stooping down from saddlebow,
Lifted the cup, in act to drink.
A drop escaped the goblet's brink—
Intense as liquid fire from hell,
Upon the charger's neck it fell,
Screaming with agony and flight,
He bolted twenty feet upright—
—The peasant still can show the dart,
Where his hoofs lighted on the flint—
From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
Scattering a shower of fiery dew,
That burn'd and blighted where it fell!
The frantic steed rush'd up the dell,

¹ MS.—"To deep remorse."

² MS.—"Her arms and buskin'd feet were bare."

³ MS.—"burning dew,"
"blazing dew."

⁴ The author has an indistinct recollection of an adventure, somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to King Arthur, having befallen one of the ancient Kings of Denmark. The horn in which the burning liquor was presented to that Monarch, is said still to be preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

⁵ MS.—"Curb, bit, and bridle he disdain'd,
—Until a mountain crest he gain'd,"

As whistles from the bow the reed;
Nor bit nor rein could check his speed,
Until he gain'd the hill;
Then breath and sinew fail'd apace,
And, reeling from the desperate race,
He stood, exhausted, still.
The Monarch, breathless and amazed,
Back on the fatal castle gaz'd—
Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
Darkening against the morning sky;
But, on the spot where once they frown'd,
The lonely streamlet brawl'd around
A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
Fragments of rock and rifted stone.
Musing on this strange hap the while,
The king wends back to fair Carlisle;
And cares, that cumber royal sway,
Wore memory of the past away.

XI.

"Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,
Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.
Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
The Saxons to subjection brought:
Rython, the mighty giant, slain.
By his good brand, relieved Bretagne:
The Pietish Gillamore in fight,
And Roman Lucius, own'd his might;
And wide were through the world renown'd
The glories of his Table Round.
Each knight who sought adventurous fame,
To the bold court of Britain came,
And all who suffer'd causeless wrong,
From tyrant proud, or faitour strong,
Sought Arthur's presence to complain,
Nor there for aid implored in vain.

XII.

"For this the King, with pomp and pride,
Held solemn court at Whiteantide,
And summon'd Prince and Peer,
All who owed homage for their land,
Or who craved knighthood from his hand,
Or who had succour to demand,
To come from far and near.
At such high tide, were glee and game
Mingled with feats of martial fame,
For many a stranger champion came,

Then stopp'd exhausted;—all amazed,
The rider down the valley gaz'd,
But tower nor donjon, &c.

⁶ See Appendix, Note E

⁷ MS.—"But on the spot where once they frown'd,
The stream begn't a silvan mound,
With rock's shatter'd fragments crown'd."

⁸ Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats alluded to in the text.

⁹ MS.—"And wide was blazed the world around."

¹⁰ MS.—"Sought before Arthur to complain,
Nor there for succour sued in vain."

In lists to break a spear;
 And not a knight of Arthur's host,
 Save that he trode some foreign coast,
 But at this feast of Pentecost
 Before him must appear.
 Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Round
 Arose, with all its warriors crown'd,
 There was a theme for bards to sound
 In triumph to their string!
 Five hundred years are past and gone,
 But time shall draw his dying groan,
 Ere he behold the British throne
 Begirt with such a ring!

XIII.

"The heralds named the appointed spot,
 As Caerleon or Camelot,
 Or Carlisle fair and free.
 At Penrith, now, the feast was set,
 And in fair Earnont's vale were met
 The flower of Chivalry.¹
 There Galaad sate with manly grace,
 Yet maiden meekness in his face;
 There Morolt of the iron mace,²
 And love-lorn Tristrem there;
 And Dinadam with lively glance,
 And Lanval with the fairy lance,
 And Mordred with his look askance,
 Brynor and Bevidere.
 Why should I tell of numbers more?
 Sir Cay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
 Sir Caradac the keen,
 The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,
 Hector de Mares and Pollinore,
 And Lancelot,³ that ever more
 Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.⁴

XIV.

"When wine and mirth did most abound,
 And harpers play'd their blithest round,
 A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,
 And marshals clear'd the ring;
 A maiden, on a palfrey white,
 Heading a band of damsels bright,
 Paced through the circle, to alight
 And kneel before the King.

Arthur, with strong emotion,
 Her graceful boldness check'd by awe,
 Her dress, like huntress of the wild,
 Her bow and baldric trapp'd with gold,
 Her sandall'd feet, her ankles bare,⁵
 And the eagle-plume that deck'd her hair,
 Graceful her veil she backward flung—
 The King, as from his seat he sprung,
 Almost cried, 'Guendolen!
 But 'twas a face more frank and wild,
 Betwixt the woman and the child;
 Where less of magic beauty smiled
 Than of the race of men;
 And in the forehead's haughty grace,
 The lines of Britain's royal race,⁶
 Pendragon's you might ken.

XV.

"Faltering, yet gracefully, she said—
 'Great Prince! behold an orphan maid,
 In her departed mother's name,
 A father's vow'd protection claim!
 The vow was sworn in desert lone,
 In the deep valley of St. John.
 At once the King the suppliant rais'd,
 And kiss'd her brow, her beauty praised;
 His vow, he said, should well be kept,
 Ere in the sea the sun was dipp'd.⁷
 Then, conscious, glanced upon his queen;
 But she, unruffled at the scene
 Of human frailty, construed mild,
 Look'd upon Lancelot and smiled.

XVI.

"Up! up! each knight of gallant crest
 Take buckler, spear, and brand!
 He that to-day shall bear him best,
 Shall win my Gyneth's hand.
 And Arthur's daughter, when I bride,
 Shall bring a noble dower;
 Both fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,
 And Carlisle town and tower.
 Then might you hear each valiant knight,
 To page and squire that cried,
 'Bring my armour bright, and my coursor swift!
 'Tis not each day that a warrior's might

¹ "The whole description of Arthur's Court is picturesque and appropriate."—*Quarterly Review*.

² See Appendix, Note F.

³ MS.—"And Lancelot for evermore
 That scowl'd upon the scene."

⁴ See Appendix, Note G.

⁵ MS.—"The King with strong emotion saw,
 Her { dignity and mingled } awe
 { strange attire, her roverand }
 Attired
 Her dress } like huntress of the wild,
 Her alison buskins braced with gold.

Her sandall'd feet, her } ankles bare,
 { arms and buskin'd }
 And eagle-plumes," &c.

⁶ MS.—"The lineaments of royal race."
⁷ Mr Adolphus, in commenting on the similarity of manners in the ladies of Sir Walter Scott's poetry, and those of his then anonymous Novels, says, "In *Rob Roy*, the filial attachment and dutiful anxieties of Matilda form the leading feature of her character, and the chief source of her distresses. The intercourse between King Arthur and his daughter Gyneth, in the *Bridal of Triermaln*, is neither long nor altogether amicable; but the monarch's feelings on first beholding that beautiful 'slip of wilderness,' and his manner of receiving her before the Queen and Court, are too forcibly and naturally described to be omitted in this enumeration."—*Letters on the Author of Waverley*, 1817, p. 212.

May win a royal bride.
 Then creaks and caps of maintenance
 In haste aside they fling ;
 The helmets glance, and gleams the lance,
 And the steel-weaved hauberks ring.
 Small care had they of their peaceful array,
 They might gather it that wolde ;
 For brake and bramble glitter'd gay,
 With pearls and cloth of gold.

XVII.

" Within trumpet sound of the Table Round
 Were fifty champions free,
 And they all arise to fight that prize,—
 They all arise but three.
 Nor love's fond truth, nor wedlock's oath,
 One gallant could withhold,
 For priests will allow of a broken vow,
 For penance or for gold.
 But sigh and glance from ladies bright
 Among the troop were thrown,
 To plead their right, and true-love plight,
 And 'plain of honour flown.
 The knights they busied them so fast,
 With buckling spur and belt,
 That sigh and look, by ladies cast,
 Were neither seen nor felt.
 From pleading, or upbraiding glance,
 Each gallant turns aside,
 And only thought, ' If speeds my lance,
 A queen becomes my bride !
 She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide,
 And Carlisle tower and town ;
 She is the loveliest maid, beside,
 That ever heft'd a crown.
 So in haste their coursers they bestride,
 And strike their vikors down.

XVIII.

" The champions, arm'd in martial sort,
 Have throng'd into the list,
 And but three knights of Arthur's court
 Are from the tourney miss'd.
 And still these lovers' fame survives
 For faith so constant shown,—
 There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,
 And one who loved his own.¹
 The first was Lancelot de Lac,
 The second Tristrem bold,
 The third was valiant Carodac,
 Who won the cup of gold,²
 What time, of all King Arthur's crew
 (Thereof came jeer and laugh,)

He, as the mate of lady true,
 Alone the cup could quaff.
 Though envy's tongue would fain sur-
 mise,
 That but for very shame,
 Sir Carodac, to fight that prize,
 Had given both cup and dame ;
 Yet, since but one of that fair court
 Was true to wedlock's shrine,
 Brand him who will with base report,—
 He shall be free from mine.

XIX.

" Now caracolled the steeds in air,
 Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair,
 As all around the lists so wide
 In pomp the champions ride.
 King Arthur saw with startled eye,
 The flower of chivalry march by,
 The bulwark of the Christian creed,
 The kingdom's shield in hour of need.
 Too late he thought him of the woe
 Might from their civil conflict flow ;³
 For well he knew they would not part
 Till cold was many a gallant heart.
 His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
 And Gyneth then apart he drew ;
 To her his leading-staff resign'd,
 But added caution grave and kind.

XX.

" " Thou see'st, my child, as promise-boun,
 I bid the trump for tourney sound.
 Take thou my warder as the queen
 And umpire of the martial scene ;
 But mark thou this :—as Beauty bright
 Is polar star to valiant knight,
 As at her word his sword he draws,
 His fairest guerdon her applause,
 So gentle maid should never ask
 Of knighthood vain and dangerous task,
 And Beauty's eyes should ever be
 Like the twin stars that soothe the sea,
 And Beauty's breath shall whisper peace,
 And bid the storm of battle cease.
 I tell thee this, lest all too far,
 These knights urge tourney into war.
 Blithe at the trumpet let them go,
 And fairly counter blow for blow ;—
 No striplings these, who succour need
 For a razed helm or falling steed.
 But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm,
 And threatens death or deadly harm,

¹ See Appendix, Note H.

² See the comic tale of the *Key and the Mantle*, in the third volume of *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, from the Breton or Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his *Tale of the Enchanted Cup*.

³ " The preparations for the combat, and the descriptions of

its pomp and circumstance, are conceived in the best manner of the author's original, seizing the prominent parts of the picture, and detailing them with the united beauty of Sir Scott's vigour of language, and the march and richness of the late Thomas Warton's versification."—*Quarterly Review*, 1813.

